

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.



7 Glen 4.
THE

NATIONAL MELODIST,

First Series.

"Sing away, sing away by day and by night."
—*Fashionable ballad.*

EDINBURGH:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

An actor on his benefit night is usually compelled at the fall of the curtain to return thanks to his audience for their liberality,—in like manner do we, on the termination of this, our first volume, spontaneously appear before the tribunal of our numerous subscribers and correspondents for the same purpose.

Among our correspondents we do not class original contributors, for they, we take it, are more obliged to us than we to them. We would be very glad, by the way, if they could send better things than they usually favour us with. The most of those which we have yet received are a heterogenous mass of words, and it often astonishes us how people contrive to write such nonsense, for we had thought it next to impossible. We did not know,—as certainly we should have done—that the effusion entitled “Bonnie Lizzie,” is the production of Mr Robert Gilfillan. It was sent to us anonymously, and he may rest assured that our admiration of his poetical powers did not in any way influence us in discarding two stanzas of it as execrable rubbish.

Until the commencement of our second series, we respectfully bid our readers adieu !

EDINBURGH, *6th May*, 1837.

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THE
NATIONAL MELODIST.

GLORIOUS APOLLO.

A GLEE.

Glorious Apollo from on high beheld us
Wandering to find a temple in his praise,—
Sent Polyhymnia hither to shield us,
While we ourselves such a structure might
raise
Thus then combining,
Hands and hearts joining,
Sing we in harmony, Apollo's praise.

Here every generous sentiment awaking,
Music inspiring unity and joy;
Each social pleasure giving and partaking,
Glee and good humour our hours employ.
Thus then combining,
Hands and hearts joining,
Long may continue our unity and joy.

DECK NOT WITH GEMS.

Words by *T. H. Bayley, Esq.*, Music by *W. Turnbull.*

Deck not with gems that lovely form for me,
They in my eyes can add no charm to thee ;
Braid not for me the tresses of thy hair,—
I must have loved thee hadst thou not been fair.

How oft, when half in tears, hast thou beguiled
The sorrow from my heart, and I have smiled ?
Oh ! formed alike my tears and smiles to share.
I must have loved thee hadst thou not been fair.

Time on that cheek his withering hand may press,
He may do all—but make me love thee less ;
The mind defies him and the charm lies there,—
I must have loved thee hadst thou not been fair.

I THINK OF THEE.

Oh, not when other eyes may read
My heart upon my cheek ;
Oh, not when other ears can hear,
Dare I of love to speak ;
But when the stars rise from the sea,
Oh, then I think of thee, dear love,
Oh, then I think of thee.

When o'er the olives of the dell
The silent moonlight falls ;
And when upon the rose the dew
Hangs scented coronals,
And buds close on the chesnut tree,
Oh, then I think of thee, dear love,
Oh, then I think of thee.

MY WIFE HAS TA'EN THE GEE.

TUNE.—*My Wife has ta'en the Gee.*

A friend o' mine cam here yestreen,
And he wad hae me down
To drink a bottle o' ale wi' him
In the neist burrows town :
But oh ! indeed, it was sir,
Sae far the waur for me :
For lang or e'er that I cam hame,
My wife had taen the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,
The truth I tell to you,
That lang pr e'er the midnight cam,
We a' were roaring' fou.
My wife sits at the fireside,
And the tear blinds aye her ee ;
The ne'er a bed wad she gang to,
But sit and tak' the gee.

In the mornin' sune, when I came down,
The ne'er a word she spake ;
But mony a sad and sour look,
And aye her head she'd shake.
My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
To look sae sour on me ?
I'll never do the like again,
If you'll ne'er tak' the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang
Her arms about my neck ;
And twenty kisses, in a crack ;
And, poor we thing, she grat.
If you'll ne'er do the like again,
But bide at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life, I'll be the wife
That never tak's the gee.

THE WAKE OF TEDDY ROE.

In Dublin, that city of riches and fame
 A fishmonger lived, Teddy Roe was his name ;
 The neighbours all grieved, rich poor, high and low,
 And to wake with poor Teddy they resolved for to go.

Spoken.]—Mr O'Dogherty, the coachman was sent for immediately. "Now you see, Dogherty, we want you to drive us clean and dacently to Teddy Roe's wake,—by the powers, he has taken it into his head to die, so he would not be very well pleased if we neglected to call upon him ; so drive away with the most beautiful

Miss Delaney, Mistress Blaney,

Mr Fagan, and Miss Doe ;

Who in a coach all went to wake

With Teddy Roe.

All bedizen'd so fine in their best sunday clothes,
 Miss Doe's squint eye, and Mister Fagan's red nose,
 At poor Teddy's they arrived, where they'd oft been
 before,
 And Dogherty he gave a loud thump at the door.

Spoken.]—Out hobbles Phelim, Teddy's uncle : arrah ! is it yourself that comes to wake with poor Teddy ? he's up in the cock-loft taking a parting glass of Innishona with a few friends, so be after walking up the ladder, if you plase. Judy ! Judy ! the quality is come ; stick Teddy with his back against the wall ; put his best wig on and a pipe in his mouth. What have ye got for tea ? herrings and paratees. D'ye think, you spalpeen that will satisfy—

Miss Delaney, &c.

Now the whisky went round, till they could not
 agree

Who were highest of rank, or of best pedigree :
 From words they fell to blows, like Donnybrook fair,
 And among them poor Ted came in for his share.

Spoken.—Hubbaboo! hubbaboo! what the devil are you about? what are you doing? by the powers of Moll Kelly, if they haven't got poor Ted down among them: och they'll smother the poor crature! get off him, get off him. Judy take hold of his leg, and help me to drag him from under the lump. Och! blood and ouns! see there now! they've given the corpse a black eye; sure and I expected better behaviour from—

Miss Delaney, &c.

Returning a coach full of whisky and gin,
At home they arrived, and at length stagger'd in,
Such figures of fun, twill be said for their sake,
Sure never before were seen at a wake.

Spoken.—Bless us Dogherty, where did ye pick up them drunken spalpeens? Och don't bother me, and you'll get the whole account as clear as mud; but, Judy, we must first wash and put to bed, the most beautiful

Miss Delaney, &c.

SEE FROM OCEAN RISING.

A DUET.

Sung by *Mrs H. Johnston*, and *Mr Incledon*, in "*Paul and Virginia*."

Music by *J. Mazzinghi*.

P. See, from ocean rising, bright flames the orb of day,

From grove the varied songs shall slumbers
from Virginia

Chase, chase away—slumbers from Virginia, chase
chase away.

V. Tho' from ocean rising bright flames the orb of day,

Ah! not yet the hour of meeting, no, not yet
Virginia,

1st { No, not yet, Virginia,.....

2d { Do not delay,..... Do not delay.

1st From yon grove varied songs chase Virginia's
slumber.

Both. Yet awhile, yet awhile, yet we must delay.
From yon grove, &c.

1st Yet awhile retiring, hence away—

1st { go,..go,..hence away,

2d { Absence if desiring, I obey,..yes,..I obey.
Yet awhile, &c.

A VENETIAN BOAT SONG.

Sung by *Sinclair*.

The day beam is over the sea,
Oh ! haste every bark to the shore ;
No joy in the morning can be,
With moonlight our pleasure is o'er.
Perhaps it is sweet on the hills
To watch when the daylight appears,
To see it all bright in the rills,
And shining through night's dewy tears.

But oh ! in the wild hour of night,
When loud winds are hush'd to a breeze,
With music and moonbeams so bright,
'Tis heaven to glide o'er the seas.
How sweet 'tis to watch the bright glow,
And taste the wild freshness of heaven ;
How sweet 'tis to gaze on below
The likeness the blue wave has given.

To breathe the soft night air, perfumed
With the sighs of the groves on the shore ;
To see how the moon has illumined
The droppings that fall from the oar.
Such pleasures the morn never gave,
Then haste every gondolet on !
Oh ! who would remain on the wave
When moonlight and music are gone.

HIGHLAND WHISKY.

- ORIGINAL.

TUNE,—*Neil Gow's farewell to Whisky,*

Where'er I sit ye ken me weel,
 To be a harum scarum chiel';
 I'll sing a sang or dance a reel,
 For a wee drap highland whisky, O.

CHORUS.

Whisky, O! whisky, O!
 I dearly lo'e the whisky, O!
 I'll sing a sang, or dance a reel,
 For a wee drap highland whisky, O.

Ae nicht as I was danderin' hame,
 I stagger'd whiles as I'd been lame;
 I struck a post, and down I came,
 Just drunk wi' highland whisky, O.
 Whisky, O, &c.

My claes were a' besmear'd wi' dirt,
 Bet yet I didna care for that:
 How glad was I to rise unhurt,
 When drunk wi' highland whisky, O.
 Whisky, O, &c.

As I was walking up the stair,
 My mother heard me draw the bar—
 And when she saw my claes a' glaur,
 She said, oh! *curse that whisky*, O.
 Whisky, O, &c.

There's nane o' ye need flyte on me,
 Nor yet into a passion flee;
 For as lang's I'm able till I dee,
 I'll aye drink highland whisky, O.
 Whisky, O, &c.

THE BRIDAL RING.

I dreamt last night of our earlier days,
Ere I sighed for a sword and feather,
When we danc'd on the hill, in the moon's pale rays,
Hand in hand together ;
I thought that you gave me again that kiss,
More sweet than the perfume of spring,
That I pressed on your finger love's pure golden
pledge—
The bridal ring ! the bridal ring !

I dreamt I heard then, the trumpet sound,
And at once was forc'd to sever,
That I fell on the heath with my last death wound,
Lost to thee for ever !
I thought that you gave me again that kiss,
Empearl'd like a flower in spring ;
'Neath its warmth I awoke, on this dear hand to
press—
The bridal ring ! the bridal ring !

VIVE ! VIVE LE ROI !

Music by *Balfe*.

Swearing death to traitor slave—
Hand we clench—sword we draw ;
Heav'n defend the true and brave—
Vive ! vive le roi !

Prime the cup of loyalty,
Men respect social law !
Lift the solemn pledge on high—
Vive ! vive le roi !

Hearts which patriot thoughts inspire,
Rebel threat ne'er shall awe !
Thus till life's last throb expire,
Vive ! vive le roi !

BIDE YE YET.

Sung by *Mr Mackay*, Music by *Dewar*.

Gin I had a wee house, an' a canty wee fire,
An' a bonnie wee wifie to praise an' admire,
Wi' a bonnie wee yardie aside a wee burn,
Fareweel to the bodies that yaumer an' mourn.

Sae bide ye yet, an' bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet;
Some bonnie wee body may fa' to my lot,
An' I'll aye be cantie wi' thinkin' o't.

When I gang a-field, an' come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat an' fu' clean,
Wi' a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
That'll cry papa or dady to me.

Sae bide ye yet, &c.

An' if their should ever happen to be
A difference atween my wee wifie an' me,
In hearty good humour, altho' she be teased,
I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleased.

Sae bide ye yet, &c.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

By *T. Moore*.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking:
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him:

Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him !
Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the
west,
From her own loved island of sorrow !

THE PEERLESS ROSE FOR ME.

By J. E. Carpenter.

A wreath of flowers—the fairest—
Oh ! twine it not for me !
Unless it owns the rarest
That ever gemm'd the tree :
Of every fragrant flow'r that blows,
My fav'rite is the perfum'd rose ;
I prize it for its beauty,
The peerless rose for me !

Tho' others may be brighter,
More beautiful and gay,
I leave to bosoms lighter
Than mine—such flowers as they :
I only for such fair things sigh,
As bloom awhile, and early die ;
That type of youth and beauty
The peerless rose for me !

And even when heedless fingers
Have pluck'd the bloom away ;
Still, still its fragrance lingers,
Tho' wasting in decay !
Thus, yielding up to heaven its breath,
The rose is beautiful in death :
The rose shall be immortal,
The peerless rose for me !

THE BONNY BLUE CAPS.

Written by *Sir W. Scott.*

O bold and true, in bonnets blue,
That fear or falsehood never knew,
Whose heart is constant to his word,
Whose hand is faithful to his sword ;
Search Europe wide from sea to sea,
The bonny blue caps still for me.

I've seen Almani's proud champions prance,
I've seen the gallant sons of France ;
I've seen the sons of England true,
Wield the brown bill and bend the yew :
Seen France the fair and England free,
But bonny blue caps still for me.

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW.

As I cam down the Cannogate,
The Cannogate, the Cannogate,
As I cam down the Cannogate,
I heard a lassie sing, O :
Merry may the keel rowe,
The keel rowe, the keel rowe,
Merry may the keel rowe,
The ship that my love's in, O.

My love has breath o' roses,
O roses, o' roses,
Wi' arms o' lily posies,
To fauld a lassie in, O.

My love he wears a bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet,
A snawy rose upon it,
A dimple on his chin, O.

I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.

Music by *Bishop*.

You think I have a merry heart,
Because my songs are gay ;
But oh ! they all were taught to me
By friends now far away ;
The bird retains his silver note,
Though bondage chains his wing ;
His song is not a happy one,
I'm saddest when I sing.

I heard them first in that sweet home
I never more shall see,
And now each song of joy, has got
A plaintive turn for me.
Alas ! 'tis vain in winter time
To mock the songs of spring,
Each note recalls some withered leaf,
I'm saddest when I sing !

Of all the friends I used to love,
My harp remains alone,
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own :
My tears when I bend over it,
Will fall upon its string.
Yet those who hear me, little think,
I'm saddest when I sing !

SHOULD HE UPBRAID.

Should he upbraid, I'll own that he'd prevail,
And sing as sweetly as the nightingale ;
Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view
As morning roses newly tip'd with dew ;
Say he be mute, I'll answer with a smile,
And dance and play, and wrinkled care beguile.

THE MAID OF JUDAH.

“ No more shall the children of Judah sing
The lay of a happier time ;
Nor strike the harp with the golden string,
’Neath the sun of an eastern clime !”
This—this was the lay of a Jewish maid,
Though not in her father’s bowers :
So sweetly she sang, as in silence she stray’d,
O’er the ruins of Babylon’s towers.
No more shall, &c.

“ Oh ! where are the sons of mine ancient race,
Who were born but the jav’lin to bear ?
How fall’n that city, whose wreck I now trace,
Though once ’twas so lovely and fair.
The green grass grows o’er that fertile spot
Where once grew the sweetest flowers ;
Land of my kindred thou’lt ne’er be forgot,
While the ruins remains on thy towers !”
No more shall, &c.

THE MALTESE BOATMAN’S SONG.

Music by *L. Deveraux*.

See, brothers, see, how the night comes on,
Slowly sinks the setting sun ;
Hark ! how the solemn vesper’s sound
Sweetly falls upon the ear.
Then haste, let us work till the daylight’s o’er,
Then fold our nets as we row to the shore,
Our toil and danger being o’er,
How sweet the boatman’s welcome home !
Home, home, home, the boatman’s welcome home,
Sweet, O sweet, the boatman’s welcome home.
Then haste, let us work, &c.

See how the tints of daylight die,
How sweet to hear the tender sigh !
O when the toil of labour's o'er,
Row, swiftly row to the shore !
Then haste, let us work till the dayllght's o'er,
Then fold our nets as we row to the shore.
For fame or gold where'er we roam,
No sound so sweet as welcome home,
Home, home, home, the boatman's welcome home.
Sweet, O sweet the boatman's welcome home.
Then haste let us work, &c.

ON THIS COLD FLINTY ROCK.

Music by *Braham*.

On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head,
And happy I'll sing through the night ;
The moon shall smile sweetly upon my cold bed,
And the stars shine to give me their light.

Then come to me, come to me, wail not nor weep,
O turn thy sweet eyes to me,—
To my bosom now creep, I will sing thee to sleep,
And kiss from thy lids the salt tear.

This innocent flower which these rude cliffs unfold,
Is thou love, the joy of this earth ;
But the rock that it springs from, so flinty and cold,
Is thy father which gave thee thy birth.
Then come to me, &c.

The dews that now hang on the cheek of the eve,
And the winds that so mournfully cry,
Are the sighs and the tears of the youth thou must
leave,
To lie down in these deserts to die.
Then come to me, &c.

THE BONNY LASS O' BRANKSOME.

Written by *Allan Ramsay*.

As I cam in by Teviot side,
And by the braes o' Branksome,
There first I saw my bonny bride,
Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome.
Her skin was safter than the down,
And white as alabaster ;
Her hair, a shining, waving brown ;
In straightness nane surpass'd her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were surprising,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breasts just rising :
Nae silken hose with gushats fine,
Or shoon with glancing laces,
On her bare leg, forbad to shine
Weel-shapen native graces.

Ae little coat and bodice white,
Was sum o' a' her claething ;
E'n these o'er muckle,—mair delyte
She'd given clad wi' naething.
We lean'd upon a flowery brae,
By which a burnie trotted ;
On her I glowr'd my soul away,
While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
Before had scarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artless struck my heart,
And bot designing, charm'd me.
Hurried by love, close to my breast
I clasp'd this fund of blisses,—
Wha smiled, and said, " Without a priest,
Sir, hope for nocht but kisses."

I had nae heart to do her harm,
 And yet I couldna want her :
 What she demanded, ilka charm
 O' hers pled I should grant her.
 Since heaven had dealt to me a routh,
 Straight to the kirk I led her ;
 There plighted her my faith and trowth,
 And a young lady made her.*

HERE'S A HEALTH TO DEAR WOMAN,

TUNE.—*The King, God bless him.*

A glass of bright champagne, now fill, fill for me,
 I care not what others may say ;
 Its sparkling, dear woman, is an emblem of thee,
 Ever beaming so brilliant and gay.
 In her the true source of life's pleasures are found,
 And may none but true hearts e'er possess her ,
 And drink with delight, as the goblet goes round,
 Here's a health to dear woman, God bless her.

Without lovely woman, life's journey would be
 As drear as a dull moonless night :
 For the splendour she moves in so beauteous to see,
 Proceeds from loves soul cheering light ;
 And may each man's heart, when with this blessing
 crown'd,
 With affection ne'er fail to caress her ;
 Then drink with delight, as the goblet goes round.
 Here's a health to dear woman, God bless her !

*This song was founded upon a real incident. The *bonnie lass* was daughter to a woman who kept an ale-house at the hamlet near Branksome Castle. A young officer happened to be quartered somewhere in the neighbourhood, saw, loved, and married her. So strange was such an alliance deemed then, that the old mother under whose auspices it was performed, did not escape the imputation of witchcraft.

THE LAND O' CAKES.

AIR.—*The Black Watch.*

The land o' Cakes ! the land o' Cakes !
O monie a blessing on it ;
Fair fa' the land o' hills, o' lakes,
The bagpipe an' the bonnet !
The country o' the kilted clans
That cowed the Dane an' Roman,
Whase sons ha'e still the hearts an' hands
To welcome friend or foeman.

CHORUS.

Then swell the sang, baith loud an' lang,
Till the hills like aspens quiver,
And fill ye up and toast the cup,
The land o' Cakes for ever !

Be scorn'd the Scot, within whose heart
Nae patriot flame is burning ;
Wha kent nae pain frae hame to part,
Nae joy when back returning !
Nae love for him in life shall yearn,
Nae tears in death deplore him ;
He hath nae coronach nor cairn
Wha shames the land that bore him !
Then swell the sang, &c.

Fair flower the gowans in our glens,
The heather on our mountains,
The blue-bells deck our wizards' dens,
An' kiss our sparkling fountains.
On knock and knowe the whin an' broom,
An' on the braes the breckan,
Not even Eden's flowers in bloom
Could sweeter blossoms reckon.
Then swell the sang, &c.

When flows the quegh within the glen—
 Within the hall our glasses ;
 We'll toast auld Scotland's honest men,
 Thrice o'er her bonny lasses !
 An' deep we'll drink, the king and kirk—
 Our country and our freedom,—
 Wi' broad claymore, and highland dirk,
 We're ready when they need them.
 Then swell the sang, baith loud an' lang,
 Till the hills like aspens quiver ;
 An' fill ye up an' toast the cup,
 THE LAND O' CAKES FOR EVER !

THE MAID OF CASHMERE.

Written and composed by *Mr C. Sloman.*

Dost remember the maiden of sunny Cashmere,
 With a smile for joy's feelings—for sorrow a tear ?
 But the smile renew'd ever, the tear chas'd away,
 As the winter snow melts, 'neath the Gheber God'
 ray ;

With a voice like the bulbul to charm ev'ry feeling,
 Or soft as the eve-breeze, through rose-bowers
 stealing,

To the heart, to the soul, to the mind ever dear—
 Dost remember the maiden of sunny Cashmere ?

Oh yes, I remember the maid of Cashmere !
 Fond mem'ry recalls her my lone heart to cheer ;
 As the sun-bird's sad song, on the cold leafless
 bough,

Reminds us of summer, tho' winter 'tis now.

Oh ! well I remember that creature of light,
 From whose radiant pleasure dark sorrow took
 flight ;

Oft, oft would I listen her footfall to hear—
 My heart's with the maiden of sunny Cashmere !

THEY SAY MY LOVE IS DEAD.

Words by *G. Linley*, Music arranged by *C. E. Byrne*.

RECITATIVE.

List to her notes that float upon the air,
 Like the soft murmur of the distant wave !
 Mark her, lorn maiden ! twined amid her raven hair
 The violet, long withered, and meek daisy mingle
 there,
 With weeds and wild-flowers, rudely o'er her strewn.
 Poor heart !—distracted one !—thy grief is like mine
 own,
 Having nor end nor home, but in the grave.

AIR.

They say my love is dead,
 Gone to his green turf bed ;
 But the bonny moon shines red,
 Where he's laid ;
 He gave me flowers three,
 Down beside yon willow tree,
 And he'll come again to me
 Ere they fade.
 O yes, he will come, &c.

The glow-worm hath a light
 For the fairy queen of night—
 But my true love's shroud so white
 Lighteth me ;
 'Tis whiter than the snow,
 That sparkles on the bough,
 Where sweet robin singeth now
 Merrily.
 Where sweet, &c.

'Tis Hallowmass e'en,
 And around the holly green,

The fairy elves are seen
 Tripping light ;
 And thither I must be,
 Ere their queen hast left the lea,
 For she comes to marry me
 To my own true love.
 She comes to marry me to night*.

THE MARINER'S GLEE.

Altered from *Allan Cunningham*, by *Mr C. Boisson*.

AIR.—*Robber's Glee*.

A wet sail and a boisterous sea,
 The winds that flow so fast :
 As we stand under our rustling sail,
 It bends the quivering mast.
 It bends the quivering mast my boys !
 But still we are in glee ;
 The briny ocean is our home,
 And merry men are we.

We take our ships to foreign shores,
 Where white waves flowing high,
 Away from native land—our shore,
 While lightnings pierce the sky.
 While lightnings pierce the sky, my boys !
 But still we are in glee :
 The briny ocean is our home,
 But merry sailors we.

One of those extremely beautiful Scotch ditties, which when well sung, "falls gently on the ear, steeping our senses in forgetfulness;" but is only rendered ludicrous when in the hands of a bungling cantatrice.

Qy. Mouth? Printer's Imp.

LIKE SUMMER STARS.

Written by *D. Moore.*

Like summer stars that sweetly gleam
On evening's calm decline,
Our vanish'd pleasures brightly beam
O'er memory's ruin'd shrine.
The bliss of many a happy day,
Binds up each broken part,
For time can never tear away
That ivy of the heart.

We see again youth's visions roll,
Which were too bright to last ;
As mem'ry brings around our soul
The music of the past :
The harmony—the living tone,
Of love's first cloudless day,
When Time instead of hurrying on,
Seem'd dreaming on his way.

'T WAS MERRY IN THE HALL.

An old English Ballad.

Sung by *Mr Murray*, in the Farce of "*A Roland for an Oliver.*"

Now ancient English melody
Is banish'd out of doors,
And nought is heard in modern days
But Signoras and Signors.
Such airs I hate
Like a pig in a gate,
Give me the good old strain,
Oh ! 'twas merry in the hall,
When their beards wagg'd all,
We shall ne'er see the like again,
We shall ne'er see the like again.

On beds of down our dandies lay,
And waste the cheerful morn,
While our squires of old would rouse the day
To the sound of the bugle horn ;
And their wives took care
The feast to prepare,
For when they left the plain,
Oh ! 'twas merry in the hall,
When their beards wagg'd all,
We shall ne'er see the like again,
We shall ne'er see the like again.

And when the Christmas tale was told,
Of goblin, ghost, or fairy,
They cheer'd the hearts of the tenants old,
With a cup of good canary.
And they each took a smack
At the coal black jack,
Till the fire burn'd in their brain ;
Oh ! twas merry in the hall,
When their beards wagg'd all,
May we soon see the like again,
May we soon see the like again.

WHEN THY BOSOM.

A DUET.

Arranged by *Braham*.

When thy bosom heaves the sigh,
When the tear o'erflows thine eye,
May sweet hope afford relief,
Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief.

So the tender flower appears,
Drooping wet with morning tears,
Till the sunbeams genial ray
Chase the heavy dew away.

TO ALL YOU LADIES.

A TRIO.

Words by the *Earl of Dorset*.—Music by *Calcott*.

To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite ;
But first would have you understand,
How hard it is to write :
The Muses now and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

In justice you can not refuse
To think of our distress ;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness !
All these designs are but to prove
Ourselves worthy of your love.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hope this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears ;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have enough of that at sea,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

THE ROSE WILL CEASE TO BLOW.

The rose will cease to blow,
The eagle turn a dove,
The stream will cease to flow,
Ere I will cease to love.
The sun will cease to shine,
The world will cease to move ;
The stars their light resign,
Ere I will cease to love,

O GREECE ! BELOVED GREECE !

Written by *M. Lemon*, sung by *Mr Wilson*, in "*The Pacha's Bridal.*"

O Greece ! beloved Greece ! though set
Awhile thy glories are,
Yet never can thy foes forget
How beautiful they were.
For all the flow'rs that deck thy bow'rs,
Spring from such hero clay
As fell at thee, Thermopylæ,
And on Platea's day,

The tyrant calls thy children slaves,
Unworthy of thy trust ;
But, whilst we tread upon the graves
Where sleeps thy mighty dust,
We feel we were not born to bear
The chain that keeps us down ;
And whilst a hand can grasp a brand,
O Greece ! we are thine own !

THE FAIRY DANCE.

As the bright star of evening o'er the sky was declining,
And the saugh of the forest was heard through the vale :
And along to the mountain the streamlet was running,
And sweetly as the hawthorn scented the gale.
High o'er the landscape the moon was suspended,
And gay from his cot each shepherd did advance,
Each with his damsel, their blythe steps were bended
To the green banks of Glen-wood, to join the fairy dance.
With fa, la, la, &c.

As the lambkins that evening were sporting together,
And sweetly reposing at ease on the sod;
There hope led my footsteps along through the
heather,
To the cot upon the hill, where Eliza abode.
While gay from the threshold she ran to receive me,
And sweet smiles of transport her bosom did en-
hance,
I clasp'd her to my bosom, and she vow'd ne'er to
leave me,
So I went with Eliza to join the fairy dance.
With a fa la, la, &c.

Softly the zephyrs awaken the morning,
And whisper at evening the gay linnet's song;
While clear in the moonlight our joys knew no
scorning,
As sweetly through the Glen-wood we wander'd
along;
May our joys like the moon, ne'er be clouded,
Nor sorrow damp our mirth when pleasure does
entrance,—
But at evening, when the rosy day with sable night
is shrouded,
So sweetly with Eliza I'll join the fairy dance.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

THOU ART GANE AWA.

Thou art gane awa, thou art gane awa,
Thou art gane awa frae me, Mary;
Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,
Thou hast cheated them and me, Mary!
Until this hour I never thought,
That aught could alter thee, Mary:
Thou art still the mistress of my heart,
Think what you will of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said or might pretend,
That stole that heart of thine, Mary ;
True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,
Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.
I spoke sincere, nae vicious thought
Could ever dwell with me, Mary :
Ambition, wealth, I courted not,
No, I loved only thee, Mary.

Tho' thou'st been fause, yet, while I live,
No maid I'll lo'e but thee, Mary ;
Till friends forget, and I forgive
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
And now, farewell ! of this be sure,
Whilst mony ills I dree, Mary ;
For a' the world, I'd not endure
Half what I've done for thee, Mary.*

THE PIRATE'S SERENADE.

Written by *Mr Kennedy*.—Music by *Thomson*.

My boat's by the tower, my bark's in the bay,
And both must be gone ere the dawn of the day ;
The moon's in her shroud, but to guide thee afar,
On the deck of the Daring's a love-lighted star.
Then wake, lady, wake, I'm awaiting for thee,
For this night or never, my bride thou shalt be.

Forgive my rough mood, unaccustomed to sue,
I woo not perchance as your land lovers woo ;
My voice has been tuned to the notes of the gun,
That startles the deep when the combat's begun :

*This delectable Scotch air is not so universally known as it merit deserves. Though exceedingly like the air of "Donald," it is in many respects different, and in our estimation, more beautiful. The words are unworthy of it.

And heavy and hard is the grasp of a hand
Whose glove has been ever the guard of a brand.
Then wake, lady, &c.

Yet think not of these, but this moment be mine,
And the plume of the proudest shall cower to thine,
A hundred shall serve thee, the best of the brave,
And the chief of a thousand shall kneel as thy slave ;
'Thou shalt rule as a queen, and thy empire shall
last,
Till the red flag by inches is torn from the mast.
Then wake, lady, &c.

Oh ! islands there are in the face of the deep,
Where the leaves never fade, and the skies never
weep,
And there, if thou wilt, shall our love-bower be,
When we quit for the green wood our home on the sea ;
And there shalt thou sing of the deeds that are done,
When we braved the last blast, and the last battle
won.
Then wake lady, &c.

Oh, haste, lady, haste ! for the fair breezes blow,
And my ocean-bird poises her pinions of snow ;—
Now fast to the lattice this silken rope twine,
They are meet for such feet and such fingers as
thine :
The signal, my mates—ho ! hurrah for the sea !
This night and for ever my bride thou shalt be,
The signal, my mates, &c.

HAIL, SMILING MORN.

Hail ! smiling morn, that tips the hills with gold,
Whose rosy fingers opes the gates of day !
All the gay face of nature doth unfold,
At whose bright presence, darkness flies away.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND.

How stands the glass around ?
For shame ! ye take no care my boys !
Let mirth and wine abound,
The trumpets sound—
The colours they are flying, boys !
To fight, kill, or wound,
May we still be found
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys ?
Why soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die ?
What—sighing ? fie !
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly boys,
'Tis he, you, or I—
Cold, hot, wet or dry,
We're always found to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly !

'Tis but in vain,
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys,)
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain :
Should next campaign
Send you to him who made you, boys,
Your free from pain ;
But if you remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.*

*This song was sung by General Wolfe, the evening previous to that memorable day on which he received his death wound. It is supposed to be his own composition. The air is very good.

THE MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

Written by *Sir W. Scott*.—Music by *Lee*.

The moon's on the lake and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day ;
Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo :
Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach !

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flames, and their flesh to the
eagles !

Then gather, gather, gather, &c.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the
river,

Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever.

Glenorehy's proud mountains, Colchurn and her
towers,

Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours.

We're landless, landless, landless, &c.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine, the steed shall
career,

O'er the peak of Benlomond the galley shall steer,

And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles will melt
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt.

Then vengeance, vengeance, &c.

THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

Written by *E. Fitzball*.—Music by *H. R. Bishop*.

My Jane, my Jane, my pretty Jane,

Ah ! never, never look so shy ;

But meet me, meet me in the evening,

While the bloom is on the rye.

The spring is waning fast my love,

The corn is in the ear ;

The summer nights are coming love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then dearest Jane, &c.

Oh ! name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring ;
The lads and maids in favours white,
And the village bells shall ring.
The spring, &c.

PARODY ON THE FOREGOING.

By "*The Invisible Gentleman.*"

My Poll, my Poll, my pretty Poll !
Ah ! never look so shy ;
But meet me, meet me in the evening,
Beside the old pig sty.
My shoes are wearing fast, my love,
A flea is in my ear ;
Blythe Christmas day is coming, love,
And soon it will be here.
Then Poll, &c.

Oh ! name the day, the wedding day,
And cheerfully I'll sing,—
I'll drink an extra pint of heavy,
And the little birds, the little birds shall sing.
Then dearest Poll my pretty Poll,
Ah ! never look so shy ;
But meet me, meet me in the evening,
To eat a mutton pie.*

*This is rather clever, and Mr Fitzball's absurdities are well hit off. The parodist has preserved the rhythmical elegance of the second and fourth lines of the second stanza as they occur in the original,—*sing* being made to jingle with *sing*.

 YE FAIRY HAUNTS.

 AIR.—*Bard's Legacy.*

Ye fairy haunts whar young fancy stray'd,
 In life's sweet morn unknown to care,
 Where are those charms you once display'd ?
 Ah ! where those sounds that soothed me there ?
 While yet to hopes and fears a stranger,
 As careless and gay as the brook that ran by,
 Ere yet o' love I kent aught o' the danger,
 Before that it stole from my breast a sigh.

Your birds are as cheery, your streamlet as clear,
 Your rose as red, an' your sward as green,
 As when beneath yon fragrant briar
 I smil'd and sang frae morn till e'en :
 But bloom ye bowers, of sweets I'm weary,
 My lassie is far frae your lanely shade ;
 And sing ye warblers I carelessly hear ye,
 'Tis no the voice of my dearest maid.*

W. A.

 I KNOW WELL WHAT TO DO.

 Written by *W. T. Wilcox.*

I'm deep, oh, very deep in love.
 With such a nice young man ;
 To be a wedded wife ere long,
 I vow must be my plan.
 My granny's cross—she likes him not—
 And tells me I shall rue ;
 Leave me alone to manage that,
 I know well what to do.

*The writer of these verses has omitted to mention whether they are original. If so, they claim considerable merit.

We've been outask'd, the ring is bought,
Next Sunday go to church ;
When granny wakes, she'll find that we
Have left her in the lurch.
I then shall bear the name of wife,
My dreams all then come true ;
To please my husband, he shall find,
I know well what to do.

PEACE WITHIN THE GRAVE.

Sung in the Opera of "*Gustavus*," by *Miss Novello*.
Music by *Auber*.

And grows there on yon frightful mountain,
An herb the tortured mind to calm ;
To dry of grief the bitter fountain,
And bring to hopeless love a balm ?
Yes ! the Sybil's fame befriending,
Some poisonous weed may o'er them wave,
By death each torment ending,
And granting peace, peace within the grave.

But wherefore thus a moment falter,
Or question if the day be sooth ;
While grief consumes on friendship's altar
A heart too full of love and truth ?
Come Fate ! the philtre pouring
Libations fit, howe'er it be,—
This mind to peace restoring,
Or granting death,—death best boon to me.*

*With exception perhaps of the "*Sailor's Chorus*," and "*When time has bereft thee*," this air may be considered the best in the English version of *Auber's Opera*. It was extremely well sung here by *Miss Novello*, now *Mrs Serle*.

THE OLD COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

By *W. H. Murray*, and sung by him in the Farce of
“*Perfection.*”

I'll sing you an old song, that was made by an old
pate,
Of a worshipful old gentleman who had an old es-
tate ;
And he kept a good old mansion at a bountiful old
rate,
With a porter old to give relief to the old poor
at his gate,
Like a fine old country gentleman, all of the
olden time.

His hall so old was hung around, with pikes, with
guns, and bows,
With broad-swords and with bucklers too, that had
stood against old foes ;
And there his worship held his state, in doublet and
trunk hose,
And he quaffed the cup of good old wine to warm
his good old nose,
Oh ! he was a capital old country gentleman
who loved the olden time.

When winter cold, brought christmas old, he opened
house to all,
And tho' three-score and ten his years, he featly led
the ball ;
Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from his
hall,
For tho' he feasted all the large, he ne'er forgot the
small,
Like my fine old country gentleman, all of the
olden time.

But time, tho' old, is strong in might, and years
flew swiftly by,
And autumn's falling leaf foretold the old man he
must die ;
He laid him down and tranquilly gave up life's la-
test sigh,
While a heavy sadness fell on all, and tears dimmed
every eye,
For the last old country gentleman all of the
olden time.

Now isn't this much better far than all your modern
parade
Of your theatres, your fancy balls, at homes, or
masquerade ;
And much more economical, when all the bills are
paid,
So cut your new vagaries quite, and take up the old
trade
Of my fine old country gentleman all of the
olden time.*

YOUNG DONALD OF DUNDEE.

Young Donald is the blithest lad
That e'er made love to me ;
Whene'er he's by, my heart is glad,
He seems so gay and free.
Then on his pipe he plays so sweet,
And in his plaid he looks so neat ;
It cheers my heart at eve to meet
Young Donald of Dundee.

*The words of this song are altered from those of the
"Old and Young Courtier," in "Durfey's Pills to purge
Melancholy," by W. H. Murray, manager of the T. R. E.
by whom it is so admirably sung.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,
Young Sandy follows me ;
And fain he wants to be my love,
But, ah ! it canna be.
Though mither frets baith ear' and late,
For me to wed this youth I hate,
There's nane need hope to gain young Kate,
But Donald of Dundee.

When last we ranged the banks of Tay,
The ring he shew'd to me,
And bade me name the bridal day,
Then happy would he be.
I ken the youth will aye prove kind,
Nae mair my mother will I mind ;
Mess John to me shall quickly bind
Young Donald of Dundee.

CAN I FORGET THE DAYS OF BLISS.

ORIGINAL.

Can I forget the days of bliss
That I have spent with thee :
Can I forget the parting kiss,
Thy pledge of love to me ?
Can I forget thy jet black eye—
Thy glossy auburn hair—
Thy cheeks of purest roses dye—
Thy brow like lilies fair ?

Oh ! no, my dearest Helen, no ;
On thee I ever dwell ;
Tho' fortune's sea drives to and fro
An undulating swell.
Thy presence charms my dreams by night,
And soothes my pain by day !
Thy voice still whispers stor'd delight,
Though, though thou'rt far away.

ON YONDER ROCK RECLINING.

A DUET.

Sung by *Zerlina* and the *Marquis*, in the Opera of
“*Fra Diavolo*.”

On yonder rock reclining,
That fierce and swarthy form behold—
Fast his hands his carbine hold,
'Tis his best friend of old.
This way his steps inclining,
His scarlet plume hangs o'er his brow,
And his velvet cloak hangs low,
Playing in careless flow.
Tremble ! e'en while the storm is beating,
Afar hear echo repeating
Diavolo ! Diavolo ! Diavolo !

Zer. Altho' his foes waylaying,
He fights with rage and hate combin'd,
Tow'rds the gentle fair they find
He's ever mild and kind.
The maid too heedless straying,
(For one, we Pietro's daughter know,)
Home returns full sad and slow,
What can have made her so ?
Tremble ! each one the maiden meeting,
Is sure to be repeating
Diavolo ! Diavolo ! Diavolo !

Mar. While thus his deeds accusing,
Yet justice too at least be shewn,
All that's lost here let us own,
Mayn't be his fault alone ;
Full oft his name abusing,
Perhaps some young and rustic beau,
Whilst with love he feigns to glow,
At beauty's shrine bows low :

Tremble ! each sighing lover dread,
For of *him* more truly may be said
“Diavolo ! Diavolo ! Diavolo !”*

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at
hame,
And a' the world to sleep are gane ;
The waes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for
his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething beside ;—
To make that crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna been gone a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was
stoun awa' ;
My faither brake his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna
spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win,
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in
his ee,
Said, Jenny for their sakes, will ye marry me ?

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back ;

*The music of this duet is by Auber, and, although it now and then brings to our recollection the chorus at the termination of the first scene of “Massaniello,” it by no means lacks attraction. We have not ascertained as yet who is the author of the words

But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wreck ;

The ship it was a wreck, why didna Jenny die !
And why do I live to say, wae is me !

My father urged me sair ; though my mother didna
speak,

She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,
So I gied him my hand, though my heart was at the
sea.

And auld Robin Gray is a gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at my ain door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said I'm come back, love, to marry thee.

O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say ;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away ;
I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to dee—
And why do I live to say, wae is me !

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin,—
I darena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin ;
But I'll do my best a gude wife for to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.*

THE HEATHER BELL.

ORIGINAL.

AIR.—*The Highland Minstrel Boy.*

The heather bell, the heather bell,
How dear art thou to me,
When wandering wi' my Mary, 'neath
Yon wide and spreading tree.

*This song was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, and appeared before her ladyship was twenty years old.

The rose frae off the braes I'd pu',
 To deck thy bosom fair :
 The lily and the cowslip too,
 To bind thy auburn hair.

If thou'lt consent to be my ain,
 And share wi' me my lot ;
 Oh ! happy I will be wi' thee
 In yonder lowly cot.
 The heather bell, the heather bell,
 Thou'rt dearer still to me ;
 For now I call the lassie mine,
 My heart, my soul, my ee.

THE ROSEBUD OF SUMMER.

Music by *Sir J. Stevenson.*

When the rosebud of summer its beauties bestowing,
 On winter's rude banks all its sweetness shall
 pour,
 And the sunshine of day in night's darkness be
 glowing,
 Oh ! then dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.
 I'll love you no more, &c.

When of hope the last spark, which thy smile loved
 to cherish,
 In my bosom shall die, and its splendour be o'er,
 And the pulse of this heart which adores you shall
 perish,
 Oh ! then dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.
 I'll love you no more, &c.

THE MOUNTAIN WARRIOR.

AIR.—*The Maid of Judah.*

The warrior came down from his tent on the hill,
 To woo in the vale of Cashmere :

“ Ah, nay ! cried the maid with forebodings of ill,
And she shrank from love’s proffer in fear.
But the young mountaineer would not so be denied,
He scoff’d at her tremulous “ nay,”
And clasping the maid, spurr’d his courser and cried,
“ Away ! to the mountain away.”

Her home on the mountain was stormy and wild,
Unlike the hush’d bowers of Cashmere ;
Yet the fair, when she gazed on her wedded one,
smiled,
And love planted paradise there.
Past wrongs, if recall’d, were but named as a jest,
From a cloud ee’n as dawneth the day ;
And the warrior’s wild words by remembrance were
blest,
“ Away ! to the mountain, away.”

THE ANGELS’ WHISPER.

A beautiful superstition prevails in Ireland* that when
a child smiles in its sleep, it is whispering with Angels.

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping ;
For her husband was far on the
wild raging sea.
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman’s dwelling ;
And she cried, “ Dermot darling !
Oh ! come back to me.”
Her beads while she numbered,
Her baby still slumbered ;
And smiled in her face as she
bended her knee.

*This superstition is not confined to Ireland alone, but
prevails over the whole of Great Britain :—*vide* Charles
Lamb’s works.

“ Oh ! blessed be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning ;
For I know that the Angels
are whispering to thee,

“ And while they are keeping
Strict watch o’er thy sleeping,
Oh ! pray to them softly by baby,
with me ;
And say thou wouldst rather
They’d watch o’er thy father,—
I know that the Angels are
whispering with thee.”

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy
her babe’s father to see ;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Cried, “ I knew that the Angels
were whispering with thee ! ”*

CONJUGALITY AND CONVIVIALITY,

A Parody on the Foregoing,

By “ *The Invisible Gentleman.* ”

A shocking custom prevails in Great Britain of husbands proceeding to junketings and revelings, leaving their spouses moping at home.

A woman half sleeping,
O’er a window was peeping ;

*The words and music of this song are the composition of Samuel Lover, the humorous depicter of genuine Irish life. It seems strange that a song possessing such small claims to merit, should have become so popular.

For her husband had come not to
dinner or tea ;
And the watchman was telling
The hour that was knelling,
And he cried " past eleven ! " most
vociferously.

The hours while she numbered,
Her anger still slumbered ;
And she thought where the deuce
her wild husband could be.
" Oh ! where is he sorning,
Till this hour of the morning ?
Oh ! I'm sartain he can't be
In good companie.

" Sic hours to be keeping,
Is quite overleaping
The bounds of decorum and all
modesty !
I think it is rather
Improper in a father
Who might sit quietly at home in his
wifie's companie "

And five in the morning,
Saw Jenkin's returning ;
And the wife gloomed, her husband half
drunk for to see ;
And he while undressing,
His folly confessing,
Cried, " I'll never take on so with
bad companie."*

*This sketch is true to nature, and, in our humble opinion, beats the original hollow.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE FRIENDS FAR AWA.

Music by *Di Pinna*.

Here's a health to the friends far awa,
Whose absence this moment we mourn,
And we'll pray with our offering that fair be
their fa',
And speedy their welcome return.
And oh ! for the sake o' lang syne,
We'll hae a blythe night may be twa ;
And if this were water, as it is good wine,
Here's a health to the friends far awa,
Here's a health to the friends far awa.

Here's to some hereabout and awa,
Whom there's nae occasion to name ;
The fairest, the fondest, ilk ane kens but wha,
Tho' it's likely we'll no think the same.
When memory mirrors sae bright,
The lassie we lo'e aboon a' ;
Then wha wadna drink wi' gude will and de-
light,
Here's a health to the friends far awa.
Here's a health to the friends far awa.

BLIGHTED HOPE.

Sung by *Miss Novello*, in the Farce of "*Le Blas Bleu*,"

All my dreams of joy have perished,
Snowlike from the mountain height ;
Slowly, surely, were they cherished,
But fleet and sure has been their flight.
E'en tho' faithless man deceive us,
To delusive hope we cling ;
And the tempter will not leave us,
Till we perish by its sting.

Hark ! a jocund peal is ringing,
 Through his halls of pomp and pride ;
 While despair its course is winging,
 To my lorn bower to claim its bride.
 Ah ! my lone heart is breaking,
 And mine eyes with tears are dim ;
 Struggling pride its spoil is making,
 Yet alters not my love for him.

MARY SHEARER.

Words by *Thomas Atkinson, Esq.*—Music by *T. M'Furlane.*

She's aff and awa like the lang summer day,
 And our hearts and our hills are now lanesome
 and dreary ;
 The sun-blinks o' June will come back ower the
 brae,
 But lang for blythe Mary fu' mony may weary !
 For mair hearts than mine
 Kenn'd o' nane that were dearer ;
 But nane mare will pine
 From the sweet Mary Shearer !

She came wi' the spring, just like ane o' its flowers,
 And the blue bell and Mary baith blossom'd
 thegither :—
 The bloom o' the mountain again will be ours,
 But the rose o' the valley nae mair will come
 hither !
 Their sweet breath is fled—
 Her kind looks still endear her ;
 For the heart mair be dead
 That forgets Mary Shearer !

Than her brow ne'er a fairer wi' jewels was hung ;
 An ee that was brighter ne'er glanc'd on a lover,

Sounds safter ne'er dropt frae an aye-saying tongue,
Nor mair pure is the white o' her bridal-bed
cover.

Oh ! he maun be bless'd
Wha's allowed to be near her ;
For the fairest and best
O' her kind's Mary Shearer.

But farewell, Glenlin, and Dunoon, and Loch
Striven,
My country and kin !—since I've sae lov'd the
stranger,
Where she's been mann be either a pine or a heaven,
Sae across the wide world for a while I'm a
ranger.

Tho' I try to forget—
In my heart still I'll wear her :
For mine may be yet,
Name and a—Mary Shearer !

THE LAND OF BEAUTY'S SMILE.

ORIGINAL.

Another bumper, come my boys—
We'll toast Old England's isle ;
For she's our native home my boys,
The land of beauty's smile.

Of the sea-girt isles the queen is she,
And mistress on the wave ;
Her sons are gallant, bold and free,
No nation half so brave. (!)

Her daughters too with charms so fair,
Unrivalled beauties reign ;
And here the haunts of Venus are,
Bright offspring of the main.

No foemen can her power withstand,
But quickly from her fly :
For this, the motto of our land—
“ We’ll conquer or we’ll die !”

Our country’s rights we’ll aye defend,
No enemy she fears ;
Her hearts of oak will never bend,
Let’s give her then three cheers.

T. T. S.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

Sung by *Miss Stephens*.—Arranged by *J. Dewar*.

“ There grows a bonny brier bush in our kail yard,
And white are the blossoms o’t in our kail yard ;
Like wee bit white cockauds for our bonny Hieland
lads ;
And the lasses lo’e the bonny bush in our kail-yard.”

“ But were they a’ true that were far away ?
Oh ! were they a’ true that were far away ?
They drew up wi’ glaiket Englishers at Carlisle ha’,
And forgot auld frien’s when far far awa.”

“ Ye’ll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft you’ve
been ;
Ye’ll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol’s Green ;
Ye lo’ed our weel the dancin’ at Carlisle ha’,
And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa.”

“ He’s coming frae the north that’s to fancy me,
He’s coming frae the north that’s to fancy me,
A feather in his bonnet, a ribbon at his knee,
He’s a bonnie Hieland laddie, and you be na he.”

DO NOT MINGLE ONE HUMAN FEELING.

Sung by *Madam Malibran*, in "*La Somnambula*."Music by *Bellini*.

Do not mingle one human feeling
 With those blisses o'er each sense stealing,
 While those tributes to me revealing,

My Elvina true to love.

Ah ! embrace me—while thus forgiving,
 Each a pardon thus receiving ;

On the earth, while while we are living,

We will form a heaven of love.

On the earth, &c.

Ah ! my love.

Do not mingle, &c.*

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Words by *T. Campbell*.—Music by *Calcott*.

Ye mariners of England !

Who guard our native seas ;

Whose flag has braved a thousand years,

The battle and the breeze !

Your glorious standard launch again,

To match another foe !

And sweep through the deep,

While the stormy tempests blow :

While the battle rages loud and long,

And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of our fathers

Shall start from every wave !

*We can easily imagine with what a grace *Madam Malibran* would chirrup forth this sweet air. Poor lady, she will for ever live in the hearts of those who were happy enough to hear her though it were only once.

For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow ;
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of our name.
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.*

*The noblest of our national lyrics, and on which the fame of Tom Campbell, as a poet, more immediately rests. Very few singers ever do it justice ; Barker was about the best we have heard, but then he never had the words correctly ; he used to make a horrid mess of one line in particular, invariably singing it thus :

“ Till *danger* troubled night *departs*.”

 THE MAGIC-WOVE SCARF.

A TRIO.

Sung by Sylph, Donald, and Hela, in the "*Mountain Sylph*."

Words by *T. J. Thackeray*.—*Music by John Barnett*.

HELA, (*presenting Scarf to Donald*.)

This magic-wove scarf round her beauties entwine,
 From its folds to escape she may struggle in vain,
 Of power bereft, she'll for ever be thine,
 And never—no never,—shall quit thee again.

DONALD.

Your kindness my gratitude ever ensures,
 My fate's in your hands !

HELA.

And my vengeance in yours !

SYLPH.

What a beautiful scarf !

DONALD.

'Tis for thee !

SYLPH.

Me !

HELA.

Yes thee.

SYLPH. DONALD.

There's an echo !

SYLPH. (*shewing a pair of Doves*.)

But look at this innocent pair,
 Yet to-morrow they'll fly me.

HELA.

To-morrow will see;
 Thy downfall !

DONALD.

Then clip both their wings,

SYLPH.

Twere not fair.
 No, they freely shall range.

D

DONALD.

Give them me in exchange ;—
For thy sake I'll love them, oh ! trust to my care.

SYLPH.

To be pris'ners,—Oh, no ! they are as free as the air.

HELA.

Thyself shall be pris'ner, and slave to despair.

DONALD.

(throwing the enchanted Scarf round the Sylph.

Let them go, but from me thou, like them, ne'er
shalt fly.

SYLPH.

I'm spell-bound !—oh, mercy ! release me—I die !

HELA.

She's conquer'd ! from vengeance no more can she
fly.

DONALD.

She sinks !—help !—oh, aid, or my fair one will die.*

THE TOWN PERUQUIER.

A Parody on the "*Old Country Gentleman.*"

I'll sing you a new solo that was made by a young
fop,

Of a fashionable Peruquier who kept a dashing shop,
To which the "fine young men of town" would go
to get a crop,

Or their "linen cheeks" bespattered o'er with suds
of Vindsor soap,

By this dapper young Peruquier, all of the modern
time.

In the glass cases of his "rooms," there ever did re-
pose

*Of the words of this trio we shall say nothing. The music of it, as indeed that of the whole Opera, seems imbued with the true spirit of the best of our national lyrics, and like them joys in simplicity and pathos.

Kalydor and Maccassar oil, and periwigs for beaux ;
And there his vorship, though a man wot didn't
covet blows,

His customers familiarly he'd grapple by the nose,
Would this bold young town Peruquier, all of the
modern time.

Though he'd been bred in Princes' street "in piping
times of peace,

He'd often had his "hair-breadth *scrapes*," whilst
seraping at his ease ;

And he could talk of *beards* and *cuts*, and *barbarous*
themes like these,

Of *powder-puffs*, *mustachios*, and the liberty of Grease.

He was a rare young Town Peruquier, all of the
modern time.

In person he was rather squat, but most genteel and
trig,

On Sundays oft his belle he took to Roslin in a gig ;

His wit was, as a razor, keen,—he smiled like any
grig,

And of all persuasions politic he dearly loved a *wig*.

Oh ! he was a dashing young Peruquier, all of the
modern time.

But politics and politicians he hated as a whole,

And jinked annuity taxes as a Jarvie shies a toll,

And thought electioneering stuffs at best all rigma-
role,

Yet he could tell to a very *hair* the true "state of
the *poll*."

Could this clever young Peruquier, all of the mo-
dern time.

Though a coal-cart most maliciously had spoiled a
well shaped foot,

On which, albeit now *bootless* was, he sometimes wore
a boot,

Yet the ladies vowed, as he went to his every day
pursuit,
A youth more *strapping* ne'er put on a tawdry Sun-
day suit,
Than this handsome young Peruquier, all of the
modern time.

When new-year's day sent folks astray, he whitened
up his hall,
And tho' his dancing *hopes* were marred, he gave a
fancy ball,
Nor did he deem it just to slight the passing stran-
ger's call,
For whatever their condition was he *took in* one and
all.—

He was a knowing young Peruquier, all of the
modern time.

But 'Time, tho' bountiful, is but a sly *unshaven*
"sneck,"
Who, when a man's account is run, will give no
further tick,
Which to the poor Peruquier, was a "sore *hair* in
his neck."
So Death stretched out his boney arms, and quickly
"cut his stick"
With the blooming Town Peruquier, all of the
modern time.

Now surely this is better far than making a tirade
About old ballads and old chaunts remodelled and
remade,
Which, be assured, will be no joke when lawyers
bills are paid,
So cut your quips and quiddities, and stick to your
own trade,

Like the decent young Peruquier, all of the modern time.*

THE LAST FAREWELL.

ORIGINAL.

AIR,—*My Heart and Lute.*

And must I brave the ocean's roar,
And sail the boundless sea :
Far from my native Scotia's shore,
And, Jeannie, far from thee ?
Yet from all social friends I'd part,
Friends that are dear to me ;
Yet could I tear all from this heart,
All, dearest, all but thee !

Then blow ye breezes, sweep ye gales,
O'er mountain wild, and lee :
Ah ! would ye fill the swelling sails
That waft me far from thee ?
Edina ! queen of cities fair !
No more thy charms I see,
Too soon, alas ! the bark shall bear
Me far away from thee !

Farewell ! farewell ! my native land,
Home of the brave and free !
High, high in rank thy daughters stand,
But none as fair as thee.
Where'er kind Heaven my course may steer,
Where'er I chance to be,
The lingering star of love will e'er
Remind my soul of thee.

I.T.M.

*The last stanza of this clever parody bears reference to an action at law between Mr Murray and one Purday, a Music Seller in London, who published the "Old Country Gentleman" without consent of the author. It was decided against Mr Murray.

CONVIVIAL SONG.

ORIGINAL.

Come fill the glass,
 Let the toast pass ;
 Here's to the Goddess of Gladness !
 And to the fond fair,
 Who can banish all care,
 Blue-devils and moments of sadness !

Who would not drain
 A bumper again
 To women, the dear smiling creatures ;
 May he ever be cross'd,
 On life's rough ocean toss'd,
 And ne'er again see their sweet features.

Drink, drink away !
 After night cometh day ;
 And our moments are moments of pleasure.
 Home—home to bed,
 There snugly laid,
 Let each one dream of his own cherish'd
 treasure. T. Y.

WHEN THE SOUTHERN BREEZES PLAY.

AIR.—*Le Petit Tambour.*

When the southern breezes play,
 The uplands let us gain,
 Where ruddy health and smiles invite
 To join their sportive train.

Unleash the merry pack,
 See, see they scent the gale,
 Their crackling throats repeat the notes,
 Our sport it will not fail.
 When the southern breezes play &c.

When the sun his course has run,
We trim the evening fire,
And gaily troll the cheering bowl,
To the health of wife and squire.
When the sun his course has run, &c.

Then the song and joke prevail,
Till the turret bell strikes one,
And the parting cup proclaims
Proclaims the day is done.
When the southern breezes play, &c.

BONNIE JEANNIE GRAY.

Music by *Webster*.

Oh ! whar was you sae late yestreen,
My bonnie Jeannie Gray ?
Your mither miss'd ye late at een,
An' eke at break o' day.

Your mither look'd sae sour and sad,
Your father dull and wae ;
Oh ! whar was ye sae late yestreen,
My bonnie Jeannie Gray ?

Dear sister, sit ye down by me,
And let naebody ken,
For I hae promis'd late yestreen,
To wed young Jamie Glen.

The melting tear stood in his ee,
What heart could say him nay ?
As aft he vow'd, through life I'm thine,
My bonnie Jeannie Gray.

 CONCEALED GRIEF.

From an unpublished Drama by the author of "*Le Blas Bleu*."

'Tis painful to be forced to smile,
 When sorrow rings the heart;
 To don a studied look of guile,
 And play a double part;—
 To hold the mask before the face,
 So firmly and fair:
 A searching eye alone may trace
 The lines of sorrow there.

Yet must I such disguise assume,
 My anguish to conceal;
 To none dare I—ah! hapless doom,
 My agonies reveal.
 To mingle in the mazy dance
 Is painful now to me;
 But the gay being I was once,
 Still must I seem to be.*

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the
 Birk tree was fa'in.

AIR.—*Bonnie Dundee.*

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in,
 And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
 That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
 And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear.
 Poor Lucy had served i' the glen a' the simmer,
 She cam' there afore the flower bloomed on the
 pea;
 An orphan was she, an' they had been gude till her,
 Sure that was the thing brought the tear in her ee.

*The air of this is a German one, and very good it is. The words are considerably above the generality of modern ballads, and the idea is well expressed.

She gaed by the stable, where Jamie was stan'in',
Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see ;
Fare-ye-weel, Lucy, quo' Jamie, an' ran in,
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her ee.
As down the burnside she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
"Fare-ye-weel, Lucy," was ilka birds sang,
She heard the crow sayn't, high on the tree sittin',
And Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang,

Oh ! what is't that pits my poor heart in a flutter ?
And what gars the tear come sae fast from my ee !
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be ?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither,
Nae mither or friend the poor lammie can see ;
I fear I hae left my bit heart a'thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae rowed up the ribbon,
'The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me ;
Yestreen when he ga'et me't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
Though now he said naething bnt "fare-ye-weel,
Lucy,"

It made me I could neither speak, hear nor see ;
He couldna sae mair, but "fare-ye-weel Lucy"—
Yet that will I mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its droukit,
The hare likes the brake and the braid on the lee,
But Lucy likes Jamie—she turned and she lookit,
She thought the dear place she wad never mair
see.

Ah ! weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheer-
less !

And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn !
His bonny sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return !

JOLLY GOOD ALE AND OLD.

Back and side go bare, go bare !
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good ;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing acold ;
I stuff my skin so full within,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, &c.

I have no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire ;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, nor wind I trow,
Can hurt me if I wolde,
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, &c.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek.
Then doth she troll to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm should ;
And sayeth, " Sweetheart ! I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and side, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
 Even as good fellows should do ;
 They shall not miss to have the bliss
 Good ale doth bring men to.
 And all poor souls that have scower'd bowls,
 Or have them lustly trolled,
 God save the lives of them and their wives,
 Whether they be young or old.
 Back and side, &c.

NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

Music by *Nelson*.—Words by *Ball*.

RECITATIVE.

Night clos'd around Napoleon's final home,—
 A shadowy form stood by the moonlight tomb,
 And 'mid the shelt'ring willows mournful play,
 Thus pour'd its plaint, its sad unearthly lay :

AIR.

And in this narrow confine all,
 Thus low and poor decay ;
 The mighty end,—the covering pall
 Of man's imperial sway ?
 Ye cares, ye feverish toils, how vain
 Your proudest triumphs seem
 To the free'd opint, pass'd the chain
 Of life's delusive dream !

Is this his doom, whose high decree
 The law to millions gave ?

*This song, which possesses no common degree of vigour, is from "Gammer Gurton's Needle," generally accredited to be the first dramatic piece which appeared in England under the name of a Comedy ; its authorship is ascribed to Bishop Still,—and the edition from which we extract the song is dated 1575.

A prison-rock amid the sea,—
 A humble captive's grave !
 Here should the pitying stranger tread,
 Oh ! 'mid this desert lone ;
 The name let young ambition read,
 That marks this mould'ring stone !

" A husband, father,—unredeem'd !"—
 The voice became a sigh ;
 It ceas'd, a moan of sorrow seem'd •
 Alone to tremble by.
 The moon from dark'ning land and main,
 Withdrew her pallid ray ;
 Silence resum'd its awful reign,
 The Spirit pass'd away.

THE LAST HALF GLASS.

ORIGINAL.

A Parody on the Foregoing,

RECITATIVE.

Night howling clos'd around the Captain's cot,
 But he the shrieking tempest heeded not ;
 And in the "ingle's" calorific ray,
 With whisky punch, thus pour'd his mournful lay.

AIR.

" And is this drop of whisky all,
 This single half a glass :
 The mighty end—my heart will rend !
 Of the pipe I bought ?—alas !
 Small beer and swipes, how poor indeed
 Your muddy bottles seem,
 To a rum old soul, with a snow-white poll,
 Whose eyes with rapture beam !

“ Is this thy end, whose mighty power
Laid many on the ground ?
And is this here, every drop—oh, dear !
Of what cost me many a pound ?
This should some spendthrift swankie know,
Oh ! let him learn of me,
Not to throw away cash upon such trash,
Nor keep much companie !”

“ It cost me full ten pounds last yule,”
The voice became a sigh ;
It ceas'd : a groan, and a hollow moan
Seem'd alone to tremble by.
The wind roar'd loud, while the moon 'neath a
cloud,
Withdrew her pallid ray ;
Silence again resum'd her reign,
And the Captain walk'd away.

J. M.

BLACK EYED SUSAN.Words by *Gay*.

All in the downs the fleet lay moored,
The streamers waving in the wind ;
When black eyed Susan came on board,
“ Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among your crew.”

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro :
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
He sighed,—and cast his eyes below,
The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

“ Oh ! Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be,
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.”

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
 No longer must she stay aboard ;
 They kissed—she sighed—he hung his head,
 Her lessening bark unwilling rows to land,
 “ Adieu !” she cried, and waved her lily hand *

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

Sung by *Mr H. Phillips*, in the “ *Maid of Artois*.”

Music by *Ba'fe*.—Words by *Bunn*.

The light of other days is faded,
 And all their glories past ;
 For grief, with heavy wing, hath shaded
 The hopes too bright to last.
 The world in morning's mantle clouded
 Shines forth with purer rays ;
 But the heart ne'er feels, in sorrow shrouded,
 The light of other days.
 But the heart, &c.

The leaf which autumn tempests wither—
 The birds, which then take wing,
 When winter's winds are past, come hither,
 To welcome back the Spring.

*This song was composed on the bright eyed Mrs Mountfort, and we know of no nautical ditty more beautiful.

The very ivy on the ruin,
In gloom tull life displays ;
But the heart alone knows no renewing
The light of other days.
But the heart, &c.*

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

My daddy is a canker'd carle,
He'll no twin wi' his gear ;
My minny is a scolding wife
Haud's a' the house asteer.

But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me.
For he's low down among the broom
That's waiting for me ;
Awaiting for me my love,
That's waiting for me.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
And sair she lightlies me ;
For weel I ken it's a' for spite,
For ne'er a jo has she.

My cousin Madge was sair beguil'd
Wi' Johnnie o' the glen,
And aye sincesyne she cries, " Beware
Of false deluding men."

Gleed Sandy he came west ae nicht,
And speered when I saw Pate,
And aye sincesyne the neighbours round
They jeer me ear' and late.

*A very commonplace sentiment clothed not in very intelligible language. The music, which we conceive to be the best in the Opera, is pretty enough. This song is extremely popular in London.

SAVOURNA DEELISH.

Ah ! the moment was sad when my love and I parted,
Savourna Deelish shigan, O !

As I kiss'd off her tears I was nigh broken hearted,
Savourna, &c.

Wan was her cheek that hung on my shoulder,
Damp was her hand, no marble was colder,
I felt that I should never again behold her,
Savourna, &c.

When the word of command put our men in motion,
Savourna, &c.

I buckled my knapsack to cross the wild ocean,
Savourna, &c.

Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
Pleased with the voyage, impatient for plunder,
My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder,
Savourna, &c.

Long I fought for my country, far far from my true
love,
Savourna, &c.

All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,
Savourna, &c.

Peace was proclaim'd, escaped from the slaughter,
I landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her,
But sorrow, alas ! to her cold grave had brought
her.

* "Savourna Deelish," is united to Campbell's "Erin go-Bragh," which was the original name of the air. The latter song was announced to be sung in Dublin, during the stormy period of the late rebellion, and was suppressed by orders of the Lord Lieutenant. The above was therefore substituted in its stead, and has always had a considerable degree of popularity.

AWA, WHIGS, AWA.

A JACOBITE SONG.

Our thistles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonny bloom'd our roses,
But Whigs came, like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.

Awa, Whigs awa !

Awa, Whigs awa !

Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons ;
Ye'll ne'er do good at a'.

Our sad decay in church and state
Surpasses my describing ;
The whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we have done wi thriving.

A foreign Whiggish loon brought seeds,
In Scottish yird to cover ;
But we'll pu' a' his dibbled leeks,
And pack him to Hanover.

Our ancient crown's fa'n i' the dust,
Deil blind them wi' the stour o't !
And write their names in his black beuk,
Wha ga'e the Whigs the power o't !

Grim Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken :
Gude help the day, when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin !

The diel he heard the stour o' tongues,
And ramping cam' amang us ;
But he pitied us, sae cursed wi' Whigs,—
He turn'd, and wadna wrang us.

Sae grim he sat amang the reek,
Thrang bundling brimstone matches;
And croon'd, 'mang the beuk-taking Whigs,
Scraps of auld Calvin's catches.
Awa, Whigs, awa!
Awa, Whigs, awa!
Ye'll rin me out o' wun spunks,
And ne'er do good at a'.*

SONG IN WILLIAM TELL.

From the German of *Schiller*.

With bow and quiver round him slung,
The huntsman takes his way
Across the vale, and mountain-height,
At early dawn of day.

As o'er the ether's wide expanse
The eagle lord we see,
O'er hill and dale the archer rules
Exultingly and free.

To him the vast of space belongs;
Whate'er his bolt brings down,
Or swift of wing, or fleet of foot,
He claims it for his own.

E. N.

*This song is partly of ancient and partly of modern composition. There is a tradition, "that at the battle of Bothwell-bridge, the piper to Clavers's own troop of horse stood on the brink of the Clyde, playing the air of this song with great glee; but, being struck by a bullet, he rolled down the bank in the agonies of death; and always, as he rolled over the bag, so intent was he on this old party tune, that, with determined firmness of fingering, he made the pipes to yell out two or three notes more of it, till at last he plunged into the river, and was carried peaceably down the stream."

LOVE.

By Lord Byron.

Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
 Lonely and lost to light for evermore ;
 Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
 Then trembles into silence as before.

There in its centre, a sepulchral lamp
 Burns the slow flame eternal, but unseen ;
 Which not the darkness of despair can damp,
 Tho' vain its ray, as it had never been.

Remember me, ah ! pass not thou my grave,
 Without one thought, whose relics there recline ;
 The only pang my bosom dare not brave,
 Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

My fondest, faintest, latest accents hear ;
 Grief for the dead, not virtue can reprove.
 Then give me, all I ever asked, a tear—
 The first, last, sole reward of so much love.

 THE SKELETON HUNTSMEN'S SONG AND CHORUS.

From "*Der Freischutz travestie.*"

AIR.—*Bright Chanticleer.*

The moon's eclipse proclaims our hunt,
 The graves release their dead,
 The common man lifts up the wood,
 The lord springs from the lead ;
 The lady-corpses hurry on,
 To join the ghostly crowds,
 And off we go, with a ho !—so ho !
 A—hunting in the clouds.
 With a hey, ho, chivey !
 Hark forward ! hark forward, tantivy ! &c.

No hill, no dale, no glen, no mire,
No dell, no night, no storm,
No earth, no water, air, nor fire,
Can do wild Huntsmen harm.
We laugh at what the living dread,
And throw aside our shrouds,
And off we go, &c.

Oft, when by body-snatchers stol'n,
And surgeons for us wait,
Some honest watchmen take the rogues,
To be examined straight ;
We slip away from surgeons, and
From Police-office crowds,
And off we go, with a ho ! so—ho !
A—hunting in the clouds.
With a hey, ho, chivey !
Hark forward ! hark forward, tantivy ! &c.*

THE GALLANT TROUBADOUR.

Written by *Sir Walter Scott*. Arranged to a French
Air.

Glowing with love on fire for fame,
A Troubadour, that hated sorrow,
Beneath his lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good morrow :
“ My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true love's bower ;
Gaily for love and fame to fight,
Befits the gallant Troubadour ! ”

*The revival of *Der Freischutz* at the Theatre-Royal during the past week, must be deemed a sufficient excuse—should any be required—for the many lyrics dependent on that Opera, which occur throughout our present number.

And while he marched, with helm on head
And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel burthen still he sung :
“ My arm it is my country’s right,
My heart is in my lady’s bower ;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour ! ”

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hewed his way,
’Mid splintering lance and falchion sweep,
And still was heard the warrior lay :
“ My life it is my country’s right,
My heart is in my lady’s bower ,
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Beeomes the valiant Troubadour ! ”

Alas ! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman’s glaive ;
But still reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave :
“ My life it is my country’s right,
My heart is in my lady’s bower ;
For love and fame to fall in fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour ! ”

HERE’S A HEALTH.

Here’s a health to all good lasses,
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,
Let the bumper toast go round.
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
For with them true joys are found.

RISE GENTLE MOON.

Sung by *Miss Love*, in the Drama of "*Charles the Twelfth*."

Words by *J. R. Planche, Esq.* Music by *John Barnett*.

Day has gone down on the Baltic's broad billow.
 Ev'ning has sighed her last to the lone willow ;
 The Baltic's broad billow,
 Ev'ning has sighed her last to the lone willow ;
 Night hurries on, night hurries on, earth and ocean
 to cover,
 Night hurries on, night hurries on, earth and ocean
 to cover,
 Rise gentle moon and light me to my lover, gentle
 Moon and light me to my lover.

'Twas by thy beam he first stole forth to woo me,
 Brighter since then hast thou ever seem'd to me ;
 First stole forth to woo me,
 Brighter since then hast thou ever seem'd to me :
 Let the wild waves still, let the wild waves still the
 red sun roll over,
 Let the wild waves still, let the wild waves still the
 red sun roll over ;
 Thine is the light of all lights to a lover, gentle
 moon, gentle moon,
 Rise gentle moon, gentle moon.

VENETIAN SERENADE.

ORIGINAL.

Wake ! lady wake ! the midnight bell
 Sounds soften'd o'er the stream ;
 Softly the murmuring billows swell—
 O ! wake from blissful dream.
 'Neath evening star,
 My lone guitar

Its music breathes for thee ;
Then rouse from sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list loved maid, to me !

There is not a sound to break the calm,
But the river's gentle swell ;
The flowers send forth their scented balms
From thine own romantic dell.
The tall pine trees
In the passing breeze,
Their shadowy branches shake ;
And I linger here
For thy presence, dear,
Wake ! Julia, love !—awake !

I'll tell thee a tale of unchanging love,
The love of a youthful heart ;
Its thrilling verse may thy young heart move,
'Tis a tale devoid of art,—
In vain my song
I thus prolong,
My Julia will not hear :
Francesco's tale
Will not prevail ;—
He once to thee was dear.

My gondola waits by the Bridge of Sighs,
To carry us o'er the stream ;
Has sleep so seal'd thy sparkling eyes,
That thou canst not break his dream ?
Wake ! dearest, wake !
Thy couch forsake,
Descend, dear maid, to me !
Oh ! trust thy charms
To these fond arms,—
She comes ! she comes ! to me. T. YOUNG

LIFE IS DARKENED O'ER WITH WOE.

Sung by *Mr Stretton* and others, in the Opera of "*Der Freischutz*."

Life is darkened o'er with woe,
 Bid the ruddy nectar flow ;
 Wine's the soul of joy below,
 Blessed by Bacchus, rosy wine
 Makes a mortal half divine ;
 Fill, oh ! fill the cup before thee,
 Bacchus ! Bacchus ! I adore thee

Life is darkened o'er with woe,
 Bid the ruddy nectar flow ;
 Love's the soul of bliss below,
 Blessed by Beauty, rosy wine
 Makes a mortal all divine ;
 Fill, oh ! fill the cup before thee,
 Venus ! Venus ! I adore thee.

THE LASS OF GOWRIE.

TUNE.—*Loch Erroch Side*.

'Twas on a summer's afternoon,
 A wee afore the sun gaed down,
 My lassie in a braw silk gown,
 Cam' o'er the hill to Gowrie.
 The rose-bud tinged wi' morning showers,
 Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bowers :
 But Katey was the fairest flower
 That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I had nae thought to do her wrang,
 But round her waist my arms I flang,
 And said my lassie, will ye gang
 To view the Carse o' Gowrie?
 I'll take you to my Father's ha'
 In yon green field beside the shaw,

And make you lady o' them a',
The brawest wife in Gowrie!

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheek soon spread :
She whispered modestly and said,
" I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie,"
The auld folk soon gied their consent,
And to Mess John we quickly went,
Wha tied us to our hearts' content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

THE CHEVALEER.

AIR.—*O'er Boggie.*

Oh ! what's come o'er the bonny dear,
The lasses' winsome toy ;
The Chevaleer, the Chevaleer,
The rattlin' reckless boy ?
His leein' tongue was fu' o' guile,
And sadly do I rue
That e'er I trusted to his smile,
Or e'en o' dazzling blue.

An' aye sae braw as he was drest,
The like was never seen ;
Bedizen'd wi' a scarlet vest,
An' jacket o' the green.
Oh ! Chevaleer, oh ! Chevaleer,
That ever I should find
A lad that ance I held sae dear,
Was fickle as the wind.*

*Said to be written by Miss Betsy F. an accomplished and beautiful Irish lady, on the gallant but unfortunate Chevalier.

WHITHER, AH ! WHITHER.

By *Barry Cornwall*,

From his poem of "*Marcian Colonna*."

Whither, ah ! whither, is my lost love straying,
Upon what pleasant land beyond the sea ?

Oh ! ye winds now playing

Like airy spirits round my temples free,
Fly and tell him this from me.

Tell him sweet winds, that in *my woman's* bosom
My young love still retains its perfect power ;

Or like the summer blossom,

That changes still from bud to the full-blown
flower,

Grows with every passing hour.

Say and (say gently,) that since we two parted,
How little joy—much sorrow I have known,
Only not broken-hearted :

Because I muse upon bright moments gone,
And dream and think of him alone.

THROUGH THE FORESTS THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

Sung by *Rodolph*, in the Opera of "*Der Freischutz*."
Music by *Weber*, Words by *Walter M'Gregor Logan*.

RECITATIVE.

Oh ! I can bear my fate no longer,

E'en hope is banished from my soul ;

What unknown guilt thus haunts my spirit,

And o'er me works its dark controul ?

AIR.

Through the forests, through the meadows,

Joy was wont with me to stray ;

While my rifle, never failing,

Made each bird and beast my prey.

When at length from chase returning,
 Ere home rose before my sight,
 Agnes smiling met me,
 Cloathed in beauty's heavenly light.
 And am I now by Heaven forsaken,
 And left, the power of chance to know ?
 Will hope's long slumber ever waken ?
 Or am I doomed to endless woe ?
 Now, methinks, beside her lattice
 I my lovely Agnes see ;
 While her ear seems fondly listening
 Every coming sound for me.
 Now, she fondly waves a welcome,
 Fancy's eye her lover sees—
 But her signal gains no answer,
 Save the sigh of whispering trees.
 What darkling power is ruling o'er me ?
 My anxious bosom fear hath riven ;
 Despair hath spread its snares before me—
 Does fate rule blindly ? aid me Heaven !*

PARODY ON THE FOREGOING.

By "*The Invisible Gentleman.*"

RECITATIVE.

Oh ! I can keep my feet no longer,
 The earth seems sliding from my sole ;
 What unknown trash was in the spirits,
 That o'er me works sich dark controul ?

AIR.

Thro' the King's Park, thro' the Meadows,
 Joy was wont with me to stay ;

*It is superfluous for us to offer any comment upon the excellence of Weber's *Der Freischutz*. It is music to be felt, not to be described.

And my courage never failing,
 Made me able to go slick away.
 When at length to home returning,
 Full half seas over one fine night ;
 Kitty smiling met me,
 And never dreamt but all was right ;
 And am I now by strength forsaken,
 And left a hungry mortal here ?
 Shall I no more eat eggs or bacon,
 Or sassingers ? and drink small beer ?
 Now, methinks a white shift hemming
 I my red haired Kitty see,
 While her needle point is pricking
 Her finger as she thinks of me ;
 See ! she fondly waves a dish-clout,
 Thinking that her lover's nigh ;
 But her signal gains no answer,
 Save a grunt from pa's pigstye.
 What darkling power is ruling o'er me ?
 My waistcoat buttons pain hath riven !
 The belly-ache is like to floor me,
 What shall I do ? oh ! aid me, Heaven !*

KING DEATH.

Words by *Barry Cornwall*, Music by *Neukomm*.

King Death was a rare old fellow,
 He sat where no sun could shine ;
 And he lifted his hand so yellow,
 And poured out his coal-black wine.
 Hurrah, for the coal-black wine !

There came to him many a maiden,
 Whose eyes had forgotten to shine ;

*Those parodies which appear under the signature of "The Invisible Gentleman," are extracted from the *Carlton Chronicle*, a very talented periodical.

And widows with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.
Hurrah, for the coal-black wine!

The scholar left all his learning,
The poet his fancied woes ;
And the beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah, for the coal-black wine !

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
As he gave them his hands so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine.
Hurrah, for the coal-black wine.*

PARODY ON THE FOREGOING.

By *Timothy Greenhorn*.

Old Sol was a rare old fellow,
He sat like a cobbler dumb ;
And he stretched out his paw so yellow,
And pour'd out his fine old rum.
Hurrah, for the fine old rum !

There came to him many a maiden,
Whose tongue went like a drum :
And an old 'un with care o'erladen,
For a swig of his fine old rum !
Hurrah, for the fine old rum !

*This song was written for a tragedy, and was introduced in a convivial scene, just before the seizure of a man for murder by the officers of the Inquisition. These persons appear and lie in wait for him during the song ; and the intention of the author was to correct the merri-ment of the early part of the scene with the tragic character of its close.

The "bas-bleu" forgot all her learning,
And swore that it all was a hum ;
And the old maid her beauty scorning,
Drank deep of this fine old rum.
Hurrah, for the fine old rum !

All came to this grim old fellow,
Who cursed right and left,—mean scum !
As he stretched out his hand so yellow,
And grasp'd at his fine old rum.
Hurrah, for the fine old rum !

THE LIGHT GUITAR.

Music by *John Barnett.*

O ! leave the gay and festive scene,
The halls of dazzling light ;
And roam with me thro' forests green,
Beneath the silent night ;
Then as we watch the lingering rays,
That shine from every star,
I'll sing the song of happier days,
And strike the light guitar.
I'll tell them how the maiden wept,
When her true knight was slain ;
And how her broken spirit slept,
And never woke again.
I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh,
And left his lord afar ;—
But if my tale should make you sigh,
I'll strike the light guitar.*

*This song it was which first brought Barnett into repute. It had lain for months on the publisher's shelves, without one demand for it, when Horn accidentally observed it one day, took it home with him to look at, and perceiving in it merit of no ordinary nature, he introduced it to the public, and itself and its composer from that moment rose rapidly into favour.

PARODY ON THE FOREGOING.

Sung by *Mr Murray*, in the Farce of the "*Picturesque*,"
and supposed to be written by him.

I'll sing you of a maiden sweet,
A maid of wond'rous charms ;
Who, as she walked in Princes' Street,
Set horse and foot in arms.
Her smiles and tears killed grenadiers,
Dragoons much heavier ;
Till at a ball with foot so small,
She struck a light hussar.
Till at a ball, &c.

I'll tell you how this maiden wept,
When he sighed forth his pain ;
And how she went to bed, and slept,
Until—she woke again.
I'll sing their joy, without alloy,
Until he went too far ;
And then his kiss she took amiss,
And struck the light hussar.
And then his kiss, &c.

THE MAID OF LORN,

Wake maid of Lorn, the moments fly,
Which yet that maiden name allow :
Wake, maiden, wake—the hour is nigh,
When love shall claim a plighted vow.

By fear, thy bosom's fluttering guest,
By hopes that soon shall fears remove,
We bid thee break the bonds of rest,
And wake thee at the call of love.

AH ! COUNTY GUY.

Written by *Sir Walter Scott*.

Ah, County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun is on the lea ;
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze sweeps o'er the sea.
The lark his lay, who trilled all day,
Sits hushed, his partner nigh ;
Breeze, bird, and flower, they know the hour,
But where is County Guy ?

The villager steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's wish to hear :
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier ;
The star of love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky,
And high and low the influence know,
But where is County Guy ?

WHO DEEPLY DRINKS OF WINE.

Gaily still my moments roll,
Whilst I quaff the flowing bowl ;
Care can never reach the soul,
Who deeply drinks of wine.

See the lover, pale with grief,
Binds his brows with willow leaf ;
But his heart soon finds relief,
By drinking deep of wine.

Eyes of fire, lips of dew,
Cheeks that shame the rose's hue ;
Dearer these to me and you,
Who deeply drink of wine.

JIM CROW.

Sung by *Mr. T. D. Rice*, the American Comedian,
at the Surrey Theatre.

I came from ole Kentucky
A long time ago,
Where I first learn to wheel about
And jump Jim Crow.
Wheel about, and turn about,
And do jist so ;
Eb'ry time I wheel about,
I jump Jim Crow.

I used to take him fiddle,
Every morn and arternoon —
And charm the old buzzard,
And dance to the racoon.
Wheel about, &c.

In hoeing of de sugar,
Or picking cotton, all de same,
I used to beat de other niggers,
And give dem twenty in the game.
Wheel about, &c.

At last I went to seek my fortune —
Got up by break of day,
Left my ole shoes behind me,
And off I ran away.
Wheel about, &c.

I come to a riber,
Which I couldn't git across,
So I gid a couple of shillings
For an ole blind horse.
Wheel about, &c.

When I git upon the other side,
I drove him up a hill;
Oh, but the other side
Look'd rather daffakil.
Wheel about, &c.

Den I jump aboard on big ship,
And cum across the sea,
And landed on ole England,
Where de nigger am free.
Wheel about, &c.

JIM CROW'S TRIP TO GREENWICH.

It was de other Sunday mornin,
I put on my dandy coat,
And went down to Greenwich
On board of de steam boat.
Wheel about, &c.

We hab folks of eb'ry nation,
All languages they peak,
From de Yankee, Swiss and Garman,
Down to ancient Dutch Greek.
Wheel about, &c.

One gemman ax de captain,
Fore de fastenings were clear,
How much farder is it captain,
Now, before we will be there?
Wheel about, &c.

Dare was a Frenchman told de captain
He want git on the railroad,
Kase he really was afeard the boat
Would tumble overboard.
Wheel about, &c.

But a very cunning chap on board,
Know'd ebery ting it seem,
Undertook to tell a lady
How the ingine move by steam.
Wheel about, &c.

He says, first you see dis ere ting,
What's going up and down ;
Well den you see dem cart-wheel
Turning round and round.
Wheel about, &c.

Well den you see dem oder tings,
Look like a pair of tongs,
Dey hits against dese oder tings,
And shoves de boat along.
Wheel about, &c.

And when dey want to steer de boat,
And bring her round in time,
Dares a ting looks like a cellar door,
Swinging on behind.
Wheel about, &c.

CRAMBAMBULIE.

An old German Air, translated by *Professor Wilson.*

Crambambulie ! all the world over,
Thou'rt mother's milk to Germans true :
No cure like thee can sage discover
For colic, love, or devils blue.
Blow hot, blow cold, from morn till night,
My dram is still my soul's delight,
Crambambinobambulie !
Crambambulie !

Hungry and tired with bivouacking,
 I'll rise at song of earliest bird ;
 Cannons and drums our ears are cracking,
 And saddle, boot, and blade's the word !
 " Vite en l'avant,"—the bugle blows ;
 A flying gulf and off she goes !
 Crambambinobambulie !
 Crambambulie !

Victory's ours !—off—speed dispatches,
 Huzza ! for once the luck is mine ;
 Food comes by morsels, sleep by snatches,
 No time by Jove, to wash or dine.
 From post to post my pipe I cram,
 Full gallop, smoke, and suck my dram :
 Crambambinobambulie !
 Crambambulie !

When I'm the peer of kings and käisers,
 An order of mine own I'll found ;
 Down goes our gage to all despisers—
 Our motto through the world shall sound,
 " Tojours fidellé, et sans souci,"
 C'est ordre de Crambambulie.
 Crambambinobambulie !
 Crambambulie !

THE LASS THAT FANCIES ME.

AIR.—*Lass of Richmond Hill.*

ORIGINAL.

In George's town their lives a lass,
 A lass both frank and free ;
 And this girl doth all girls surpass,
 Likewise she fancies ME !

At waltz, quadrille, or gallopade,
At ballad, song or glee,
Sure none comes near this charming maid,
And this maid fancies ME!

Old Britain's girls by all's confest,
Are good and fair to see;
And Afric's daughters black—I'm blest,
Are not admired by ME!

Take Afric's black, or Britain's white,
You'll find them both sprightly:
The fair brown girl is my delight,
Because she fancies ME!

Then fill your glasses round and round,
We'll toast with three times three
The pretty lass of George's town,
The lass that fancies ! *

I'M WEARING AWA JEAN.

Written by *Burns*.

I'm wearing awa, Jean,
Like snaw when its thaw, Jean;
I'm wearing awa
To the land o' the Leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean—
There's nae cauld nor care, Jean;
The day is aye fair

In the land o' the leal.

* The above song was sent home to a friend in Edinburgh, by a person who went out to Demerara. This will explain several expressions in it, for there is such a town as George Town in Demerara, in South America. —[We insert this song as a specimen of the wonderful poetical powers of the South Americans—ED.]

Ye were leal and true, Jean,
 Your task's ended now, Jean,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the Leal.

Our bonny hairn's there, Jean,
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean;
 And we grudged her right sair
 To the land o' the Leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,
 My soul lang's to be free, Jean,
 And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the Leal.

Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
 The world's care is vain, Jean,
 We'll meet, and aye be fain,
 In the land o' the Leal.

OH ! WEEP FOR THOSE.

Written by *Byron*.

Oh ! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream—
 Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream ;
 Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell ;
 Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the Godless
 dwell.

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet ?
 And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet ?
 And Judah's melody once more rejoice
 The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice ?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
 How shall ye flee away and be at rest !
 The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
 Mankind their country,—Israel but the grave.

ST. KENTIGERN.

To yttis auin propper chune.

Sanct Mungo wals ane godlye sanct,
 Farre famed for godlye deeds,
 And grete delyte hee daylee tooke,
 In countynge owre hys beadis ;
 Zit I, Sanct Mungo's yongeste sonne,
 Can count als well als hee ;
 But ye beadis quhilk I lyke best to count,
 Are ye beadis o' barlye-bree.

Sanct Mungo wals ane joyll sanct
 Sa weelee he lykt gude zill,
 Yt. quhyles hee staynede hys quhyte vesture,
 Wi' dribblands o' ye still ;
 Butte I hys maist unwordye sonne,
 Have gane als farre als hee,
 For ance I tynde my garment skirtis,
 Throuch lufe of barleye bree.

OH ! ROSA, SWEET ROSA.

Irish Air.

Oh ! Rosa, sweet Rosa, my soul is on fire,
 And my heart beats for thee with unwonted desire ;
 Wilt thou fly me thou fair one, and leave me to pine
 On a lean mutton chop and a glass of Cape wine ?

Nay, nay, thy fond nature such cruelty scorns,
 Withhold not the rose while you wound with its thorns,
 Nor leave me a desolate wanderer here,
 To wile away sorrow by swigging small beer.

Oh ! beer, genial drink for the sorrowing mind,
 When love's unrequited and friendship unkind ;
 I will quaff off full goblets and strive to endure
 Those pangs which thou, lovely one, only can'st cure.

THE DIRGE OF MACGREGOR.

ORIGINAL.

MacGregor ! MacGregor ! thy fame is no more,—
The blaze of thy glory for ever is o'er :
And tye far-famed and warlike lies cold in his grave,
With no dirge but the wild winds that over him rave !
Not so, when the mighty strode over the field,
And compelled even the stoutest of foemen to yield ;
When his sword like a meteor gleam'd far o'er the
plain,
And many fell round him by his arm slain.

With a soul that unshrinking, every danger could
dare,
Where the carnage was thickest, MacGregor was
there !

And far was his war-cry sent over the field—
“ Gregarach ! Gregarach ! let us die ere we yield ! ”
When the clans were assembled in battle array,
And eager to mix in the fatal affray ;
The chief would address them in accents of fire,
To rouse high their spirits and kindle their ire !

“ Come on my brave clansmen, — your claymores
unsheath,
Let the pibroch's wild notes sound the onset of death
— Ere MacGregor shall turn his back on the foe
The plume of the eagle shall with him lie low ! ”
No more shall the pibroch in wild triumph swell—
No more on the deeds of that chieftain shall dwell ;
The moon on Benlomond her silver light flings,
But the echoes are silent—no bugle-note rings !

The Bard he is silent, his harp is unstrung,
That oft of the Gael, and his victories sung ;
No more for the banquet the tables are spread,
And the hall is deserted, the warriors fled !

Farewell to the mighty ! — oh, soft be his sleep !
 The Muse o'er the tomb of her chieftain shall weep,
 And lament that the day of his glory is o'er,
 Alas for Macgregor ! — MacGregor no more.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

(MODERN SET.)

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
 I've tasted her pleasures and felt her decay ;
 Sweet was her blessing, and kind her caressing,
 But now they are fled—fled far away.
 I've seen the forest adorned the foremost
 Wi' flowers o' the fairest, both pleasant and gay :
 Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the air
 perfuming,
 But now they are wither'd and a weed away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempests roaring before parting day :
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams sparkling in the
 sunny beams,
 Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd on their way.
 Oh ! fickle fortune, why this cruel sporting ?
 Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day ?
 Thy frown cannot fear me, thy smile cannot cheer
 me,
 Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.*

* However beautiful the air of this song is, our readers will perhaps be surprised when we inform them, that it is merely a spurious edition of a much better one, which till now, was wholly unknown, and would no doubt have remained so but for the researches of some enterprising bibliomaniac, who, in the purlieu of the Advocate's Library, has recently discovered the original air of this song and John Anderson my Jo, in a M.S. volume of music for the Mandoline. They will, we understand, be given to the world.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

(OLD SET.)

I've heard a lilting at our ewes' milking,
 Lasses a lilting before the break o' day ;
 But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning,
 That our braw foresters are a' wede away.
 At bughts, in the morning, nae blyth lads are
 scorning ;
 The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae :
 Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing ;
 Ilk ane lifts her leglen and walks away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming
 'Mang stacks, wi' the lassies, at bogle to play ;
 But ilk maid sits drearie, lamenting her dearie,—
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.
 In har'st at the shearing, nae younkers are jeering ;
 The bandsters are runkled, lyart and grey :
 At fairs or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order sent our lads to the border,
 The English for ance, by guile one the day ;
 The flowers of the forest, that aye shone the foremost
 The prime of the land now lie cauld in the clay.
 We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewes' milking,
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.*

* This song is the production of the sister of Sir Gilbert Elliot, and was written about the year 1759. It commemorates the battle of Flodden-field, fought 9th Sept. 1513, which proved fatal to King James IV. most of his nobles, and the greater part of his army ; and it is supposed to refer to the consequent depopulation of the border districts—particularly those about Ettrick forest.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

Written by *T. Campbell, L.L.D.*

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repair-
ing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill ;
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion.
For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sung the bold anthem of Erin-go-Bragh,

“ Sad is fate ! ” said the heart-broken stranger,
“ The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green sunny bowers
Where my fore-fathers lived, shall I spend the sweet
hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-Bragh.

“ Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
But alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no
more.

Oh, cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase
me ?

Never again shall my brothers embrace me,
They died to defend me, I live to deplore.

“ Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood ?
Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall ?

Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
 And where is the bosom friend dearer than all?
 Oh, my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,
 Why did it dote on a fast fading treasure?
 Tears like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

"Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw,
 Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
 Land of my forefathers—Erin-go-Bragh!
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion.
 Erin mavourneen, Erin-go-bragh!"

AWAY TO THE MOUNTAIN'S BROW.

Music by *A. Lee*.

Away, away to the mountain's brow,
 Where the trees are gently waving;
 Away, away to the mountain's brow,
 Where the stream is gently laving.
 And beauty my love on thy cheeks shall dwell,
 Like the rose as it ope's to the day;
 While the zephyr that breathes through the
 flow'ry dell
 Shakes the sparkling dew-drops away.
 Away, away, &c.

Away, away to the rocky glen,
 Where the deers are wildly bounding;
 And the hills shall echo in gladness again,
 To the hunter's bugle sounding.
 While beauty, &c.*

* One of the most elegant of our modern ballads. No singer, in our estimation, gave it with such effect as our old favourite, Miss Byfeld.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

A JACOBITE SONG.

It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand !
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain :
My love an' native land, fareweel !
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right and round about,
Upon the Irish shore,
An' ga'e his bridle reins a shake,
With, adieu for evermore, my dear,
With adieu for evermore.

The sodger frae the war returns,
The sailor frae the main ;
But I ha'e parted frae my love
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, an' night is come,
An' a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa,
The lee-lang night and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night an' weep.*

* This song is traditionally said to have been written by a Captain Ogilvy, who accompanied King James VII. in his Irish expedition, and was present at the battle of the Boyne.

A LIFE IN THE WOODS FOR ME.

Sung by *Mr. H. Bedford*, in the Melo-Drama of
“*Frankenstein*.”

Some love to roam on the dark sea foam,
Where the shrill winds whistle free ;
But a chosen band in a mountain land—
And a life in the woods for me.
When morning beams on the mountain stream,
So merrily forth we go
To follow the stag to his slippery crag,
And pursue the bounding roe.
Some love to roam, &c.

The deer we mark, in the forest dark,
And the prowling wolf we track ;
Then for right good cheer, in the wild woods
here,
Oh ! why should a hunter lack ;
With deadly aim at the bounding game,
And a heart that fears no foe,
To the darksome glade in the forest shade,
So merrily forth we go.
Some love to roam, &c.

THROUGH THE EMERALD WOODS.

Music by *Geo. Linley*.

Through the emerald woods, where the breezes are
sighing,
Come wander with me, my love ! come wander
with me ;
Where the silvery leaves of the Almond are lying,
Our dwelling shall be my love ! there our dwelling
shall be ;
Where the breath of the gale sweetly wantons before
us,
Bearing lily and rose on its odorous wings ;

Where the beautiful sky throws a bright mantle
o'er us,
And lends a new charm to each flower that springs.
Through, &c.

Oh ! 'tis sweet to behold when the morning is shining,
The lily's pale delicate leaves all bespangled with
dew,
Nor less sweet is't to hear, when the day is declin-
ing,
The notes of the nightingale's song the summer
eve through.
Yet of all that I love, all that nature's adorning,
Fairest flowers of earth, brightest gems of the sea ;
There is nought that I prize, in the night or the
morning,
So much as a smile and a kind word from thee.
Through, &c.*

I'VE WATCHED WITH THEE.

Sung in the "*Pacha's Bridal*."

Words by *R. Lemon*.—Music by *Romer*.

I've watched with thee the daylight stealing
O'er the gloomy shades of night,
And felt, while earth appeared revealing
It's beauties to the holy light,
That thou unto my soul wert gladness—
The light that made life life to me :
That chased away each cloud of sadness,
And showed how bright this world could be.
I've watched, &c.

* The air of this is particularly fine, and has been very successfully metamorphosed into a Quadrille.

I've watched alone, when night was throwing
Her dusky mantle o'er the skies,
To hide beneath its deep dark flowing,
The luster of those starry eyes ;
And thought, if thou wert there to cheer me,
Those brighter orbs had made it day ;
For such the spell when thou art near me,
That joy and light ne'er pass away.
I've watched, &c.*

KATE KEARNEY.

Sung by *Mrs Waylett.*

Oh ! did you not hear of Kate Kearney,
She lives on the banks of Killarney :
From the glance of her eye shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You'd nee'r think of mischief she's dreaming ;
Yet oh ! I can tell how fatal's the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh ! should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
There's mischief on every dimple ;
And who dares inhale her mouth's spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

* The air of this song, we conceive, in opposition it is true to the voice of the million, to be very pretty, and prophecy that it will become a general favourite.

SCENA FROM THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH.

RECITATIVE.—DONALD.

Poor Jessie ! yes, she loves me ! I'll requite
 Her fond affection ! yet the strange delight
 That magic kiss inspired, still haunts me. When
 Enchanting fair shall I behold again
 That form bewitching, which must ever reign
 Fix'd firm in Donald's all-bewilder'd brain.

AIR.—DONALD.

Art thou a form of mortal birth,
 With charms so wond'rous fair ;
 Or, cradled far beyond the earth
 Some spirit of the air ?
 Thy witching power, whence does it flow ?
 Ought I thy spells to fear ?
 Oh ! if thy love can bless bestow,
 Appear ! appear ! appear !

RECITATIVE.—DONALD.

Powers of enchantment ! tell, oh, tell me—say,
 Thou form angelic, far more bright
 Than diamonds dipp'd in dazzling light ;
 Comest thou to beckon me away
 To dark perdition, or to bliss ?
 Speak, I adjure thee by that kiss
 Which still I—

SYLPH.

Hush !

DONALD.

What voice divine !
 Oh ! speak again, say, art thou mine ?
 Thou brightest queen of Donald's heart,
 Say who, and what, and whence thou art ?

AIR.—SYLPH.

Deep in a forest dell
 The sylphid loves to dwell ;

With the timid fawn
Sporting at early dawn :
Or near some limped stream
Shunning the noontide beam,
Revels in shady bower,
Enamour'd of leaf and flower.

Oft with the lark I soar
Where stars their radiance pour !
Where the sunbeams rise
In the eastern skies.
But ah, no more I rove !
Chain'd by the tyrant Love.
My sportive joys are o'er ;
I weep, and—I adore.

MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

Moore.

My harp has one unchanging theme,
One strain that still comes o'er
Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream
Of joy that's now no more.
In vain I try with livelier air,
To wake the breathing string :
That voice of other times is there,
And saddens all I sing.

Breathe on, breathe on thou languid strain,
Henceforth be all my own,
Though thou art oft so full of pain,
Few hearts can bear thy tone.
Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh
The breath that pleasures wings
Gave out, when last they wanton'd by,
Were still upon thy strings.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

Written by *Byron*.

I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
 Came o'er that eye of blue ;
 And then methinks it did appear
 A violet dropping dew :
 I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
 Beside the ceased to shine ;
 It could not match the living rays
 That filled that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
 A deep and mellow dye,
 Which scarce the shades of coming eve
 Can banish from the sky ;
 Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
 Their own pure joy impart ;
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind,
 That lightens o'er the heart.

ANACREONTIC.

By *Cowley*.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine !
 Around our temples roses twine !
 And let us cheerfully awhile,
 Like the wine and roses smile.
 Crown'd with roses, we condemn
 Gyges' wealthy diadem.
 To-day is ours ; what do we fear ?
 To-day is ours ; we have it here :
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
 Wish at least with us to stay.
 Let's banish business, banish sorrow ;
 To the Gods belongs to morrow.*

*In grace of expression, and ebullient joyousness of feeling, this little poem is unrivalled.

OPENING CHORUS IN ROB ROY.

By *Isaac Pocock*,

CHORUS.

Soon the sun will gae to rest,
 Let's awa thegither ;
 Company is aye the best,
 Crossing o'er the heather.

SOLO.

Then tak' each lad his stirrup cup,
 His heart will feel the lighter ;
 Gie each lass a wee bit sup,
 Her eye will sparkle brighter.
 Soon the sun, &c.

Bold Rob Roy, the southernns say
 Is now upon the border ;
 Should he meet wi' us the day,
 'Twould breed a sad disorder.
 Soon the sun, &c,

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

By the *Rev. Charles Wolfe*.Music by *R. A. Smith*.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning ;
 By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest—
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the
dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line,—we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory!

PARODY ON THE FOREGOING.

Not a *sous* had he got, not a guinea, or note,
And he look'd counfoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,
As home from the club returning;



We twig'd the Doctor beneath the light
Of a gas lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare and exposed to the midnight dews
Reclined in the gutter we found him ;
He look'd like a gentleman taking a snooze
With his Mackintosh cloak around him.

" The Doctor's as drunk as the devil," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow ;
We raised him, and sighed at the thought that
his head
Would dreadfully ache on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and daughter
To give him next morning a couple of red
Herrings and soda-water.

Loudly they talk'd of his money that's gone,
And his lady began to upbraid him,
But little he reck'd, so they let him sleep on,
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tuck'd him up, and had barely done,
When beneath the window bawling,
We heard the rough voice of a son-of-a-gun-
Of a watchman one o'clock bawling.

Slowly and sadly we wended down,
From his room in the uppermost story ;
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearthstone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

THE SPANISH MAID.

ORIGINAL.

Beside the rugged Pyrenees,
By moonlight I have strayed ;
And 'neath a canopy of trees,
I've met my Spanish maid.
And in those hours of happiness,
The lover I essayed ;
My boldness seemed not to distress
The meek-eyed Spanish maid.

But she was fickle as the wind,
And faithless as the sea ;
And tho' my offers she declined,
She vowed to love but me.
In wedding a proud Spanish Don,
Ambition she obeyed ;
And I was never thought upon,—
Ah ! cruel Spanish maid.

The battle-field I fondly sought,
And with grim death I played ;
But tho' I like a maniac fought,
My thoughts dwelt on the maid ;
For she was lovely as the morn,
In glad'ning smiles arrayed ;
And smiles like these did oft adorn
The beauteous Spanish maid.

I cannot banish from my mind,
That form of sprightly grace ;
I fly to sleep, but there I find
My dreams her features trace.
My wayward fate I must deplore,
Till in the grave I'm laid ;
And then thou'lt ne'er annoy me more,
Thou faithless Spanish maid.

M. L. Æt 14.

CANS'T THOU LOVE, YET COLDLY FLY ME.

Sung by *Mr Manvers* in *Barnett's "Mountain Sylph."*

Cans't thou love, yet coldly fly me,
 Beauteous riddle that thou art ?
 Softly smile and then deny me,
 When I'd press thee to my heart ?
 Like a lively sportive child,
 Trifling with a lover's pain,
 Whilst a glance, so sweetly wild,
 Tells me I'm beloved again.

Oh ! th' extremes of bliss and anguish
 Mingle in my fever'd breast ;
 Now in hopeless woe I languish,
 Then in fancy am most blest.
 Yet my fate I'll not upbraid,
 For I wish not to be free—
 Since an age of pain is paid
 By one tender smile from thee.*

SONG FROM THE "OLYMPIC DEVILS."

I went to enquire of Mr Pluto,
 Oh, oh, oh, &c.
 If he would let my Erudyice go :
 Oh, &c.
 But he sent an old fiddler to play against me—
 But his fiddling to mine was a fiddlededee ;
 O the poor scraper I bother'd him so,
 Till he broke in a terrible taking his bow.
 Oh, oh, oh, &c.

*This ballad, at best "nothing peticular," was reduced to the level of insignificance by the elegant manner in which Mr Manvers gave it on Saturday evening last, 21st Jan. 1837, when the Opera of the Mountain Sylph was produced at the Theatre-Royal,

BONNIE LIZZIE.

ORIGINAL.

AIR.—*Coming through the Rye.*

Bonnie Lizzie, fairest Lizzie,
 Dear art thou to me ;
 Let me think, my bonnie hizzie,
 I'm beloved by thee.
 I speak nae of thy ringlets dark,
 Nor of thy witching e'e :
 But this I'll tell thy bonnie sel',
 That thou art dear to me.

Oh ! beauty it is rare, Lizzie,
 And beauty it is thine :
 But my love is no for beauty's sake,
 'Tis just I wish thee mine.
 Thy smile might match an angel's smile,*
 Gif such save thee there be ;
 Yet though thy charms thy beauty warms,
 I'll tell nae them to thee.† R. T.

THE HAUGHTY FAIR ONE.

Composed and sung at the Theatre-Royal, Alloa, by
 ——— Young, Esq.

As I was walking in the street,
 I met a lady fair ;
 She had two shoes upon her feet,
 But had not combed her hair.

A piercing glance from her black eye,
 Transfixed me to the spot ;
 Its witchery I tried to shy,
 But found that I could not.

*How does an Angel smile ?

†We hope the insertion of these two of his four stanzas
 will please R. T.

I snatched her alabaster hand,
And pressed it to my heart ;
My pulse it beat a hundred, and—
My deep sighs made her start.

“ Nay, start not, lovely one !” I cried.
“ But list my vows to hear ;
I long to take you for my bride,
I’ve thirty pounds a year !”

The lady shook her head, looked blue
And yellow in its turn :
Said that she followed Martineau,
And quickly shewed her stern.

I looked as blank as Fizzy’s* verse,
So blowing of my nose
I whistled, while I cried “ heh sirs,”
The air of “ Off she goes.”

FAREWELL TO THE MOUNTAIN.

Sung by *Mr H. Phillips* and *Mr Stretton* in the Opera
of “ *The Mountain Sylph*.”

Farewell to the mountain,
And sunlighted vale ;
The moss-bordered streamlet,
And balm-breathing gale.
All so bright, all so fair,
Here a seraph might dwell ;
’Tis too lovely for me,
Farewell, oh ! Farewell !

Farewell ! for how sweetly
Each sound meets mine ear ;

*Fitzball.

The wild bee and butterfly,
They may rest here ;
Hark ! their hum how it blends
With the deep convent bell,
These sounds are of Heaven,
Farewell, oh ! farewell !
Farewell, to the mountain, &c.*

LAMENT OF THE GENIUS OF THE
THEATRE-ROYAL.

A Parody on "*Farewell to the Mountain.*"

Farewell to the *Straight'un*,
And Faucit's turmoil ;
The paint bordered *Mad ox*,
And barm-breathing Boyle !
All so bright, all so fair,
No verses can tell
All their beauties and graces,
Farewell, oh ! farewell.

Farewell, dear Macquire too,
Thou'rt gone for this year ;
And Frampton and Fairbrother
No more dance here.
Hark ! the shrieks of Thalia
Rend the Manager's bell ;
Those shrieks are for you, my dears,
Farewell, oh ! farewell.†

*This song is deservedly becoming popular here, as in London it has long since been.

†This appeared in the 14th number of the *Edinburgh Theatrical and Musical Review*, published in May, 1835, and as it deserves a better fate than "mere oblivion," we have thought proper to re-print it.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Written by *Moore*.*AIR.—March to the Battle Field,*

Oft in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.
 The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken :
 The eyes that shone, now dim'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken.

When I remember all
 The friends so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather,—
 I feel like one who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,
 And all but me departed.

Thus in the stilly night, &c.

LUCKLA HILL.

ORIGINAL.

I stood upon the summit green,
 The mountain heather bloomed around,
 With sweetness deck'd the lovely scene,
 And beauteous wild-flowers strew'd the
 ground.
 The golden Sun in glory shone,
 And beaming bright o'er vale and lea ;
 While far his spreading beams were thrown,
 In beauty o'er the distant sea !

The soaring lark, in glory
 Sent down his call and cry ;

Till echoing glen and hill reply,
And music all the vallies fill.
And cottages stood smiling fair,
With sparkling stream and lonely dell :
And every charm lay cluster'd there,
That Bard could sing, or tongue might tell !

How sweet it were, in yon low cot
To pass a calm contented life ;
By all the thronging world forgot,
Far from its hum, and din, and strife !
My Sylvia ! if thy faithful heart
Would of such gentle life approve ;
Oh ! we should never, never part,
But live to all the joys of love.

The sun is set !—his fading gleam
Hath sunk in twilight's darker ray ;
Blest hour ! for love's enchanting dream !
And for the poet's fervent lay !
My wandering steps must bid adieu
To smiling cot and winding rill ;
Farewell blest scenes so sweet to view !
And fare-thee-well, dear Luckla Hill.*

T. YOUNG.

THE BROKEN HEART.

I gazed upon a lovely face,
T'was beautifully fair,
But marks of sorrow I could trace,
The care-worn brow was there.

*Composed by the author [!] in May, 1835, on a visit to the above place accompanied by a friend. It lies in Fife-shire, about 4 miles north from the Guard Bridge, and commands an extensive and varied view of the most delightful scenery.—T. Y.

At times a big bright tear would start,
 And bathe her pallid cheek ;
 Hers was indeed the broken heart,
 Which language cannot speak.

From day to day, she faded fast,
 I watched that form less bright ;
 At length her broken spirit pass'd
 To realms of lasting light.

Her fate, how sad ! to grieve and die ;—
 Her form could not sustain
 The billows of adversity,
 On life's delusive main.

T. T. LOTHERINGTON,*

THE CHIMES OF ZURICH.

C. E. Horn.

The sun his parting ray had cast
 O'er verdant hills and dells,
 And o'er the lake sweet music pass'd
 From Zurich's evening bells.
 Wild birds were singing, flow'rets were spring-
 ing,
 Sweet chimes were ringing, I hear them yet ;
 Wild birds were singing, flow'rets were spring-
 ing,
 Sweet chimes were ringing, I can ne er forget.

The shades of eve were on the wave,
 And twilight's fairy dells ;
 Whilst echo answered from her cave
 The distant evening bells.
 Wild birds are singing, &c.

*There is a dramatic writer of this name, we believe ;
 is it to him we are indebted for the above ? The idea of
 a tear *bathing* a pallid cheek is new and very poetical,

THE TRYSTIN' TREE.

Words by *T. Atkinson, Esq.*, Arranged with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by *J. M'Fadyen, Jun.*

Thou bonny hawthorn trystin' tree,
 What blythesome hours I've spent near thee !
 For whar does time sae lightly flee,
 As 'neath the weel kenn'd trystin' tree ?
 The spring's first gowans 'roun thee blaw ;
 The balmiest dewes upon thee fa' ;
 Green, green's the knowe aneath thy shade,
 Whar aft he happ'd me wi' his plaid !
 Thou bonny hawthorn, &c.

The Norlan' blast, though e'er sae bauld,
 At gloamin', near thee's never cauld ;
 Or else the hearts are warm and leal
 O' them at e'en, wha to thee steal.
 Thou bonny hawthorn, &c.

Sae Jamie's was ! O, surely mine—
 At least I hope sae—is as kin' ;
 For though he's now far far frae me,
 Anither's mine shall never be !
 Thou weel kenn'd, weel lo'ed trystin' tree,
 What hours beside thee now I dree !
 The mair I sigh, or dowie be,
 The mair thou'rt dear, thou trystin' tree.

I ne'er will hae anither jo,
 Though ye forget me, Jamie—no !
 But ye'll come back frae o'er the sea,
 An' meet me at the trystin' tree !
 Thou ne'er forgotten trystin' tree,
 A heart was lost an' won near thee :
 The lave can 'bout ye naething see,
 But mem'ry mak's ye dear to me.

DONALD AND MARION.

AIR.—*My only Jo an' Dearie, O.*

“ Why heaves thy frequent troubled sigh,
By bonnie winsome dearie, O ?
The gloomy clouds may yet gang by,
An' thou ance mair be cheerie, O.
Then dry thy bonnie hazel een,
Sin' joy may aiblins blink atween,
An' gie thee back thy joys at e'en,
My bonnie winsome dearie, O.

“ But hark ! I hear the bugle blaw,
My bonnie winsome dearie, O ;
Sae fare thee weel—I maun awa—
Let that no' make thee eerie, O.
Wi' Willie Wallace at our head,
Whas name's enough to gar them dreed,
That e'er the Southrons cross'd the Tweed,
To gliff my winsome dearie, O.”

Now Donald's left his Marion,
His bonnie winsome dearie, O,
An' soon “proud Edert's” clarion
Was drown'd 'mang shouts sae cheerie, O.
The Highlan' blade now wav'd on hie,
Syne gleam'd wi' tints o' victorie,
An' made th' invaders fain to flee,
That night—sae awfu' drearie, O.

But Donald's was a luckless star
To fa' that e'en sae eerie, O ;
He sank aneath the battle scar.
To blink nae mair sae cheerie, O.
Now Marion seeks the lanely hill,
An' sees him in the moon-beam, still,
Or sigh amang the blasts sae chill,
Sae lanely mourns her dearie, O,

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.Written by *Moore*.Music by *Sir J. Stevenson*.

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.

Stars that shine and fall,
The flower that droops in springing,
These alas ! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching ?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking ?

Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than blest with light and see
That light for ever flying.

THE CALM SIMMER GLOAMIN'.

ORIGINAL.

Blythe is the blink o' the newborn day,
When the east is smiling sae rosie O ;
And the mavis to greet the first gouden ray,
Leaves the nest that she happit sae cosie O.

But this is no the time blythe tho' it be,
That I loe far the best of ony O :
'Tis the hour that brings my bonny lad to me,
In the calm simmer gloamin' sae bonny O.

Braw is the bleeze o' the midsimmer noon,
 When the ripe hars't is waving yellow O,
 And the burnie wi' drouth can scarce wimple doun
 Through its pure pebbly bed i' the valley O.

Sweet, oh ! truly sweet when the sun in the west,
 Sinks low like a wanderer wearie O ;
 This is the time that I loe far the best,
 For it brings me the sight of my dearie O !

Then blythe is the time and blessed may it be,
 That I loe far the best of ony O ;
 And bring aye the bonny lad wi' leal heart to me,
 In the calm simmer gloamin' sae bonny O. R.

THE RECALL.

By *Mrs Hemans*.

AIR.—*I have come from a happy land.*

O'er the far blue mountains,
 O'er the white sea foam,
 Come, thou long parted one !
 Back to thy home.
 When the bright fire shineth,
 Sad looks thy place ;
 While the true heart pineth,
 Missing thy face.
 O'er the far blue mountains, &c.

Music is sorrowful
 Since thou wert gone ;
 Sisters are mourning thee
 Come to thine own !
 Hark ! the home voices call,
 Back to thy rest !
 Come to thy Father's hall,
 Thy mother's breast
 O'er the far blue monntains, &c.

BIFLY TAYLOR.

Ane riechte pleasannt and merrie conceitte.

Billy Taylor was a brisk young fellow,
Full of fun and full of glee ;
And his heart he did diskiver
To a lady fair and free.
Right fal, &c.

Four and twenty stout young fellows,
Clad they vas in blue array,
Came and pressed poor Billy Taylor,
And quickly sent him off to sea.

Soon his true love followed arter,
Under the name of Richard Carr ;
And her lily-white hands she daubed all over
Vith the nasty pitch and tar.

Ven she kim'd to the first engagement,
Bold she fit among the rest ;
Until a cannon ball did cut her jacket open,
And diskivered her lily-white breast.

Ven the Captain kim'd for to hear on't,
Says he " Vot wind has blowed you here ?"
Says she, " I come for to seek my true love,
Whom you pressed, and I love so dear."

" If you come for to seek your true love,
Tell unto me his name, I pray ;"
" His name, kind sir, is Billy Taylor,
Whom you pressed and sent to sea."

" If his name be Billy Taylor,
He's both cruel and severe ;
For rise up early in the morning,
And you'll see him with a lady fair."

Vith that she rosed up in the morning,
Early as by break of day ;
And she saw her Billy Taylor,
Avalking vith a lady gay.

Forthwith she called for sword and pistol,
Vich did come at her command ;
And she shot her Billy Taylor,
Vith his fair von in his hand.

Ven the Captain kim'd for to know on't,
He very much applauded her for vot she'd
done ;
And quickly made her first lifetenant
Of the gallant Thunderbomb.*

THE SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.

By T. Moore.

There's a song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we loved to hear.
And even, amidst the grand and gay,
Where music tries her gentlest art,
I never heard so sweet a lay,
Or one that hangs so round my heart,
As that song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we loved to hear.

*This is generally ascribed to R. B. Sheridan, but we are inclined to believe that it is of much older date, Buckstone has very successfully made it the groundwork of a burlesque burletta.

And when all of this life is gone—
 Even the last hope lingering now,
 Like the last of the leaves left on
 Autumn's sear and faded bough—
 'Twill seem as still those friends were near
 Who loved me in youth's early day,
 If in that parting hour I hear
 The same sweet notes—and die away
 To that song of the olden time
 Breathed like Hope's farewell strain,
 To say, in some brighter clime
 Life and youth will shine again.

SCENA FROM "THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH."

RECITATIVE.—HELA.

To me what's mortal happiness? my fate
 Forbids a hope of pleasure! yet to buy
 Revenge—on Donald, too!—I'll sacrifice
 The pangs I'd on his rival else bestow.

AIR.

Man's misfortune glads my soul;
 Yet I did not always know
 The fires which now my heart control—
 The joy to witness others' wo.
 In days gone by,
 Alas! was I
 A flow'ret gay as rare,
 With heart as mild
 As infant child,
 And features, too, as fair.
 But doom'd to prove
 The shafts of love,
 From early virtues wean'd;
 From good estranged.
 Love's poison changed
 The flow'ret to a fiend.

Now Jealousy, Anger, Revenge, and fell Hate,
My soul have seduced ; and so mingled my fate,
From passion to passion I fly, and the slave
Of passion can only find rest in the grave !

Lightnings flash and thunders roar,
Hela tastes of peace no more ;
Shrieks and groans pervade the air,
Guilt rejoices in Despair.

TAM'S WIFE.

AIR.—*Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.*

Attributed to the poet Gilfillan.

Tam's Wife o' Puddentuscal,
Tam's wife of Puddentuscal,
Wat ye how she scaulded me,
And ca'd me baith a loon and rascal ?

I did but pree their dinner cheer ;
We had nae out three jugs o' toddy,
When in she fizz'd like sma' sma' beer,
O, but she is an awfu' bodie !
Tam's wife, &c.

Her words gaed thro' me like a sword ;
She said she'd nash our heads thegither,
Had I sic wife, upon my word
I'd twist her chanter in a tether.
Tam's wife, &c.

I took my bonnet and the road—
To my wayward fate resigned me ;
And only think—the raging jade
Daddit to the door ahint me !
Tam's wife, &c.

SAY MY HEART, WHY WILDLY BEATING ?

Sung by *Miss P. Hornton*, in "*Der Freischutz*,"
Words *J. S. Arnold*.

Say my heart, why wildly beating,
Dost thou such emotion prove ?
Canst thou, when thy lover meeting,
Fear his truth or doubt his love ?
No ! fondly no, my bosom sighs,
No ! gently no, my heart replies.
Then fond heart be silent ever—
Be thy wild emotion o'er ;
For with doubt and fearing never
Shalt thou throb—no, no, no, never more.

Light of life, and life's best blessing,
Is the love that meets return ;
Shall I that rich boon possessing,
E'en the matchless blessing spurn ?
No ! fondly no, my bosom sighs,
No ! gently no, my heart replies.
Then be joy my inmate ever,
Since each anxious dread is o'er.
For with fear and doubting, never
Shall it throb—no, no, no, never more.*

SERENADE.

To an Indian Air.

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright ;

*The air of this song is by Weber, and introduced into the English version of *Der Freischutz* by Hawes ; though pretty enough when sung by itself, it is by no means in character with the music of that Opera, and usually falls flatly on the ear of an audience.

I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how ?
To thy chamber window, sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champalk odours fall,
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must upon thine
Beloved as thou art.

Oh ! lift me from the grass !
I die ! I faint ! I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast ;
Oh ! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I KNOW A BANK.

A DUET.

Music by *Horn*.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine ;
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

The yellow hair'd laddie sat down on yon burn brae,
Cried, milk your ewes lassie, let nane o' them gae;
It's aye O, she milked, and it's aye O she sang,
The yellow hair'd laddie shall be my gudeman.

The weather is cauld, and my claething's but thin,
The ewes are new clipped an' winna bide in;
They winna bide in altho' I should dee,
The yellow hair'd laddie is aye kind to me.

The auld wife cries but the house, Jenny come ben,
The cheese is to mak' an' the butter's to kirk;
Tho' cheese an' butter milk a' should grow sour,
I'll crack an' I'll kiss this a'e half an hour:
This a'e half an hour, I'll e'en mak' it three,
The yellow hair'd laddie my gudeman shall be.

THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!

Introduced in the Farce of "*The Waterman*."

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge show'rs;
The clouds were rent asunder,
By lightning's vivid pow'rs!
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
There she lay,
Till next day,
In the bay of Biscay, O!

Now dash'd upon the billow,
Her op'ning timbers creak;
Each fears a watery pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak!

To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay,
 Till the day,
 In the bay of Biscay, O !

At length the wish'd for morrow
 Broke through the hazy sky ;
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
 Each heav'd a bitter sigh :—
 The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay,
 On that day,
 In the bay of Biscay, O !

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent,
 When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent :
 A sail in sight appears !
 We hail her with three cheers !
 Now we sail,
 With the gale,
 From the bay of Biscay, O !*

FINALE FROM "THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH."

HELA.

Some cursed ethereal influence spoils the charm,
 Arrests my purpose, and unnerves my arm ;
 But death-like slumber, wrought from spells below,
 Shall lull each sense, while Hela strikes the blow !

*This song is extremely popular, from what reason we cannot pretend to say, as its poetical and musical merits (if it has any) are of a very mediocre description.

SYLPH.

What languor my vision subdues,
 What weight o'er each sense seems to creep,
 I'll rouse me—No—fain I'd refuse,
 But resistless—thy power—oh—Sleep !

DUET.—DONALD.

Some magic her sense steals away—
 Her slumber is fearful and deep ;
 But beside thee thy Donald will stay,
 And guard his Eolia in sleep.

HELA.

While thus the dread spell I essay,
 Oblivion her senses shall steep :
 And ere she again see the day
 This steel makes eternal her sleep.

TRIO.—SYLPH.

What visions of brightness around me prevail,
 And whisper my foes shall no longer assail !

DONALD.

The Demon is foil'd, Virsue's powers yet prevail,
 And the spells of the fiend shall no longer assail.

HELA.

Once more I am foil'd, adverse powers still assail,
 But the spells of our Master at length shall prevail.

MEE MET BY MOONLIGHT,

Music and Words by *Thos. Aug. Wade.*

Meet me by moonlight alone,
 And then I will tell you a tale,
 Must be told by the moonlight alone,
 In the grove, at the end of the vale ;
 You must promise to come, for I said,
 I would shew the night flowers their queen,

Nay, turn not away that sweet head,
 'Tis the loveliest ever was seen !
 Oh ! meet me by moonlight alone !
 Meet me by moonlight alone !

Daylight may do for the gay,
 The thoughtless, the heartless, the free,
 But there is something about the moon's ray
 That is sweeter to you and to me :
 Oh ! remember be sure to be there,
 For tho' dearly the moonlight I prize,
 I care not for all in the air,
 If I want the sweet light of your eyes !
 So meet me by moonlight alone !
 Meet me by moonlight alone !*

THE CHALLENGE.

A PARODY ON THE FOREGOING,

By "*The Invisible Gentleman.*"

Meet me at six in the Park !
 With pistol and sword in your hand,
 And I'll teach you to meddle, my spark,
 With things that you don't understand.
 You'll be sartin to come, I've no doubt,
 Or I'll post you, as sure as a gun ;
 Nay turn not away thy sweet snout,
 For I'm rather too old to be done.

Boxing may do for the boor,
 The thoughtless, the heartless, the free ;

*The pathos of this song is exquisite, what can be finer than—

"Nay turn not away that *sweet* head,
 'Tis the lovliest ever was seen."

What a fool the singer must have supposed the woman he was addressing to be.

But there's something in pistols, I'm sure,
 More congenial to you and to me !
 Remember your life I may spare,
 For, tho' dearly a duel I prize,
 I shake hands, and give up the affair,
 When "peccavi !" a gentleman cries.

I LOVE HER.

Sung by *Mr Templeton*, in the Opera of '*Gustavus*.'

Air by Gustavus the Third.

Symphonies and Accompaniments by *Auber*.

I love her ! how I love her !
 Though mine, alas ! she ne'er can be !
 The sun that shines above her
 Is far less bright to me.
 Though time by tears I measure,
 I prize my fatal treasure,
 And find a fearful pleasure,
 In suffering, sweet, for thee !
 I love her, &c.

Deep, deep in my bosom concealing
 The fierce flame, the fierce flame that consumes
 me ;
 Ne'er, ne'er e'en to thee shall my lips reveal
 All the woes I feel.
 The voice of honour I obey,
 It speaks in friendships sacred name,
 And to my heart alone, I say,
 I love her, &c.*

*Neither in the air or words of this song does any great merit lie, yet it is a great favourite with those who wish it to be thought that they know a great deal about music.

SING MY FAIR LOVE GOOD MORROW.

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow ;
Sweet air blow soft, mount lark aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from the nest, robin red breast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow ;
And from each bill, let music shrill
Give my fair love good morrow.
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow ;
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.*

*This truly poetical lyric is taken from Thomas Heywood's "true Roman tragedy" called the Rape of Lucrece, published at London, in 1638. It is our intention to devote a space in our work to the Songs of the Old Dramatists, many of which are extremely beautiful, and have never, as yet, been published separate from their respective plays. One of them would outweigh twenty of such things as your Haynes Baileys, your Fatty Bunns, and your Neddy Fitzballs gave birth to.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

By *T. Moore.*

Farewell ! but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night song of joy in your bower,
Then think of the friend that once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return,—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain ;
But he never can forget the bright vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while lingering with
you.

And still on that evening when Pleasure fills up,
To the highest top sparkling, each heart and each
cup ;
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, will be with you that night,
Will join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles ;
Too blest if it tells me that, amid the gay cheer,
Some kind one had whispered " I wish he were
here !"

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,—
Bright gems of the past which she cannot destroy—
That come in the night time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long may my heart with such memories be
filled

Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may ruin the vase as you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.*

*In our humble opinion this is the best song, as regards both words and music, that Tommy Moore ever gave birth to.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.

By *Tannahill*.Sung by *Miss Novello*.

Gloomy winter's now awa',
 Saft the westling breezes blaw,
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw
 The mavis sings fu' cheerie O ;
 Sweet the craw-flow'rs early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonny sel',
 My young, my artless dearie O.

Come, my lassie, let us stray
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blythely spend the gowden day.
 'Midst joys that never weary O.
 Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
 Siller saughs, with downy buds,
 Adorn the banks sae briery O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheerie O ;
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

MADELINE.

Sung by *Miss E. Coveney*, Words and Music by *Martyn*.

Awake, bright eyes ! the morning hour
 Is cheerless, lacking thy sweet light ;
 Awake ! and from thy starry tow'r,
 Dispel the lingering shades of night !

Awake, my love ! the nightingale
Is mute to hear thy silv'ry voice ;
Whose music hath a magic spell,
Can bid the fainting soul rejoice.

Madeline ! Madeline ! no longer sleep,
The breeze is fair and free ;
My Gondola floats upon the deep,
Haste ! oh haste ! come down to me.

Awake, my love ! o'er yonder hill
The morn now gilds the eastern skies ;
But o'er my soul hangs darkness still,
It wants the light of those bright eyes.

Birds now sing serenely clear,
From leafy bush and grassy knoll,
But all is discord to mine ear,
Thy voice would harmonize the whole !

Madeline ! Madeline ! &c.*

THE SCOLDING WIFE.

I married to a scolding wife,
The fourteenth of November ;
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member.
Long time I bore the heavy yoke,
And many a grief attended ;
But to my comfort be it spoke
That now her life is ended.
Tol lol, &c.

*The air of this song is among the best of modern date,
but of the words " the less that's said the better."

I did her body well bestow,—
 A handsome grave does hide her ;
 As for her soul,—'tis not below,
 The devil would ne'er abide her.
 I rather think that she's on high,—
 At which I cannot wonder,
 Cutting new capers in the sky,
 And imitating thunder.*

BONNIE LASS YE'RE DEAR TO ME.

ORIGINAL.

AIR.—*The Lea Rig.*

O sweet's the primrose on the brae,
 An' sweet the lily on the plain ;
 An' sweet yon scented hawthorn tree,
 Where birdies sing wi' blithesome strain.
 O, dear's the sight o' yellow gould,
 Unto the sordid misers e'e ;
 But dearer, sweeter, far art thou,
 O, lassie thou art dear to me.

Let courtiers woo in lofty strain,
 In language gracefu' smooth an' free,
 The power of love they only feign,
 Its charms they neither feel nor see ;
 Their words may shine in fancy's dress,
 But can they ony truer be,
 Than what these simple words express,
 O, bonnie lass ye're dear to me.

W. GRAHAM.

*This ballad was obtained from an old lady, who used to sing it to the air of Maggie Lauder. In a collection of Epitaphs, 2 vols. London 1806, p. 122, will be found one "upon a notorious shrew by her husband," the last verse of which very nearly resembles the concluding one of the present song.

I'LL WATCH FOR THEE.Written by *Moore*.Music by *Sir J. Stevenson*.

I'll watch for thee from my lonely bower ;
Come o'er the sea at the twilight hour,
Come when the day passes away,
Come when the nightingale sings on the tree,
Come and remove doubts of my love,
But if thou lov'st me not, come not to me.

Why didst thou say I was brighter far,
Than the bright ray of the ev'ning star,
Why didst thou come seeking my home,
Till I believ'd that thy vows were sincere ?
Oh ! if thy vow wearies thee now,
Tho' I may weep for thee, never come here.
I'll watch for thee, &c.

HASTE THEE.

From the Opera of "*Oberon*," Music by *Weber*.

Oh, haste thee, gallant Christian knight,
To sad Amanda's bower,
Where Love's own rose is blooming bright,
And fate would mar the flower.

Thy smile alone can cheer the gloom,
That threatens its decay ;
Thy balmy sigh restore its bloom,
And waft the blight away.

Then, haste thee to Amanda's bower,
And bid the canker fly,—
If Huon scorns the gentle flower,
'Twill wither, droop, and die.

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

AIR.—*Hughie Graham.*

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa' !
O my love's bonny, bonny, bonny,
My love's bonny and fair to see ;
When I look on her weel far'ed face,
She looks and smiles again to me.

O gin my love were a pickle o' wheat,
And growing upon yon lily lea,—
And I mysel' a bonny bird,
Awa wi' that pickle o' wheat I wad flee.
O my love's bonny, &c.

O gin my love were a coffer o' gowd,
And I the keeper o' the key,—
I wad open the kist whene'er I list,
And into that coffer I wad be,
O my love's bonny, &c.

Additional Stanzas by Burns.

O were my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring ;
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing :
How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude !
But I would sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

GO LOVELY ROSE.

Go lovely rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired.—
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee.
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wond'rous sweet and fair.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

From the "*Tempest*."

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie :
There I couch where owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily :
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SONG IN BEHALF OF POLAND.

By *W. Aitken.*

Arise Britannia ! arm ye Gauls !
 Join Allemania with the brave
 In aid of Poland. Freedom calls
 To arms !—a gallant people save.
 The Czar a threat he dares proclaim
 That Warsaw shall in ruins lie ;
 To arms, ye brave ! preserve the name,
 The hour of Retribution's nigh.

Behold her rivers died with blood !
 The land laid waste by hostile bands,
 Who overpower'd it like a flood,
 And gloried in their gory hands !
 The father's wail—the mother's shriek—
 The ruin'd cot—the infant's cry—
 The rose has left the blooming cheek,
 The hour of Retribution's nigh.

Brave Kosciusko's name shall yet
 Make sharp the edge of Poland's sword !
 Till Europe hails her tyrant's fate
 In freedom's glorious reign restored.
 Then down the despot shall be hurl'd ;
 His tiger heart and vulture eye
 No more disturb an outraged world,—
 The hour of Retribution's nigh.

OPENING CHORUS IN DER FREISCHUTZ.

Words by *W. M'G. Logan*, Music by *Weber*.

Victoria ! Victoria ! Victoria ! let fame to the
 Master be given,
 His rifle the star of the target hath riven :
 He hath no peer,
 Seek far and near—
 Victoria ! Victoria !

WHY GOOD PEOPLE ?

Sung by *Mr Murray*, as Killain.

Why good people, are you gazing ?
 Whom good people are you praising ?
 Doff your hats,—your monarch see :
 Do you hear me, eh, eh, eh ?

Never mind, I will not slight thee ;
 Come to-morrow,—I invite thee ;
 Grant to others something, pray :
 Do you hear me, eh, eh, eh ?

How the star and flower adorn me !
 Now what huntsman dares to scorn me ?
 So, you lost the prize to-day ?
 So, you miss'd it, eh, eh, eh.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Written by *Moore*.

'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone,
 All her lovely companions are faded and gone ;
 No flower of her kindred—no rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the
 stem ;
 Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with
 them.
 Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and
 dead.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle the gems drop away.
 When true hearts lie withered, and fond ones are
 flown,
 Oh ! who would inhabit this bleak world alone !

'TIS THE LAST IN THE OFFICE.

A PARODY ON THE FOREGOING.

'Tis the last in the office, engrossing alone;
All the dull plodding clerks have finished and
gone.

Not one of his fellow apprentices there,
To copy the letters or help to compare.

I'll not give thee, poor devil! more captions to write,
Since thy neighbours have *bolted*—shut up for the
night,

Thus kindly I bid thee go home to thy bed,
And, as I'm not sleepy, I'll write in thy stead.

Yet soon I may weary, and hasten away,
As I may not find it convenient to stay.

When the rest have departed, and homeward are
gone—

Oh! who could at midnight sit scribbling alone?

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Slaves are they that heap up mountains,
Still desiring more and more;

Still let's carouse in Bacchus' fountains,
Never dreaming to be poor.

Give us then a cup of liquor,
Fill it up unto the brim;

For then methinks my wits grow quicker,
When my brains in liquor swim.*

*From Thomas Randolph's Comedy of Aristippus; or the Jovial Philosopher, "presented in a private shew." Lond. 1662.

THE SEA.

Words by *Barry Cornwall*.Music by the *Chevalier Neukomm*.

The Sea ! the Sea ! the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free ;
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the deep ,
What matter, what matter, I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O how I love to ride
On the fierce, the foaming, bursting tide ;
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune ;
And tells how goeth the world below,
And how the sou'-west blast doth blow !
I never was on the dull tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born :
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean child.
I have lived since then in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life ;

With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for a change ;
And death whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide unbounded sea !

LAURA SLEEPING.

Winds, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
And fan her with your cooling wings ;
Whilst she her drops of Beauty weeps,
From pure, and yet unrival'd springs.
Glide o'er Beauty's field, her face,
To kiss her lip, and cheek, be bold,
But with a calm, and stealing pace,—
Neither too rude—nor yet too cold.

Play in her beams, and crisp her hair,
With such a gale as wings soft Love,
And with so sweet, so rich an air
As breathes from the Arabian grove.
A breath as hush'd as Lovers' sigh,
Or that unfolds the morning door ;
Sweet as the winds that gently fly,
To sweep the Spring's enamel'd floor.

Murmur soft music to her dreams,
That pure and unpoluted run ;
Like to the new-born chrystal streams,
Under the bright enamoured sun.
But when she waking shall display
Her light, retire within your bar ;
Her breath is life, her eyes are day,
And all mankind her creatures are.*

*By Charles Cotton, Esq. the Continuator of Walton's Angler, and author of Virgil travestie, and a vol. of Poems, 1689, from which the present song is extracted.

HOW SHALL I WOO HER.

By the author of "*Lilian*."

How shall I woo her?—I will stand
Beside her when she sings;
And watch that fine and fairy hand
Flit o'er the quivering strings:
And I will tell her I have heard,
Tho' sweet her song may be,
A voice, whose every whisper'd word
Was more than song to me!

How shall I woo her?—I will gaze
In sad and silent trance,
On those blue eyes whose liquid [?] rays
Look love in every glance;
And I will tell her, eyes more bright,
Tho' bright her own may beam,
Will fling a deeper spell to night
Upon me in my dream.

How shall I woo her?—I will try
The charms of olden time,
And swear by earth, and sea, and sky,
And rave in prose and rhyme;—
And I will tell her when I bent
My knee in other years,
I was not half so eloquent,—
I could not speak for tears!

How shall I woo her?—I will bow
Before the holy shrine;
And pray the prayer, and vow the vow,
And *press her lips* to mine;
And I will tell her when she parts
From *passion's thrilling kiss*,
That memory, to many hearts,
Is dearer far than bliss.

Away ! away ! the chords are mute,
 The bond is rent in twain,—
 You cannot wake that silent lute,
 Nor clasp those links again ;
 Love's toil, I know, is little cost,
 Love's perjury's light sin ;
 But souls that lose what I have lost,—
 What have they left to win ?

FULL FATHOM FIVE.

Sung by *Miss P. Hornton*, in the "*Tempest*."
 Full fathom five thy father lies ;
 Of his bones are coral made :
 Those are pearls, that were his eyes :
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
 Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
 Ding-dong.

OLD SACK.

From *Randolph's Comedy of "Aristippus."*
 We care not for money, riches, or wealth,
 Old Sack is our money, old Sack is our health.
 Then let's flock hither,
 Like birds of a feather,
 To drink, to fling,
 To laugh and sing,
 Conferring our notes together,
 Conferring our notes together.

Come let us laugh, let us drink, let us sing,
 The Winter with us is as good as the Spring.
 We care not a feather
 For wind, or for weather,

But night and day
We sport and play,
Conferring our notes together,
Conferring our notes together.

WHAT IS LOVE.

From Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece."

Now what is love I will thee tell,
It is the fountain and the well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell :
It is perhaps the sansing* bell,
That rings all in to heaven or hell,
And this is love, and this is love, as I hear tell.

Now what is love I will you show ;
A thing that creeps and cannot go ;
A prize that passeth to and fro ;
A thing for me, a thing for mo' ;
And he that proves shall find it so,
And this is love, and this is love, sweet friend,
I trow.

MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
That rises o'er the source of Dee ;
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree ;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea ;
Then soft and low a voice was heard
Say—Mary weep no more for me.

* *Sance bell.* Saint's bell, or Sanctus bell, which called to prayer and other holy offices.

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be ?
And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With pallid cheek and hollow e'e.
" Oh ! Mary dear ! cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea ;
Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
So Mary, weep no more for me !

" Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
E'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee ;
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So Mary, weep no more for me !

" Oh ! maiden dear, thyself prepare !
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt or care,
And thou and I shall part no more."
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled !
No more of Sandy could she see !
But soft the passing spirit said,
" Oh ! Mary, weep no more for me !"

*This is the only effusion of the unfortunate Lowe which gained any celebrity ; and on this his fame must rest. The subject of this beautiful song was a Miss Macghie of Airds, whose lover perished at sea.

CANON.

Non nobis Domine sed nomine da gloriam.

EPICUREAN SONG.

Let snarling cynics rail at it, and priests say what
they will,
A bright and joyous world is this, and I will love it
still ;
A thousand glorious things there are which make
this earth divine.
But high above them all in worth, is the juice of the
great vine.

There's a blessing in the sunlight, a blessing in the
air,
And blessings on Dame Nature's face, which laugh
out everywhere ;
But none to equal those which swim in the depths
of a deep bowl,
For none, like them, can raise from earth the lazy-
pacing soul.

I sit within my bower, and enjoy the cooling breeze,
As it plays upon my forehead thro' the rain-besprink-
led trees ;
While the perfume of a thousand flow'rs from scented
earth rise up,
But what in sweetness can excel the aroma of the
cup ?

A maiden sits beside me as I quaff the glowing wine^a
And she presses with a gentle touch her blissful
cheek to mine ;
But the roses, tho' they mantle on that softly-swell-
ing cheek,
When they blush beside the rosy wine, are lustreless
and weak.

I sip the sparkling nectar, and it mounts up to my
brain,

I feel the presence of a god in each distending vein ;
A holy rapture seizes me, an ecstasy divine,
And is there not a deity for ever in the wine ?

The earth it reels, it totters,—and the trees dance to
and fro,
The mountains shake their hoary heads, and wave
their caps of snow ;
The far-off city staggers with a strangely-trembling
motion,
And the gentle sky bends down to kiss her wild lover,
the ocean.

The sun itself whirls round and round, and now 'tis
overcast,
And darkness overspreads the day as tho' it were
the last ;
There is a torrent in my brain—a film across mine
eye,
Oh ! Father Bacchus help me ! for I fall, I faint, I
die.*

ROSLIN CASTLE.

'Twas in the season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay,
Of Nannie's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nannie rung ;
While Roslin castle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

This very clever song is to be found in the new novel of Jerningham, than which for delineation of passion, and elegance of diction, a better work has not of late issued from the press.

Awake, sweet Muse ! the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing !
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song ;
To Nannie raise the cheerful lay ;
O ! bid her haste and come away :
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn !

O hark, my love ! on every spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song.
Then let my raptured notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love ! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away !
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O ! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravished breast of mine !*

NO MORE BY MOONLIGHT.

No more by moonlight shall be seen,
Upon the isle's enamell'd green,
Or on the yellow sands and shelves,
In sportive dance, the fairy elves ;

*These beautiful verses are the production of Richard Hewit, a young man who was for many years amanuensis to Dr Blacklock. He was a native of Cumberland, and was taken, when a boy, during the Doctor's residence in that quarter, to conduct him.

Since thy low dell, and rock-roofed cell,
 Thou now forsakest. Farewell ! farewell !
Burthen. Farewell ! farewell !

To bid adieu, loved master, hark !
 Thy faithful watch-dogs hoarsely bark ;
 And thy departure blithe to cheer,
 Loud crows the shrill-toned chanticlere.
 A parting knell, with tuneful shell,
 The sea-nymphs sound ; ding, ding, dong bell !
Burthen. Ding, ding, dong, bell.*

MAID OF LLANWELLYN.

Music by *C. H. Purday.*

I've no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on the lake,
 Nor coin in my coffer, to keep me awake ;
 Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on the tree,
 Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Rich Owen will tell you, with eyes full of scorn,
 Thread-bare is my coat, and my hosen are torn ;
 Scoff on, my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee,
 While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market and fair,
 And the clerk at the tavern still claims the great
 chair ;
 But of all our proud fellows the proudest I'll be,
 While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

*Sung by Ariel in the "Virgin Queen"—a sequel to the Tempest, and a most successful imitation of Shakespeare. It is the production of F. G. Waldron ; Lond. 1797., and a copy is now rarely to be met with.

ANNE ELIZA.

AIR.—*When sadly thinking.*

How much I prize a
Fair Anne Eliza,
I idolize a
 The little dear.
In vain my sighs a
From my heart arise a,
She does despise a
 Her chevalier.

Then since my jewel
Has turned so cruel,
I'm sure I'd do ill
 To pine in grief.
Away with wailing,
'Tis unavailing,
I'll take to railing,
 To get relief.

There's in this city
Not one more pretty ;
Oh ! what a pity
 Her heart is stone !
She's wond'rous witty,
Playful and skitty,
She scorns my ditty,
 And she mocks my moan.

Hence with the folly
Of melancholy !
I will be jolly,
 And love defy.
No more Eliza
Shall tantalize a,
To her dark eyes a
 I'll bid good bye.

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.

From the "*Tempest*."

Sung by *Miss Priscilla Horton*, as *Ariel*.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands ;
Courtsied when you have, and kissed,
(The wild waves whist)—
Foot it featly here and there ;
And sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark ! hark !
The watch-dogs bark ;
Hark ! hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

TO SEA, BOYS.

Sung by *Mr Mackay*, as *Stephano*.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate :
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, " Go, hang !"
She loved not the favour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did
itch :
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

NO MORE DAMS.

Sung by *Mr Murray*, as *Caliban*.

No more dams I'll make for fish ;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish ;
Ban Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master.—get a new man.

WHAT FAIRY-LIKE MUSIC.

A DUET.

Music by *Di Pinna*.

What fairy-like music steals over the sea,
Entrancing the senses with charm'd melody?
'Tis the voice of the mermaid that floats o'er the
main,
As she mingles her song with the gondolier's strain.

The wind's are all hush'd ! and the waters at rest ;
They sleep like the passions in Infancy's breast :
Till storms shall unchain them, from out their dark
cave,
And break the repose of the soul and the wave.*

LIE STILL MY LOVE !

By *Sir John Cam Hobhouse*.

Lie still, my love ! why wilt thou rise ?
The light that shines comes from thine eyes ;
The day breaks not,—it is my heart,
To think that you and I should part.

'Tis true 'tis day,—what if it be ?
Why shouldst thou, dearest rise from me ?
Did we lie down, because of night ?
And shall we rise for fear of light ?

Oh ! let me sink, supremely blest,
In gentle slumbers on thy breast ;
And in the world of dreams renew,
Those pleasures I have shared with you.

*The air is pretty enough, and the words, to a cursory reader, look very poetical, as, no doubt, they were intended to be.

O WALY, WALY.

Sung by *Miss Novello*.

O waly, waly, up yon bank,
And waly, waly, down yon brae,
And waly, waly, yon burnside,
Where I and my love wont to gae !
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bowed, and syne it brake ;
And sae my love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, love is bonny,
A little time, while it is new,
But when it's auld, it waxes cauld,
And wears away like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my head,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my fause love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me,
St. Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me.
O Mart'mas wind ! when wilt thou blaw,
And shak' the green leaves aff the tree ?
O gentle death ! when wilt thou come,
For of my life I am wearie ?

It's no the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie,
It's no sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
When we cam in by Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sight to see,
My love was clad in the velvet black,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I wed,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case o' goud,
 And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I mysel' were dead and gane,
 And the green grass growing ower me.*

BARCAROLE AND CHORUS.

From "*Masaniello*."—Words by *J. Kenny*, Music by
Auber.

Behold! how brightly breaks the morning,
 Tho' bleak our lot, our hearts are warm;
 To toil inured, all dangers scorning,
 We hail the breeze, or brave the storm.
 Put off! put off! our course we know,
 Take heed!—whisper low!
 Look out! and spread your nets with care,
 The prey we seek, we'll soon, we'll soon ensnare.

Away! no cloud is low'ring o'er us,
 Freely now we'll stem the wave;
 Hoist! hoist all sail!—while full before us
 Hope's beacon shines to cheer the brave.
 Put off! put off, &c.†

*There is no Scotch song finer than this—both air and words are admirable. Unfortunately the author is unknown.

The first part of the first, the whole of the second, and the latter part of the third stanzas are all that are now sung in the Theatre or the Concert room, and to these Miss Novello ever did the greatest justice.

† This piece of Music has attained great and deserved popularity. There is nothing half so fine in any other opera by the same composer.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

Sung by *Mr Weekes*, and *Mr Power*.

The groves of Blarney, they look so charming,
Down by the purlings of the silent brooks,
All deck'd by posies that spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order in the rocky nooks,
'Tis there the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink, and the rose so fair ;
Likewise the lily, and the daffodilly,—
All flowers that scent the open air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers owns this plantation ;
Like Alexander, or like Helen fair,
There's no commander in all the nation,
For regulation, can with her compare.
Such walls surround her, that no ninepounder
Could ever plunder her place of strength ;
But Oliver Cromwell, her he did pommel,
And made a breach in her battlement.

There is a cave there, where no daylight enters,
But cats and badgers are for ever bred ;
And mossed by nature makes it completer
Than a coach-and-six, or a downy bed.
'Tis there the lake is well stored with fishes,
And comely eels in the verdant mud ;
Besides the leeches, and groves of beeches,
Standing in order to guard the flood.

There gravel walks are for recreation,
And meditation in sweet solitude.
'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plover, in the afternoon ;
And if a lady would be so engaging
As for to walk in those shady groves,
'Tis there the courtier might soon transport her
Into some fort, or the "sweet rock-close."

There are statues gracing that noble place in—
All heathen gods, and nymphs so fair ;
Bold Neptune, Cæsar, and Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked in the open air !
There is a boat on the lake to float on
And lots of beauties which I can't entwine ;
But were I a preacher or a classic teacher,
In every feature I'd make 'em shine !

There is a stone there, that whoever kisses,
Oh ! he never misses to grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
Or become a Member of Parliament.
A clever spouter he'll sure turn out, or
An out-and-outer "to be let alone."
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him ;
Sure he's a Pilgrim from the blarney stone.*

SONG OF THE QUEEN'S MARYS.

O ye mariners, mariners, mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let not my father and mother to wit
The death that I maun dee.

When she cam to the Netherbow port,
She laughed loud laughs three,
But when she cam to the gate foot,
The tear was in her e'e.

Yestreen the Queen had four Marys,
This night she'll hae but three ;
There were Mary Seaton, and Mary Beaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me.

*In the "Reliques of Father Prout" will be found French, Greek, and Latin translations of this excellent Irish ditty, which are admirable only for the ingenuity with which they are done.

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGH'D.

Composed and Sung by *Mr Braham.*

The tear fell gently from her eye,
 When last we parted on the shore,
 My bosom heav'd with many a sigh
 To think I ne'er might see her more.
 "Dear youth," she cried, "and canst thou haste
 away?
 My heart will break, a little moment stay,
 Alas! I cannot, I cannot part from thee."
 "The anchor's weigh'd; farewell, farewell, re-
 member me!"

"Weep not, my love," I trembling said,
 "Doubt not a constant heart like mine;
 I ne'er can meet another maid,
 Whose charms can fix that heart like thine."
 "Go then," she cry'd, "but let thy constant mind
 Oft think of her you leave in tears behind,"
 Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be,
 "The anchor's weigh'd; farewell, farewell, re-
 member me."

MY WIFE HAS COME.

A PARODY ON THE FOREGOING.

By *Timothy Greenhorn,*

Old Tom look'd grim, and gave a sigh,
 When last we parted in the gin-shop,
 I felt rather bilk'd to think that I
 Had paid and scarcely tasted a drop.
 "Blow my eyes," he cried, "why the deuce are you
 sailing away,
 Come, come, sit down, another half hour stay:
 You'll surely not slip cable? if kept in tow,"—
 "My wife has come; there'll be a horrid row!"

“ Ne’er mind,” said I, “ dear Tom, my joy,

I will again to-morrow come in ;

I ne’er will find another old boy.

So good at swigging a noggin of gin.”

“ Go then,” he cried, “ but recollect and come
To morrow night ; we’ll have a pint of rum ;

Come, Bill, this last long pull, here take it now,”—

“ My wife has come; there’ll be a horrid row !”

COME SILENT EVENING.

A GLEE.

Music by *L. de Call.*

Come silent evening o’er us,

In this sequestered plain ;

And as thou closest o’er us,

We’ll chaunt our humble strain.

See twilight fast descending

Upon each dale and hill !

The sun his last rays bending,

Now glimmers on the rill.

Now lively nature weareth

‘Too soon the garb of night ;

And beautiful appeareth

The moon with silvery light.

Hark ! through the silence reigning,

The flute’s soft murmuring song !

While nightingales complaining,

Their melting notes prolong.

BY CELIA’S ARBOUR.

A GLEE.

Music by *Horsley.*

By Celia’s arbour all the night,

Hang, humid wreath, the lover’s vow,

And haply, at the morning light,
 My love may twine thee round her brow.
 Then, if upon her bosom bright
 Some drops of dew should fall from thee,
 Tell her they are not drops of night,
 But tears of sorrow shed by me.*

BANISH, O MAIDEN !

A GLEE.

Music by *O. Lorenz*.

Banish, O maiden ! thy fears of to-morrow,
 Dash from thy cheek, love, the tear drop of sorrow !
 Pleasure flies swiftly and sweetly away,
 Tears for to-morrow, but kisses to-day.

Hear me then dearest, thy doubts gently chiding ;
 Know'st thou not true love is ever confiding ?
 Why snatch from Cupid his bandage away ?
 Love sees no morrow, then kiss me to-day.†

WILT THOU MEET ME THERE, LOVE ?

Sung by *Sinclair*.

Where, as dewy twilight lingers,
 O'er the balmy air, love ;
 Harp seems touched by balmy fingers,
 Wilt thou meet me there, love ?

*The moral of this song is by no means in accordance with morality, for the person who sings it instructs the "humid wreath" to utter a falsehood !

For a glee, the words are by no means suited. The air of this, as of the two preceding, are very chaste and pretty, and they all were extremely well sung at the Professional Society's Concert (14th Feb. 1837.) by Messrs Jackson, MacLagan, Gleadhill, and Stretton.

Where the rapid swallows flying,
Sweet its distant murmurs dying,
Leaves alone around us sighing,
Wilt thou meet me there, love ?

Where soft gales from beds of flowers,
Fragrant incense, bear, love,
Sweet as eastern maidens' bowers,
Wilt thou meet me there, love ?
Where the bird of love is singing,
Liquish notes around us flinging,
Rapture to the fond heart bringing,
Wilt thou meet me there, love ?*

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

Sung by *Mr Weekes*.

The boys of Kilkenny are stout roving blades,
When they get into company with pretty young
maids ;
They'll court them, and kiss them, and trate them
so free,
Och ! of all the towns in Ireland, sweet Kilkenny for
me.

Ach ! mushagra, &c.

Through the middle of Kilkenny there runs a clear
stream,
In the town of Kilkenny, there lives a fair dame ;
Her lips are like roses, her cheeks much the same,
Like a dish of sweet strawberries smoder'd in crame.
Ach ! mushagra, &c.

* The fact of this song being a *crack* one of Sinclair's, is, in our estimation, an additional proof, if any were required, of the utter inanity of both words and music.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's black coal,
 Which through my poor bosom have burned a big
 hole,
 Her mind, like its river, smooth, gentle, and clear,
 But her heart is more hard nor its marble, I'm sure.
 Ach ! mushagra, &c.

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines where it stands,
 And the more I think on it, the more my heart
 warms,
 For if I was in Kilkenny I'd think myself at home,
 For 'tis there I get sweethearts, but here I get none.
 Ach ! mushagra, &c.

A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

From *Sir W. Scott's "Rokeby."*

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
 A weary lot is thine !
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
 And press the rue for wine.
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
 No more of me you knew,
 My love
 No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain ;
 But it shall bloom in winter snow,
 Ere we two meet again.
 He turn'd his charger as he spake,
 Upon the river shore ;
 He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
 Said, Adieu for evermore,
 My love !
 Aadieu for evermore.

RORY O'MORE, OR GOOD OMENS.

Sung by *Mr J. Russell, and Mr Wilson.*

Music and Words by *Samuel Lover.*

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,
He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn,
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to plaze,
And he thought the best way to do that was to taze.

"Now, Rory, be asy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye,

"With your tricks I don't know in troth what I'm
about,

Faith, you've tazed till I've put on my cloak inside
out."

"Och, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way,
You've thrated my heart for this many a day,
And its plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Sure 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed then," says Kathleen, "Don't think of the
like,

For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike,
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound,"
Says Rory, "I'd rather love you nor the ground."

"Now Rory I'll cry, if you don't let me go,
Sure I dhrame every night that I'm trating you so,"

"Och," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by conthrairies, my dear,
Och, jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black
lie,

And its plazed that I am, and why not to be sure?
Since it's all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah Kathleen, my darlint, you've tazed me
enough,

And I've thrash'd for your sake Dimmy Guines and
Jim Duff,

And I've made myself drinking your health quite a
 baste;
 So, think, after that, I may spake to the praste."
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arms round her neck
 So soft and so white, without freckles or speck,
 And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with
 light,
 And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he
 was right?
 "Now Rory, lave off, sir, you'll hug me no more,
 That's eight times to day that you've kissed me be-
 fore;"
 "Then here goes another," says he "to make sure,
 For there's luckin odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

HOW BLYTH HAVE I BEEN WITH MY SANDY.

AIR.—*Ewe bughts Marion.*

How blyth have I been with my Sandy,
 As we sat in the howe o' the glen!
 But nae mair can I meet wi' my Sandy,
 To the banks o' the Rhine he has gane.

Alas! that the trumpets loud clarion,
 Thus draws a' our shepherds afar,
 O could not the ewe bughts and Marion,
 Please mair than the horrors of war?

Not a pleugh in our land has been ganging,
 The ousen ha'e stood in their sta':
 Nae flails in our barns ha'e been banging,
 For mair than this twomond or twa.

Waes me, that the trumpet's shrill clarion,
 Thus draws a' our shepherds afar!
 O I wish that the ewe bughts and Marion
 Could charm from the horrors of war.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

O hearken and I will tell you how
Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
Tho' he could neither say nor do ;

The truth I tell to ye.

But aye he cried, whate'er betide,
Maggy I'll hae to be my bride,
With a fal de ral, &c.

On his gray yad as he did ride,
Wi' dirk and pistol by his side,
He pricked on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon moor,
Till he came to her daddy's door,
With a fal de ral, &c.

" Guidman," quo' he, " be ye within ?
I'm come ye'r dochter's love to win :
I care na for makin meikle din,
What answer gie ye me ?"

" Now, wooer," quo he, " wad ye light down,
I'll gie ye my dochter's love to win,
With a fal de ral, &c.

" Now, wooer, sin' ye'er lighted down,
Whar d'ye win, or in what town ?
I think my dochter winna gloom
On sic a lad as ye,"
The wooer he stepped up the house,
And wow but he was wondrous crouse,
With a fal de ral, &c.

" I hae three owsen in a plough, 
Twa gude gean yads, an' gear enough,
My place they ca' it Cauld-enough,
I scorn to tell a lie;

Besides I had frae the great laird,
A peat pat, and a lang kail yard.
With a fal de ral, &c.

The maid put on her kirile brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town,
I wat on him she did na' gloom,
But blinked bonnily.
The lover he stepped up in haste,
And gripped her hard about the waist,
With a fal de ral, &c.

"To win y'er love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear,
An for mysel ye need na fear,
Troth, try me whan ye like."
He teuk aff his bannet, and spat in his chow,
Syne dighted his gab, and pried her mou,
With a fal de ral, &c.

The maiden blushed, an bing'd fu' law,
She had na' will to say him na,
But to her daddy she left it a',
As they twa could agree.
The lover he gae her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her daddie, an' tald him this,
With a fal de ral, &c.

"Your dochter wad na say me na,
But to oursels she's left it a',
As we can gree between us twa :
Say, what'll gie me wi' her?"
"Now, wooer," quo' he, "I hae na meikle,
But sic's I hae ye'se get a pickle,
With a fal de ral, &c.

"A kiln fu' o' corn I'll gie to thee,
Three soums o' sheep, twa gude milk kye,

Ye'se get the wedding dinner free,
Troth I dow do nae mair."
"Content," quo' Willie, "a bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, mak haste, let's do't,"
With a fal de ral, &c.

The brithal day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythsome lad an' lass,
But siccan a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
The winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John tied up the marriage bands,
With a fal de ral, &c.

And our bride's maidens war na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue,
Frae tap to tae they were bran new,
And blinket bonnily.
Their toys an' mutches war sae clean,
They glanced into our ladies' een,
With a fal de ral, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, an sic din,
Wi' he o'er her an' she o'er him,
The minstrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle mirth an' glee.
An' ay they bobbit, an' ay they beck
An' ay they cleek't, an' cross't, an' set.
With a fal de ral, &c.

*In Mellishe's Travels in America in the year 1806, this note occurs:—"The circumstance of meeting with it on the banks of Lake Erie, was to me so novel and unexpected, that I am induced to insert it in this place. It is one of the oldest Scotch Songs extant, and presents a very good picture of the primitive manners of that country.

TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED.

A DUET.

Sung in *Shakespear's "Comedy of Errors."*Music by *Sir J. Stevenson.*

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head ?
How begot ? how nourished ?

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell,
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell,
Ding, dong, bell.

'T WAS AT THE SIGN OF THE FORK.

Sung by *Mr Weekes.*

'Twas at the sign of the Fork,
Paddy first opened his throttle,
And being a native of Cork,
No wonder he dipt in the bottle.
His mother's own milk, they say,
It made him so funny and frisky ;
That when she put crame in his tay,
Och, by the Powers ! it was nothing but
whisky.
Och ! Paddy O'Flannagan nate,
Tippling Paddy ! whack, whack, whack.
Pat was a darling boy.

Says Father O'Fogerty, " Pat !
Pray love your inemies iver,
Now let me exhort you to that"—
" I make it my constant endivour,

For whisky's my deadliest foe,
 When down my gullet I shove it ;
 Och, Father ! it bothers me so,
 For nobody better can love it."
 Och ! Paddy O'Flannagan, &c.

For England he set sail one day,
 Determined to be a rover,
 But he fell overboard in the sea
 When he was but half-seas over :
 But saved by a man hard by,
 He shewed him a deal o' good natur ;
 The water he said made him dry,
 So he axed for a dthrop of the cratur.
 Och ! Paddy O'Flannagan, &c.

To the Devil's punch-powl he came,—
 A pond that in Derry is brimming,—
 And soon, for the sake of its name,
 Was seen in the punch-bowl swimming,
 For whisky he swallowed and hurled,
 He won all his bets by his merits ;
 So he drank himself out of this world
 To go to the world of Spirits.
 Och ! Paddy O'Flannagan, &c.

WINE.

Words by *Barry Cornwall*,—Music by the *Chevalier*
Neukomm.

Sung by *Mr Hudson*.

I love wine, bold, bright wine,
 That maketh the spirit both dance and shine
 Others may care
 For water fare,
 But give me wine, wine, wine, wine !

Ancient wine, brave old wine !
 How it around the heart doth twine ;
 Poets may love
 The stars above,
 But I love wine, wine, wine, wine !

Nought but wine, noble wine !
 Strong and sound and old and fine.
 What else can scare
 The fiend Despair,
 Like brave old wine, like wine, wine, wine ?

O brave wine, rare old wine !
 Once thou wast deem'd a God divine.
 Bad are the rhymes
 And bad the times,
 That scorn old wine, rare old wine !

So brave wine ! dear old wine !
 Morning, noon and night I'm thine.
 Whate'er may be,
 I'll stand, I'll stand by thee !
 Immortal wine ! immortal wine ! O wine, im-
 mortal wine.

THE ROSE OF KILLARNEY.

Words by *W. Collier, Esq.*—Music by *A. Lee.*

Through Erin's green and bonny isle,
 From Coleraine to Killarney's waters,
 Each lovely haunt has had its song
 Of gallant sons and charming daughters.
 But oh ! there is one sunny spot
 To me more dear, more prized than any,
 Where once in loveliness sprung up
 The rose that blossoms in Killarney,
 The rose that blossoms in Killarney,
 Blossoms in Killarney, &c.

I thought when first her eye met mine,
My peace, my heart were gone for ever,
I did not dare to speak of Love,
For fear a breath the charm should sever :
Her cheeks are like the rose of May,
Her voice hath banish'd care from many,
No thought can wrong my bonny flower,
The rose that blossoms in Killarney ;
The rose that blossoms in Killarney,
That blossoms in Killarney, &c.*

SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

Words by *T. Haynes Bayley*.—Music by *J. Philip Knight*.

She wore a wreath of roses, the night when first we
met,
Her lovely face was smiling beneath her curls of jet ;
Her footstep had the lightness, her voice the joyous
tone,
The tokens of a youthful heart, where sorrow is
unknown.
I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now
With the wreath of summer flowers upon her faded
brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms, when next we met she
wore ;
Th' expression of her features was more thoughtful
than before ;
And standing by her side was one, who strove, and
not in vain,

*“ Short and sweet,” is your exclamation on hearing this ditty carolled by Mrs Waylett. The air is elegant, and suits well with a lady’s voice. Of the words it may be as well to say nothing. It may be Cockney, but it is not Irish practice, to indulge in such rhymes as *any* and *Killarney*.

To soothe her leaving that dear home she ne'er
might view again ;
I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her
now
With a wreath of orange blossoms upon her snowy
brow.

And once again I see that brow, no bridal wreath is
there,
The widow's sombre cap conceals her once luxuriant
hair ;
She weeps in silent solitude, and there is no one
near
To press her hand within his own, and wipe away a
tear :
I see her broken hearted, yet methinks I see her
now
In the pride of youth and beauty with a garland on
her brow.*

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMING.

Sung by *Wilson*.

O saw ye Johnnie coming, quo' she,
Saw ye Johnnie coming ;
O saw ye Johnnie coming, quo' she,
Saw ye Johnnie coming ;
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie running, quo' she,
And his doggie running.

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him,

*The pathos of this song is very much of the kind to which Milliners are accused of being addicted, but, to be just, it seems to be pretty acceptable to drawing-rooms in general, which we have more than once seen thrown into extacies by it. The air we guess is rather taking.

Fee him, father, fee him quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him.
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel-doin' ;
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him hizzie,
What will I do wi' him ?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gi'e him.
I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane of them I'll gie him.
And for a merk or mair fee
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him ;
For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him.
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him,
He'll had the Plough, thrash in the barn,
And *crack* wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
And *crack* wi' me at e'en.

FRIEND, DEAREST FRIEND.

Sung by *Mr H. M. Bedford*.

Friend ! dearest friend ! and must thou sail
Across the surging sea ?
Yet, though thy bark outstrip the gale,
Our hearts shall fly with thee :
Though tempests swell, and billows rise,
And round thee still increase,

The Star of Friendship from the skies,
Shall gently whisper "Peace!"

When far away beyond the line,
This hour thou'lt ne'er forget;
And if perchance thy heart should pine,
'Twill banish thy regret;
For there's a spell in friendship's smile,—
A soft and soothing pow'r,—
The aching heart may well beguile,
And cheer the parting hour.

Then fare-thee-well our dearest friend,
Success still mark thy way;
May joy be thine that knows no end,
Thine fortune's brightest ray.
One bitter tear we can't restrain,
'Twill mingle with our wine;
Then from these tears and wine we'll drain
A health to thee and thine.

THE MISSLETOE BOUGH.

Music by *H. R. Bishop*.

The missletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holy branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the Baron's retainers were blythe and gay,
And keeping a Christmas holiday:
The Baron beheld with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride;
While she, with her bright eyes, seem'd to be,
The star of that goodly company.
Oh! the missletoe bough,
Oh! the missletoe bough.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried,
"Here tarry a moment I'll hide, I'll hide!"

And Lovel be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place !"
Away she ran, and they soon began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan ;
And young Lovel cried, " Oh ! where dost thou
hide ?

I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride.
Oh ! the missletoe bough, &c.

They sought her that night and they sought her next
day,

And they sought her in vain, when a week past away,
In the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot,
Young Lovel sought wildly, but found her not ;
And years flew by, and their grief at last,
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past ;
And when Lovel appeared, the children cried,
" See, the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

Oh ! the missletoe bough, &c.

At length an old chest that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair !
Oh ! sad was her fate ! in sportive jest
She hid from her Lord in her old oak chest,
It closed with a spring ! and the bridal bloom,
Lay withering there in a living tomb.

Oh ! the missletoe bough, &c.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Written by *Moore*.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart.
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart,

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green,
 'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill,—
 Oh, no !—it was something more exquisite still,

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were
 near
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more
 dear ;
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca ! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 When the storms which we feel in this cold world
 shall cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace !

PARODY ON THE FOREGOING.

There is not in this large town a club room so sweet,
 As the Freemason's hall, where the Radicals meet ;
 E'er the slang of Guildhall from my memory shall
 part—
 Or the thoughts of that meeting shall fade from my
 heart.

It was not that Hobhouse, who lied for the Queen, '
 Invented false tales of the sights he had seen :
 It was not that Hume and his friend Peter Moore*
 Mock'd their God, and his priests, for they'd done
 that before.

*Peter Moore, M.P. who having got involved in difficulties through his connexion with Joint Stock Companies, and losing his seat in Parliament died not long since in very humble circumstances.

Nor that Hood—who punish'd falsehoods, extorted
by fear
From the cell of the felon, should dare to be here ;
But that Whitbread,† who fum'd at the Times t'other
day,
At length, should have sense from such meetiggs to
stay.

Oh ! Hall of freemasons, unbroken was thy rest,
Save by ladies and dinners of those thou lov'd best,
Till the Radicals storm'd thee, thy calm now will
cease,
For their touch, like the viper's, is fatal to peace.

SING AWAY, SING AWAY.

Sung by *Miss Coveney*, in "*Midas*."

Sing away, sing away, by day and by night,
This world is a bright little world of delight ;
There are hearts ever kind to love and to sue,
And if one should be false, there are some that are
true :

Sing away, sing away, there are joys upon earth,
To banish regret, and give life a new birth :
Now love, and now wine ; now peace and now strife,
This, this is the way to steal away life.

Sing away, &c.

Sing away, sing away, we cannot restore
The hopes which are blighted, the years that are o'er ;
Sing away, sing away, the fast coming day
Is stealing too quickly on hours so gay :
Sing away, sing away, the purest of feelings
Are joys that are soften'd by sorrow's revealings ;
The smile to past grief may subdue but its sway,
Oh ! does it not fade in futurity's ray ?

Sing away, &c.

† The late Samuel Whitbread, Esq. M.P.

DEATH SONG OF THE CHEROKEE INDIANS.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away ;
Begin, ye tormentors ! your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his low,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low :
Why so slow ? do you wait till I shrink from the
 pain ?
No, the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation
 away ;
Now the flame rises fast,—you exult in my pain,
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son :
Death comes like a friend, he relieves me from pain,
And thy son, O Alknomook, has scorn'd to com-
 plain.*

QUINTETTO.

You gave me your heart t'other day,
I thought it as safe as my own ;
I've not lost it, but what can I say ?
Not your heart from mine can be known.

*In the opera of New Spain, by J. Scawen, Esq. Lond. 1790, this song with omission of the second stanza occurs. The version here given is from Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, Lond. 1794, in which it is said to be written "by Mrs Hunter." "The simple melody of this song" says Mrs Hunter, "was brought to England ten years ago by a gentleman named Turner."

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

Sung by *Wilson*.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld,
Was threatning a' our ky to kill;
Then Bell my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
She said to me right hastily,—
Get up gudeman, save Crummy's life,
And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummy is a' usefu' cow,
And she has come o' a gude kine;
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',
And I am laith that she should tyne;
Get up gudeman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scanty worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year.
Let's spend the gear that we ha'e won,
We little ken the day we'll dee;
Then I'll be proud since I have sworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when gude King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half-a-crown,
He said they were a groat ower dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and loon.
He was a King that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man o' laigh degree:

It's pride pits a' the country doon,
Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind o' corn has its hool ;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
Sin' ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do you no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly ?
While I sit hurkling in the ase—
I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Gudeman ! I wat 'tis thrity years
Sin' we did ane anither ken ;
And we have had between us twa
O' lads and bonny lasses ten :
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray weel may they be ;
And if you prove a gude husband,
Ee'n tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife she lo'es nae strife,
But she would guide me if she can ;
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman.
Nought's to be won at woman's han,
Unless you gie her a' the plea :
Then I'll leave aff whaur I began,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN ?

Written by *Sir John Suckling.*

Why so pale and wan fond lover ?
Prithee, why so pale ?
Will, if looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail ?
Prithee why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute young sinner ?
Prithee, why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't ?
Prithee why so mute ?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
This cannot take her,—
It of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her,
The devil take her !

FAREWELL, AND WHEN TO-MORROW.

By *L. E. L.*

Farewell, and when to-morrow
Seems little, like to-day,
And we find life's deepest sorrow
Melt gradual away :—
Yet do not quite forget me,
Though our love be o'er ;
Let gentle dreams regret me
When we shall meet no more.

Not painfully, not often
Remembrance shall intrude ;
But let my image soften
Sometimes your solitude.
Let twilight sad and tender
Recall our parting tear ;
Ah ! hope I might surrender,
But memory is too dear.

THE SHANDON BELLS.

AIR. — *The Groves of Blarney.*

With deep affection and recollection
I oft think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke nought like thine ;
For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand
on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling, old " Adrian's Mole " in
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame ;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of
Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
O the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and
kiosk o',
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them,
But there is an anthem more dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

A SONG OF THE EYES.

ORIGINAL.

When Beauty in her bright array,
Inspires the poet's heart to render
The tribute of an ardent lay,
His flattering verse proclaims alway
Her eye's entrancing splendour.
All other grace
Of form and face
Is shaded by their light divine,—
Golconda's gems
In diadems
With not more lustre shine.

When he, whose lyre still tuned to Love,
Save when it warmly thrilled to Bacchus,—
Old Teos' bard—o'erarched above
With myrtle boughs, sat hand and glove
With Venus and Iacchus,
With joyous soul
He raised the bowl,
That mantling sparkled—raised it high,
And of his strain
The gay refrain
Was his Rodantha's eye.

Oh ! bright her eyes,—rich nature's dower,
My love's !—and fair her charms as Flora's,
The prophet's houris, from their bower
Of jasmine, not such radiance shower,
As beams from hers, my Norah's !

Eyes full of sleep
 The easterns keep
 In rare esteem—I think them nought.
 Oh ! dearer far
 My girl's, that are
 With mirth's gay meanings fraught.

Then, comrades, fill your goblets round,
 Let your flushed brows be crown'd with
 myrtle,
 And pledge with me a draught profound
 To all the timid graces bound
 With zone and flowing kirtle.
 Such honour thus
 They claim from us,
 For well their witchery we prize,
 But we shall fill
 A deeper still,
 And drain it to " Her eyes, her eyes !"

ALL UP THE SPOUT.

By "*The Invisible Gentleman.*"

All up the spout my Sunday hat reposes,
 All up the spout for a twelvemonth and a day ;
 And if any of my pals the reason vish to noses,
 Tell 'em I'd no cash my lodgings for to pay.

'Tvos avalking thro' the streets von nasty vinter
 morning,
 At a slopseller's door I this castor did espy ;
 'Tvos better nor the von vich my head-piece vos
 adorning,
 For it had a crown, so I determined it for to buy.
 All up the spout, &c.

The jew he vos old, and the jew he vos blind too,
 And yet he couldn't help a-cheating me to try ;

And, tho' that vos a thing I never vos inclined to,
I changed my old for *his* new hat, and vanish'd
speedily.

All up the spout, &c.

For seven short weeks on Sunday I did wear it,
For seven short weeks all but von half a day.
Bad luck to that chap who for his'n has no affection,
Oh ! I'll ' lift' my hat venever I've the ready for
to pay.

All up the spout, &c.

There is some young men is so preciousy peticular,
A buying of a new hat jist every other day,
For when their old gets greasy and its looks no longer
pleases,
Vy then they takes him down, and they tosses
him away.

All up the spout, &c.

I got mine newly lined jist a day before ve parted
'Cos I vished it to look smartish ven I met vith
Sally Gray ;
But my infernal landlady, so werry cruel hearted,
Came in and talked of quod, so I gave it her away.

STANZAS.

By Percy Byshe Shelly.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory ;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

THE RED ROVER'S SONG.

Words by *Edmund Smith*.—Music by the *Chevalier Neukomn*.

A merry life is ours, I trow
While on the billow's surge we go ;
Our birthright joy ! to care unknown,
For time and pleasure are our own.
O'er bounding main we boldly dash,
'Mid thunder's peal and lightning's flash.

The skies may frown, or be they fair,
We little look, and less we care ;
And gaily sail, our track to keep
Upon the proud and peerless deep.
The land we loath, the sea we love,
For joys it hath ! all joys above.

We joy to see the Dolphin's play,
Beneath the sunlit sparkling ray ;
To mark while on our course we run,
The splendour of the setting sun.
But oh ! our greatest joy will be,
To feel, to know we're brave and free.*

THE CRUISKEEN LAUN.

Let the Farmer praise his grounds,
Let the Huntsman praise his hounds,
And boast of the deeds they have done :
But I more blest than they,
Spend each happy night and day

*Mr Edmund Smith, whoever he may be, will not add greatly to his reputation by the foregoing song. It is a source of wonderment to us how the Chevalier Neukomn could have composed such a delightful air to such commonplace words.

O'er my charming little Cruiskeen,* laun,
laun, laun,
O'er my charming little Cruiskeen laun.
Gra machree ma Cruiskeen slanth-a-gar
mavourneen, &c.

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, God of wine,
Create me by adoption your son !
In hope that you'll comply,
That my glass shall ne'er run dry ;
Nor my charming little Cruiskeen, laun, laun,
laun,
Nor my charming little Cruiskeen laun.
Gra machree, &c.

There's my Colleen Dhas,
A true kind-hearted lass ;
She's modest, oh ! she's gentle as the swan,
Her smile is so divine,
Could I quaff it off like wine,
Her sweet lips should be my Cruiskeen laun,
laun, laun,
Her sweet lips should be my Cruiskeen laun.
Gra machree, &c.

But when grim death appears
In a few but pleasant years,
To tell me, my glass it hath run :
I'll say begone, you knave,
Great Bacchus gave me leave
To take another Cruiskeen, laun laun, laun,
To take another Cruiskeen laun.
Gra machree, &c.

(D. O. B.)

*The Irish Wine Cup.

THE STORM.

Sung by *Mr Incledon*.

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,
List ye landsmen all to me ;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea :
From bounding billows first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling ;
By topsail sheets and haulyards stand—
Down top-gallants quick be hauling—
Down your staysails, hand, boys, hand !
Now it freshens, set the braces,—
Now the topsail sheets let go ;
Luff boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you at home in safety,
Shelter'd from the howling storm,
Tasting joys by Heaven vouchsafed ye,
Of our state vain notions form.
Round us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fears our minds enthralls ;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,—
Now again the boatswain calls !

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course ;
Let the foresheet go—don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the spritsail yard get—
Reef the mizen—see all clear ;
Hands up, each preventer brace set—
Man the foreyard—cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder rolling,
Peal on peal, contending clash :
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash ;—
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky ;
Different deaths at once surround us—
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

The foremast's gone ! cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck ;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out—
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
Come my hearts, be stout and bold !
Plumb the well—the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold !

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives and children mourn ;
Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas ! to them there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain pumps are chooked below,
Heaven have mercy here upon us !
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lea-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;
To the pump come, every hand, boys
See our mizenmast is gone !
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
Up and rig a jury-foremast :
She rights ! she rights, boys !—wear off shore.

Now once more, peace round us beaming,
Since kind heaven has saved our lives,

From our eyes joy's tears are streaming,
For our children and our wives :
Grateful hearts now beat in wonder
To him who thus prolongs our days ;
Hush'd to rest the mighty thunder,
Every voice bursts forth in praise.

MY SISTER DEAR.

From "*Masaniello*."—Words by *J. Kenny*, Music by
Auber.

My sister dear, o'er this rude cheek,
Oft I've felt the tear drop stealing ;
When those mute looks have told the feeling
Heaven denied thy tongue to speak :—
And thou had'st comfort in that tear,
Shed for thee my sister dear.
Shed for thee, &c.

But now, alas ! I weep alone,
By thee my youth's dear friend forsaken ;
While darkest thoughts my fears awaken,
Trembling at thy fate unknown ;—
And vainly flows the bitter tear,
Shed for thee my sister dear.
Shed for thee, &c.*

THE ADVICE.

Poor Celia once was very fair,
A quick bewitching eye she had,
Most neatly looked her braided hair,
Her dainty cheeks would make you mad ;

*There is not much genius displayed in the air of this song, which accounts for its being a favourite with the generality.

Upon her lip did all the Graces play,
And on her breast ten thousand Cupids lay.

Then many a doting lover came,
From seventeen till twenty-one,
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But she—forsooth—affected none ;
One was not handsome, t'other was not fine,
This of tobacco smelt and that of wine,

But t'other day it was my fate,
To walk that way along ;
I saw no coach before her gate,
But at the door I heard her moan ;
She dropt a tear, and sighing seemed to say,
“Young ladies, marry ! marry while you may.”*

LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

From the Melo-dramatic Opera of the “*Brigand*.”

Gentle Zitella. whither away ?
Love's Ritornella list while I play.
No ! I have lingered too long on the road ;
Night is advancing, the Brigand's abroad.
Lovely Zitella hath too much to fear,
Love's Ritornella she may not hear.

Charming Zitella why shouldst thou care ?
Night is not darker than thy raven hair ;
And those bright eyes if the Brigand should see,
Thou art the robber, the captive is he.
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear,
Love's Ritornella tarry and hear.

*This song is from a small volume of Poems, by Thos. Flatman, (Lond. 1674,) from which Pope contrived to plagiarise, while condemning their author.

Simple Zitella, beware, ah, beware !
List ye no ditty, grant ye no prayer ;
To your light footsteps let terror add wings,
'Tis Massaroni himself who now sings !
Gentle Zitella banish thy fear,
Love's Ritornella tarry and hear.*

MY MOUNTAIN HEATH.

ORIGINAL.

AIR.—*The Heather Bell.*

Oh ! for my lofty heath-clad hills,
My first, my early home !
Oh ! for the dash of the sportive rills,
Where so long I have loved to roam.
How oft have thy tempting pleasures led
My steps to thy rugged scene ;
And oh ! how sweet have the hours that fled
With thee, my Mary, been.

I've sail'd this mighty world twice o'er,
And sung on the billowy sea ;
But even in climes far away from the roar
Of the storm, I have sighed for thee !
Give me but to list to thy foaming streams,
As they dash on the cliffs beneath ;
'Tis there that the sun of my happiness beams,
In the heart of my dear mountain heath.

J. T. M.

*This unintelligible effusion is the production of Mr Planché, and the air, which has become exceedingly popular, is by T. Cooke.

AH, CHLORIS!AIR.—*Gilderoy*.

Ah, Chloris ! could I now but sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness or pain !
When I this dawning did admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
As metals in a mine ;
Age from no face takes more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine :
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection press'd,
So love, as unperceived, did fly,
And centre in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still, as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part ;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art ;—
To make a beauty, she.*

*This song is said to have been written by President Forbes of Culloden, upon Miss Mary Rose, a daughter of his neighbour, Rose of Kilravock, Nairnshire; and the period generally assigned to the composition is 1710, when Forbes was a very young man. The woods around Kilravock house are pointed out as the favourite resort of this interesting pair.

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Written by *Moore*.

Flow on, thou shining river,
But ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower and give her
The wreath I fling on thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wandering thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither,
Upon the cold bank there ;
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flow'rs from thee.

POLACCA.

Composed and sung by *Braham*.

No more by sorrow chased, my heart
Shall yield to fell despair :
Now joy repels the envenom'd dart,
And conquers every care.

So in our woods, the hunted boar
On native strength relies ;
The forests echo with his roar,
In turn the hunter flies.

BILLY O'ROORKE.

A favourite Irish comic song.

I greased my brogues, and cut my stick,
At the latter end of May, sir,
And off for England I set out,
To sail upon the sea, sir.
Then next to London I set out,
To reap the hay and corn sir,
To leave old Ireland far behind,
The place where I was born, sir.
With my shilimah cob,
And my heart so true,
Oh ! Billy O'Roorke's the boy, sir.

I paid the captain six thirteens
To carry me over to Margate ;
Before we got half over the waves,
It blew at a devil of a hard rate.
The great big stick that grew out of the ship,
Began to roar and whistle,
And the sailors all, both great and small,
Cries, " Pat, you will go to the devil."
With my, &c.

Some fell on their bended knees,
The ladies fell a fainting ;
But I fell to my bread and cheese,
For I always mind the main thing.
Says the sailors, " to the bottom you go,"
Says I " we don't care a farthing,
For I paid my passage from Margate you know,
And be dom'd but you'll stick to your bargain."
With my, &c.

The wind did whistle some to sleep,
Till we got to the place of landing,
N

And those that were the most afraid,
Were out the ladies handing.
Says I, "your clothes feel mighty droll,
You surely must have riches,
And for your heart, it don't lay in the right
part,
It surely must lay in your breeches."
With my, &c.

Then for London I set out,
And going along the road, sir,
I met with an honest gentleman,
Who proved to be a rogue, sir ;
He cocked a pistol to my breast,
Close to my very mouth, sir,
Saying "Paddy my boy, I'd have you be smart
In handing out your money, sir."
With my, &c.

"O, have you patience, honest gentleman,
And hear me speak a word, sir,
For twopence is all the money I have got,
To carry me many a mile, sir."
He said he would no longer wait,
His patience I had fairly tired ;
His pan it flashed, his brains I smashed,
With my shillelah that never miss'd fire.
With my, &c.

NICE YOUNG MAIDENS.

Sung by *Miss Newton*.

Here's a pretty set of us, nice young maidens,
Here's a pretty set of us, nice young maidens,
Here's a pretty set of us,
All for husbands at a loss ;
Shall we long continue thus, nice young
maidens ?

We have tender hearts and kind, nice young maidens,
 We have tender hearts and kind,
 And to marriage are inclined ;
 If we could but lovers find, nice young
 maidens.

We'll petition Parliament, nice young maidens,
 We'll petition Parliament,
 And a little argument,
 Will soon obtain us all we want, nice young
 maidens.

I'll no longer sigh and cry, nice young maidens,
 I'll no longer sigh and cry ;—
 Would you know the reason why ?
 I've a husband in my eye, nice young
 maidens.

Let me recommend a plan, nice young maidens,
 Let me recommend a plan,
 When you get a little man ;—
 'Tis to do the best you can, nice young
 maidens.

Thus I give you good advice, nice young maidens,
 Thus I give you good advice,—
 If you are not over nice,
 You'll get husbands in a trice, nice young
 maidens.

So now I leave you all to choose, nice young maidens,
 So now I leave you all to choose ;
 If any one offers—do'nt refuse,
 Else you will a husband lose ;
 [Spoken.] And then you'll stand a chance of being
 Poor old maidens.

WHAT MORTAL'S CAN BE.

From the German.

What mortals can be
So merry as we,
While round and round the wheels go ;
As the stream moves along,
We join in the song,
And our hearts in extacy glow :
No master we own, we are happy and free ;
Oh, the life of a bold reckless Millar for me !

In peace or in strife,
Oh merry's our life,
Or when winds blow stormy and high,
We care not a jot,
Until our wide moat,
With the heat of the summer runs dry :
Come fortune what may we ne'er disagree,
Oh, the life of a bold reckless Millar for me !

When the sunbeam's sink low,
Oh, then forth we go
And join in the gay sportive dance :
And the eyes of the maid,
As we trip 'neath the shade,
Speak love, as with pleasure they glance :
What bliss half so charming as this can there be,
Oh, the life of a bold reckless Millar for me.

OH ! LOVE, REMEMBER ME.

AIR.—Weber's last Waltz.

Remember me ! tho' rolling ocean
Place its bounds 'twixt thee and me ;
Remember me with soft emotion,
And believe I think of thee.

Shouldst thou behold fond lovers meeting,
All their gloomy thoughts to tell;
Or hear the tongue so prompt at greeting,
Utter slow that word "farewell!"

Remember me! for thus 'tis ever
When from thee oft forc'd to part;
My lingering look from thine could sever
Only with an aching heart.

Remember me! should e'er before thee
Lovers plead on bended knee;
Oh! let the shadowy past come o'er thee,
List not, but remember me.

Oh! might yon orb that brightly burneth,
On one spot light me and thee;
Then till that hour so dear returneth,
Fail not to remember me.

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonny bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn,
Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Oft have I roam'd by bonny Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
Where ilka bird sang o' its love.
And cheerfully sae did I o' mine
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
A rose frae aff yon thorny tree,

But my fause love has stole the rose,
And left the thorn behind to me.*

Additional Stanzas.

Ye roses blaw your bonny blooms,
And draw the wild birds by the burn ;
For Luman promised me a ring,
And ye maun aid me should I mourn.
Ah ! na, na, ye needna mourn,
My een are dim and drowsy worn ;
Ye little birds ye needna sing,
For Luman never can return.

My Luman's love, in broken sighs,
At break o' day by Doon ye'se hear,
And mid-day, by the willow green,
For him I'll shed the silent tear.
Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pity me,
And join me wi' a plaintive sang,
While echo wakes, and joins the mane
I mak' for him I lo'ed sae lang.

MY FATHER LAND.

The admired Tyrolienne.—Music by John Barnett.

I hear them speak of my father land,
And feel like a mountain child,
When they tell of the gallant Yager band,
And the Chamois bounding wild.

“*This beautiful song derives a peculiar interest, from its being associated with the stream which often murmured in the ear of its immortal bard. On the banks of this stream, a splendid monument rears its head in memory of Scotland's darling poet. A few paces from the monument is the house in which Burns was born, and the feelings of a Scotsman on entering it, may be conceived, by what the illustrious Irishman (J. P. Curran) felt and expressed on a visit to the same place.”

Of the snow-capped hills, to heaven that soar,
Where the avalanches fall!
And the chalet's joy when the chase is o'er,
And the *rans de vache* they call.
And when the tear would dim my eyes,
I raise the Alpine lay,
In the rapid's roar I drown my sighs,
And dance my griefs away.
La, la, &c.

O'er the mighty Hudson's banks I roam,
Through our giant forests stray,
And breathe a sigh for that mountain home,
And the joys so far away.
In thought, at eve I join each sport,
And the pastor's blessing share,
With the maidens in their kirtles short,
And their golden bodkin'd hair:
And when the tear would dim my eyes,
I raise the Alpine lay:
In the rapid's roar I drown my sighs,
And dance sad thoughts away.
La, la, &c.

THE MORNING DREAM.

Words and Music by *Samuel Lover, Esq.*

The eye of weeping had closed in sleeping,
And I dreamt a bright dream of night,—
And that sweet dreaming had all the seeming
Of truth in a softer light
I saw thee smiling, and light beguiling
Beam'd from that eye of thine,
As in a bower you own'd Love's power,
And fondly vow'd thou wouldst be mine.

The dream deceived me, for I believed thee,
In sleep as in waking hours,
But even slumber few joys could number,
While resting in dreamy bowers ;
For soon my waking the soft spell breaking,
I found fancy false as you,
'Twas darkness round me, the night-dream bound
me,
And I knew the dream was then untrue.

Again I slumbered, and woes unnumbered
Weigh'd on my aching heart,
Thy smile had vanish'd, and I was banish'd,
For ever doom'd to part.
From sleep I started all broken hearted,
The morn shone as bright as you,
The lark's sweet singing my heart's knell ringing,
For I knew the dream was then untrue.*

OH ! LEAVE ME TO MY SORROW

Words by *T. Haynes Bayley*. — Music by *Sir J. Stevenson*.

O ! leave me to my sorrow,
For my heart is oppress'd to-day ;
O ! leave me, and to morrow
Dark shadows may pass away.
There's a time when all that grieves us
Is felt with a deeper gloom ;
There's a time when hope deceives us,
And we dream of bright days to come.

*The melody of this song is extremely pleasing. Though less generally known, it is assuredly more deserving of popularity than "The Angel's Whisper" by the same author.

In Winter, from the mountain,
The stream like a torrent flows :
In summer, the same fountain
Is calm as a child's repose.
Thus in grief the first pangs wound us,
And tears of despair gush on ;
Time brings forth new flow'rs around us,
And the tide of our grief is gone.

Then heed not my pensive hours,
Nor bid me be cheerful now ;
Can sunshine raise the flowers*
That droop on a blighted bough ?
The lake, in the tempest, wears not
The brightness its slumber wore :
The heart of the mourner cares not
For joys that were dear before.

THE PRAISE OF MIRTH.

From *Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle."*

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food ;
Let each man keep his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease.
He, that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep ;
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts or rheums,
Or ling'ringly his lungs consumes ;
Or meets with aches in the bone,
Or catarrhs, or griping stone ;
But contented lives for aye ;
The more he laughs, the more he may.

O LOVER'S EYES ARE SHARP TO SEE.

O Lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And Lovers' ears in hearing,—
And Love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,—
Though now she sits on Needpath's tower
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decayed by pining,
'Till, through her wasted hand at night,
You saw the taper shining.
By fits a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying,
By fits so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seemed in her frame residing,
Before the watch dog pricked his ear
She heard her lover riding.
E'en scarce a distant form was ken'd,
She knew and waved to greet him,—
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came, he passed, an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing,
Her welcome spoke, in faltering phrase,
Lost in his horses prancing.
The Castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the subtle moan
Which told her heart was broken.

O MAIDEN FAIR.

A DUET.

Fiorello and Rosina.—" *Barber of Seville*,"

Fior. Oh maiden fair ! the morning breaks,
 And with the morn thy true love wakes !
 He wakes in hope to set thee free,
 And share thy love and liberty.

Rosin. Ah ! gentle youth, my burning cheek
 Would shame the morning's ruddy streak,
 If he for whom I feel it glow,
 Could hear my tongue my hopes avow.

Both. Ah ! maiden fair } to thee } I swear,
 Ah ! gentle youth } him }
 By every vow to love that's dear,
 Thy lover }
 Rosina } rest, or joy disdains,
 Till he }
 she } has burst the tyrant's chains.

POOR ROSE OF LUCERNE.

Music arranged from an original Swiss Melody, by *John Barnett*.—Sung by *Miss Love*.

I've come across the sea,
 I've braved every danger,
 For a brother dear to me,
 From Swiss-land a stranger ;
 Then pity, assist. and protect the poor stranger,
 And buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.
 A little toy, a little toy ;
 Then buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

Come round me, ladies fair,
 I've ribbands and laces,

I've trinkets rich and rare
To add to the graces
Of waist, neck, or arm, or your sweet pretty faces ;
Then buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne,
A little toy, a little toy ;
Then buy a little toy of poor rose of Lucerne.

I've paint and I've perfume,
For those who may use them ;
Young ladies, I presume,
You all will refuse them ;
The bloom on your cheek shows that you never use
them ;
Yet buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

I've a cross to make you smart,
On your breast you may bear it,
Just o'er your little heart
I advise you to wear it,
And I hope that no other cross e'er will come near
it ;
Yes I do,—so buy a toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.
Yes, I do—yes I do,
Soy buy a toy, buy a toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

BALLAD.

ORIGINAL.

They have bid me to the bridal,
And he'll greet me as a guest,
When the hand shall be another's.
That hath mine so often press'd ;
And he'll gaze upon me coldly,
But I know he will not speak ;
Lest the heart his bosom cherish'd,
In reproaching him should break.

When they sing the songs I sung him,
 Will he wear a look of pride ?
 Will he lavish fond caresses
 On the proud one by his side ?
 He was lured by wealth and power,
 From a heart that was his own,
 And has left its bloom to perish,
 In a barren world alone.

ISABELLA.

 ELLEN BOIDEACHD.

An old Scottish Ballad, founded on Tradition.

Row weel, my boatie, row weel,
 Row weel, my merry men a' ;
 For there's dule and there's wae in Glenfiorich's
 bowers,
 And there's grief in my father's ha'.

And the skiff it danc'd licht on the merry wee
 wave,
 And it flew owre the water sae blue :
 And the wind it blue licht, and the moon it
 shone bricht,
 But the boatie ne'er reach'd Allan Dhu.

Ochon ! for fair Ellen, ochon !
 Ochon ! for the pride of Strathcoe ;
 In the deep, deep sea, in the salt, salt bree,
 Lord Reoch, thy Ellen lies low.*

*The scene of the above is laid in a distant part of the West Highlands. The Laird of Glenfiorich lay at the point of death, and his daughter Ellen, the lady of Lord Campbell Reoch, was hastening to attend him, when the melancholy event occurred, on which the interest of the Ballad depends. The boat went down within sight of Allan Dhu, the port or landing place nearest to the Castle of Glenfiorich.

TO-MORROW.

Words by *M. Barnett*.—Music by *J. Barnett*.

Dear maid of Italia, though parted by sorrow
From thy sunny cline, where flowers ever bloom,
Still my heart fondly whispers "to-morrow, to-mor-
row,"

And hope, like the sunlight, disperses the gloom.
To-morrow, to-morrow, still whispers to-morrow,
And hope, like the sunlight, disperses the gloom.

Dear maid of Italia, when the bark wild was boun-
ing,

And darkling the storm cloud it burst o'er the sea,
'Mid the tempest's loud din, Hope's whisper was
sounding,

And my heart beat, my heart beat, Mariana, for
thee!

Dear maiden, dear maiden, for thee, for thee,
Mariana, Mariana, for thee, thee, thee, thee.

I'LL REMEMBER THEE.

Ah! forget thee, no, my love.

Time may stop or cease to be;

Streams forget to flow, my love,

But I'll remember thee!

Fairer forms may meet my sight,

Finer features, eyes more bright,—

But ah! forget thee, no, my love,

Time may stop or cease to be;

*There is a good deal of wild pathos about the melody of this song. The symphony is remarkable for the richness and beauty of its harmonies,—a merit by which almost all Barnett's compositions are distinguished.

Streams forget to flow my love,
But I'll remember thee !

Tho' I wander lonely love,
Thro' this vale of tears and woe,
'Tis thine absence only love
Shall cause the tears to flow,
Fare-thee-well, my bliss is o'er,
I shall ne'er behold thee more.
But ah ! forget, &c.

THE BEAUTIFUL BRIDE OF MY SOUL.

Composed by *Rodwell*,—From the "*Evil Eye*."

I seek her on every shore,
But seek her alas still in vain ;
In the cabin where oft I've been,
On the waves of the wild crested main.
I wander forlorn thro' the world,
My anguish I cannot controul,
She is gone—she is lost—she is dead,
The beautiful Bride of my soul.

I see in her desolate bower
The lute that she lov'd so to play,
The vase too she treasures is there,
But its flowers are faded away :
So tuneless, so withered, my heart
Its anguish I cannot controul,
Oh ! why e'er did I part
From the beautiful Bride of my soul.

CATCH.

How great is the pleasure,
How sweet the delight,
When soft love and music
Together unite.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree ;
At the foot of a rock where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,
Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me
ever :
For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourn-
ing,
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he ;
And, ah ! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.

He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring bil-
lows,
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore
him,
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me ;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er
him,
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.

The Dee shall then flow, all its beauties displaying ;
'The lambs on its banks shall again be seen play-
ing ;
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED.

By the *Rev. R. Burrowes.*

The night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit ;
A bit in their sacks, too, they fetched—
They sweated their duds till they riz it :
For Larry was always the lead,
When a friend was condemned to the squeezer,
But he'd pawn all the togs that he had,
Just to help the poor boy to a sneezer,
And moisten his gab 'fore he died.

“ 'Pon my conscience, dear Larry,” says I,
“ I'm sorry to see you in trouble,
And your life's cheerful noggin run dry,
And yourself going off like its bubble !”
“ Hould your tongue in that matter !” says he ;
“ For the neckloth I don't care a button ;
And by this time to-morrow you'll see
Your Larry will be dead as mutton :
All for what ? 'kase his courage was good.”

The boys they came crowding in fast ;
They drew their stools close round about him ;
Six gliins round his trap-case they placed—
He couldn't be well waked waked without 'em.
I axed if he was fit to die,
Without having only repented ;
Says Larry, “ That's all in my eye,
And all by the Clargy invented,
To make a fat bit for themselves.”

Then the cards being called for, they played,
Till Larry found one of them cheated !
Quick he made a hard rap at his head—
The lad being aisily heated.

“So ye chates me bekase I’m in grief !
O ! is that, by the Holy, the reason ?
Soon I’ll give you to know you d—d thief,
That you’re cracking your jokes out of season,
And scuttle your nob with my fist.”

Then in came the Priest with his book,
He spoke him so smooth and so civil ;
Larry tipp’d him a Kilmainham look,
And pitched his big wig to the devil.
Then raising a little his head,
To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
And pitiful sighing, he said,
“O ! the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
And choke my poor wind pipe to death !”

So sorrowful these last words he spoke,
We all vented our tears in a shower ;
For my own part, I thought my heart broke
To see him cut down like a flower.
On his travels we watched him next day.
O, the hangman ! I thought I could kill him ,
Not one word did our poor Larry say,
Nor changed till he came to King William :
Och, my dear then his colour turned white !

When we came to the nibbling chit,
He was tucked up so neat and so pretty ;
The rumbler jugged off from his feet,
And he died with his face to the city.
He kicked, too, but that was all pride,
For soon you might see ’twas all over ;
And as soon as the noose was untied,
Then at Dalky we waked him in clover,
And sent him to take a ground-sweat.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Written by *Moore*.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time ;
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn ;
Row, brothers, row ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our wearied oar ;
Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide ! the trembling moon
Shall see us float on thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
Grant us cool heavens, and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

RAMBLING STANZAS.

AIR.—*Oh ! London is a fine Town.*

A lady made a great complaint
A little while ago,
She seem'd to be in great despair
About a cook or two.

But what's a nasty creeshy cook
To fill a heart with woe ;
When folks complain, they never think
What others undergo.

These many years I've rid about,
And never had a skirt ;
So you may guess, my petticoats
Have aye been in the dirt.

And dirt's a thing I cannot bear,
Yet dirt I must go thro' ;
I kenna how to get a skirt,
Or what to make it o'.

I fain wou'ld wear a camblet skirt,
My petticoats aboon,
But camblet's an untasty thing,
And it would wear out soon.

If I should make a washing thing,
It soon would flinsey be :
And all the laughing loons would make
A laughing stock of me.

For any one who's making webs,
It would be little work
To add some five or six more yards
Of good Turk upon Turk.

'Twould last me all my days I'm sure,
And would look very douse ;
But then I fear I'd be a lump,
And look as big's a house.

I cannot make it to my mind,
To want it is as bad ;
In short I must not ride at all,
And there's the upshot o'd.*

*This piece of nonsense is curious only as being the veritable production of Lord Binning, and never having hitherto been printed.

POOR TOM.

Sung in the Farce of "*The Waterman.*"

Then farewell, my trim-built wherry,
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell ;
Never more at Chelsea ferry
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battles heat I'll go ;
Where exposed to every danger,
Some friendly ball may lay me low.

Then mayhap, when homeward steering
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, my story hearing,
With a sigh, may cry--poor Tom !

OH ! IF SHE HAD NEVER KNOWN HIM.

Words and Music by *Geo. Linley, Esq.*

Oh ! if she had never known him,
Hers had been a happy lot,
Now, when all the world disown him,
Why doth *she* forsake him not ?
'Tis that woman's heart grows fonder
'Midst her sorrows and her fears :
'Tis that she would rather die,
Than part from one so lov'd for years.

Gone is youth and beauty's treasure,
Mute her harp hangs on the walls ;
Now no more the mirthful measure
Echoes through the stately halls.
She hath borne a father's anger,
Heard a mother's voice reprove,
Yet doth every other feeling,
Fade before her constant love.

GREEN HILLS OF TYROL.

Written by *Geo. Linley, Esq.*—Music by *G. Rossini.*

Sung by *Madam Malibran.*

Green hills of Tyrol! again I see,
The home of childhood so dear to me ;
Again I press your verdant shade,
Where oft my footsteps have wildly stray'd.
Once more I am near him,
My own one—my fond one!
Again I shall hear him
Love's accents repeat ;
While to his sighs,
My heart replies ;
And every glance is soft and sweet,
Green hills of Tyrol, &c.

From yonder woodlands, sounding clear,
His merry bugle note I hear :
With eye of hawk, and falchion keen,
He comes, he comes, my Tyrolien !
Once more I behold him,
My dear one—my fond one !
To my bosom I'll fold him,
My own Tyrolien.
Haste, haste my love, why linger now ?
The sun is shedding his parting glow ;
The Chamois seeks his peaceful glade,
And homeward wanders the mountain maid.

Oh ! come then and cheer me,
My own one—my fond one !
Again thou shalt hear me sing love's tender strain,
While every note, my lips repeat,
As soft and sweet, thou'lt breathe again ;
Then haste my love, why linger now ?
The sun is shedding, &c.

Hark, hark, I hear his well-known cry.
While answering echo makes reply.
Now, now, he waves his scarf of green,
He comes, he comes, my Tyrolien.
Once more I behold him, &c.

CAPTAIN BELL.

A Parody on the celebrated Spanish Serenade, "*Isabel*."

When you took lodgings in my neat first floor,
And your regiment first marched into town :
Before I had seen your sweet face half an hour,
I lent you my dear sir, half-a-crown,
Captain Bell ! Captain Bell !
'Tis yourself that knows how well to borrow,
And you put off the people so well,
With your "call and I'll pay you to-morrow,"
Captain Bell ! Captain Bell !

And when you treated us all to the play,
Oh ! did I not lend you the cash ?
And when you axed us to came and drink *tay*,
My plated *tay*-pot cut the dash,
Captain Bell ! Captain Bell !
'Tis not for my *tay*-pot I sorrow ;
Though I know it is safe mighty well,
I beg you'll return it to-morrow,
Captain Bell ! Captain Bell !

But if a rich widow lie in your way,
'Tis myself, widow Brady, 's your *man* ;
You shall live at free quarters, with nothing to pay,
Come, fellow me that if you can ;
Captain Bell ! Captain Bell !
'Tis better to marry than borrow,
And although you may think you're a swell,
You must settle my bill, sir, to-morrow,
Captain Bell ! Captain Bell !

SONG FROM SCHILLER'S ROBBERS.

To ease a fat cit of his gilders bright,
And mayhap cut a throat, if need be,
The roar and the clash of a rattling fight,—
Ho ! these are the scenes where we'd be.
And when toil is o'er, with a wench on our knee,
To chase all sadness away, boys ;
To-morrow we swing on the gallows tree,
Then let us be jolly to-day, boys.

The life we lead is bold and free,
'Tis a life full of pleasure, I trow, too.
Our tent by night is the green-wood tree,
When the tempest's abroad, abroad are we,
The moon is the sun we bow to.
Dan Mercury is our patron true,
He's the lad that can bring a job deftly through.

Some burly priest is our prize to-day ;
Some lusty farmer to-morrow ;
And as for the rest, 'tis our constant way.
On Providence largely to borrow.

And when we have moisten'd our gullets well,
Deep draughts of good Rhenish swilling.
Our brains are on fire, and our spirits swell,
And we're hand and glove with the Lord of hell,
That down in its flames is grilling.

Fathers in desolation groaning,
Mothers their doleful plight bemoaning,
The whimpering of a bride forlorn,
Are sweeter than music of trump or horn.

And to see the wretches quaking so
Beneath our curtal axes bright,
Bleating like calves at each coming blow,

And before our sabres, like flakes of snow,
Falling fast,—'tis a feast to our eyes, ho ! ho !
And tickles our ears with a strange delight.

And when my hour to kick arrives,
The hangman up shall wind it,
'Tis what we have work'd for all our lives,
And so we never mind it.
A glass of good stuff to warm our hearts,
As we march to the gallows tree, boys,
Then a bold hurrah ! rax, dax ! and away
On our merry-go-round spin we, boys.

O MERRY ROW THE BONNY BARK.

Sung by *Miss Jane Coveny*.

“O merry row, O merry row
The bonnie, bonnie bark,
Bring back my love to calm my woe,
Before the night grows dark.
My Donald wears a bonnet blue,
A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue,
A snow-white rose upon it too,
A highland lad is he.”
Then merry row, &c.

As on the pebbly beach I strayed,
Where rocks and shoals prevail,
I thus o'erheard a Lowland maid
Her absent love bewail.
A storm arose, the waves ran high,
The waves ran high, the waves ran high,
And dark and murky was the sky,
The wind did loudly roar.
But merry row'd, &c.

SONG.

By *Lewis Tieck*.(From the *Dublin University Magazine*.)

Yes cherish pleasure !
To him alone
'Tis given to measure
Time's jewelled zone.

As over meadows
Cloud-masses throng,
So sweep the shadows
Of earth along.

The years are hasting
To swift decay ;
Life's lamp is wasting
By day and day.

Yet cherish pleasure !
To him alone
'Tis given to measure
Time's jewelled zone.

For him the hours are
Enamelled years ;
His laughing flowers are
Undulled by tears.

With him the starry
And regal wine
Best loves to tarry
Where sun-rays shine.

And when night closes
Around his sky,
In graves of roses
His buried lie.

Then cherish pleasure !
To him alone
'Tis given to measure
Time's jewelled zone.

THE LASS OF ARRANTEENIE.

Written by *Tannahill*.

Far lone, amang the Highland hills,
'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens, and woody glens,
With weary steps I wander :
The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are nought to me, when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass of Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
Just op'ning fresh and bonnie,
Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
And's scarcely seen by ony :
Sae sweet amidst her native hills
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
The flower of Arranteenie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow,
I view the distant ocean ;
There avarice guides the bounding prow,
Ambition courts promotion.—
Let fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurel'd favours many,
Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
'The lass of Arranteenie.

SMART YOUNG BACHELORS.

Sung by *Miss Newton*.

Here we are a dashing set, smart young bachelors !
Here we are a dashing set, smart young bachelors !
Here we are a dashing set,
Over head and ears in debt,
Seeking each a wife to get, smart young
bachelors.

When young maidens we implore, smart young
bachelors,
When young maidens we implore,
With an eye upon their store ;
'Tis for—love, and nothing more, smart
young bachelors.

Up to fashion's height we dress, smart young bache-
lors,
Up to fashion's height we dress,
Quite the go !—but, we confess,
Often poor and pennyless, smart young
bachelors.

Youth and beauty we pursue, smart young bache-
lors,
Youth and beauty we pursue,
Tho' some wrinkled dame might do,
With a thousand pounds or two, smart
young bachelors.

What a life 'twould be to us, smart young bachelors,
What a life 'twould be to us,
Wife at home, and child at nurse !
Not a penny in our purse, smart young
bachelors.

Ladies all, it matters not, smart young bachelors,
Ladies all it matters not,
Gentle, simple, tall, or squat,
So you have the rhino got.

[*Spoken.*] Then indeed you have the command of
them, and may choose a husband when you please,
to keep him from the list of
Poor old bachelors !

FAIR ISABEL.

Some in this busy world may find
A balm to soothe the aching mind ;
But we will roam by silent dell,
Where all is still, fair Isabel !
There modest flowers bloom sweet and fair,
Whose balmy scent perfumes the air ;
They please,—but thou hast cast a spell
O'er this fond heart, fair Isabel !

Soft as the gush of rippling rill,
Which flows so sweet from yonder hill,
Our tale shall be : and then we'll dwell
In blissful peace, fair Isabel !
There oft through wood and heath we'll roam,
No step shall track our peaceful home ;
Unheard is there the doleful knell,
Which speaks of grief, fair Isabel !

Maid of dark locks and sparkling eyes,
Thou wilt not sure my prayer despise ;
I love thee more than tongue can tell,
I'll love thee ever, Isabel !
Grant but thy love, and I'll not part
Thy image from this swelling heart ;
Ah ! heard you not yon piercing yell ?
'Tis Love's last cry, fair Isabel !

TELL ME DEAREST WHAT IS LOVE.

From the "*Captain*," by *Beaumont and Fletcher*.

Tell me, dearest, what is love ?

'Tis a lightning from above ;

'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,

'Tis a boy they call Desire.

'Tis a smile

Does beguile

The poor hearts of men that prove.

Tell me more, are women true ?

Some love change, and so do you.

Are they fair and never kind ?

Yes, when men turn with the wind.

Are they froward ?

Ever toward

Those that love, to love anew.

Tell me more yet, can they grieve ?

Yes, and sicken sore, but live :

And be wise and delay,

When you men are as wise as they.

Then I see,

Faith will be

Never till they both believe.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Written by *Moore*.

Oh ! the days are gone, when beauty bright,

My heart's chain wove ;

When my dream of life from morn till night,

Was love, still love.

New hope may bloom,

And days may come

Of milder, calmer beam,

But there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream ;
Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream.

Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past,—
Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last ;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear,
His soul-felt flame ;
And at every close she blush'd to hear
The once-lov'd name.

Oh ! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love traced ;
Still its lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste :
'Twas odour fled,
As soon as shed,
'Twas morning's winged dream ;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I sigh and lament me in vain,
These walls can but echo my moan,
Alas ! it increases my pain
When I think of the days that are gone :
Thro' the grate of my prison, I see
The birds as they wanton in air,
My heart how it pants to be free !
My looks they are wild with despair.

Above tho' opprest by my fate,
I bore with contempt for my foes,
Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to those.
False woman ! in ages to come
Thy malice detested shall be ;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day,
How sad tolls the evening bell ;
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow winds seem to murmur around :
" O Mary ! prepare thee to die,"
My blood it runs cold at the sound.

SUCH TEARS ARE BLISS.

Oh ! give me a sweet and shady bower,
On the banks of a river clear and bright ;
And let not a ray of the sun have power
To peep thro' the woodbines from morn till night.
Then sing me the songs I used to hear
In our own sweet home, more fair than this ;
And if on my cheek you behold a tear,
Sing on—sing on—for such tears are bliss.

When last we met in that lovely home,
We knew not the meaning of such fond tears ;
We are older now, and mourn for some
Who shared in the pleasures of former years.
Ah ! when I remember how oft they heard
That song in a shady spot like this,
Though a tear may fall on every word,
Sing on—sing on—such tears are bliss.

THE INCH-CAPE ROCK.

Music by *Kalkbrenner*.

No stir in the air, no stir on the sea,
The ship lies as still, as still as may be,
Her sails have neither breath nor motion,
Her keel lies steady in the ocean ;
Without either sound, or sense of their shock,
The waves roll'd over the Inch-Cape Rock.
So little they rose, so little they fell,
You could not hear the Inch-Cape bell ;
That bell had a holy Abbot hung,
And on a floating raft it swung ;
And, as the billows rose or fell,
Still louder and louder was heard the knell ;
The sailors bore off from this perilous rock,
And bless'd the good Abbot of Aberbrothock.

And now that bell and its float were seen
Like a darker spot on the ocean green :
The sun in heaven rode high and gay,
All things were happy on that day.
The sea-gull screamed as she flitted around,
And there was pleasure in the sound :—
Sir Ralph the Rover walked the deck,
His eye was on that dark green speck ;
He felt the influence of the spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing :
His heart was mirthful to excess—
But the pirate's mirth was wickedness ;
His eye was on the bell and float,
“ My men,” he said “ get out the boat,
And row me to the Inch-Cape Rock,
I'll plague the old Abbot of Aberbrothock.”

The boat they lower, the boat they row
And to the Inch-Cape Rock they go ;

Sir Ralph has leant him o'er the boat,
He cut the bell from off the float.
Down sunk the bell with glingling sound,
The bursting billows close around ;—
Quoth the rover, " The next that comes to the
rock
Wont bless the old Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He harried the seas for many a day,
Till, having gained of gold full store,
He home returned to Scotland's shore.
The wind had blown a gale all day—
Towards evening it had died away ;
The mist was so thick on the ocean green,
Nor cape nor headland could be seen.
On the deck the rover takes his stand,
" The weather's so thick, I can spy no land ;"
Quoth another " 'twill be lighter soon,
Yonder's the beam of the rising moon ;"—
Quoth another " Dost hear the breakers roar,
Yonder, methinks, should be the shore ;
Yet where we are I cannot tell,
Would to heaven we could hear the Inch-Cape
bell."

Though the wind is down, the tide is strong,
The vessel quickly drifts along :—
At once she strikes, with a dreadful shock—
" Oh Christ ! she has struck on the Inch-Cape
Rock !"

Sir Ralph the rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair !
The rock had burst an opening wide,
The waves rushed in on every side,—
Yet even in that hour of fear
One only sound could the rover hear :

A sound, as if, with the Inch-Cape bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.*

MY JAMIE IS FAR O'ER THE SEA.

Sung by *Mrs Waylett*.—Music by *A. Lee*.

Oh ! sing from thy spray
Thy wild notes so gay,
Pretty warbler, oh sing from the tree ;
Oft beneath thy rosy bow'r,
I've met at twilight hour,
My Jamie that's far on the sea.

Beside yon myrtle boughs,
We gave our mutual vows,
From sorrow our hearts then were free !
All pleasure now is gone
While I murmur alone,
My Jamie is far o'er the sea.

But why should I sigh,
The summer is nigh,
And the birds sing again from the tree,
The roses shall bloom,
And the soft breezes soon
Shall waft him again from the sea.

Thou bright star of night,
Oh ! guide him aright,
From dangers my Jamie keep free ;
Now of wealth I have a store,
He shall wander no more,
Ne'er again shall he sail on the sea.

*Neddy Fitzball, Esq. Gent. has compounded a Nautical Burletta from this bit of rhyme, which, in wit fully equals the Reform Bill.

THE GOOD OLD WOMAN.

From the French of *Beranger*.

Ay ! you my winsome lady, must grow old ;
Grow old, alas !—and I shall cease to be.
For me, even now, days lost appear twice told—
Time, in his flight, counts on so heedlessly.
Survive me ! but let baneful age still find
Thee to my lessons ever, ever true,
And, good old woman, near a hearth full kind,
Still be thy lover's lays troll'd forth by you.

And, when beneath thy wrinkles, many an eye
Will seek the charms that erst inspired my song,
Of fond recitals greedy, youth will cry :

“ What like was he—this lover wept so long ?”
Paint then my love—if haply this may be ;
Its transports—its excess—its jealous frays.
And by thy kind hearth, seated peacefully,
A good old woman, sing thy lover's lays.

They, too, will ask, “ Had he, then, winning
ways ?”

And with no blush wilt thou reply—“ I loved,”
“ Did touch of shame e'er soil his chequer'd days ?”
“ Never !” exclaim, with prideful Memories
mov'd.

Ah ! fondly say, that, tender, true, and warm,
With thoughtful soul he struck a joyous lyre,
And, good old woman, free from care and harm,
Repeat thy lover's lays beside thy fire.

O thou, whose tears I taught to flow for France,
Tell above all the children of the brave,
My song was, aye of Hope, and Glory's glance,
My wretched country to console and save.
Say, the dread storm laid prostrate at a burst
Our laurel harvests heap'd for twenty years,

And sing thy lover's lays fond, as at first,
A good old woman, free from cares and fears.

My own heart's darling ! when my vain renown
Shall soothe the sorrows of thy failing years—
When from thy trembling hand a flowry crown
Will deck my portrait as each spring appears ;
O ! lift thine eyes unto that world unseen,
Where we at last shall meet to part no more—
And old and gentle near a hearth serene,
Still from those lips thy lover's lays outpour !
M. R.

SONG.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Now the lusty spring is seen ;
Golden yellow, gandy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull,
Lilies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full :
All Love's emblems, and all cry,
“ Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die.”

Yet the lusty spring hath staid
Blushing red and purest white,
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waist :
All Love's emblems, and all cry,
“ Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die.”

I HAE NAEBODY NOW.

Words by *James Hogg*.

I hae naebody now—I hae naebody now
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' her light locks waving o'er her brow,
And joy in her deep blue een ;
Wi' the saft sweet kiss an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while
That had happen'd when I was away.

I hae naebody now—I hae naebody now
To clasp to my bosom at even ;
O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from Heaven ;
An' the wild embrace, an' the gleesome face,
In the morning that met mine eye,—
Where are they now ? where are they now ?
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naebody kens—there's naebody kens,
An' O may they never prove
That sharpest degree of agony
For the child of their earthly love !
To see a flower, in its vernal hour,
By slow degrees decay,
Then softly aneath in the arms of death
Breathe its sweet soul away.

O dinna break, my poor auld heart,
Nor at thy loss repine ;
For the unseen hand that threw the dart
Was sent from her father and thine.
Yes, I maun mourn, an' I will mourn,
Even till my latest day ;
For though my darling can never return,
I shall follow her soon away.

I'M THE DANDY O.

Words and Music by *R. T. Crossfield.*

Tho' late as a waiter I ran up and down,
With bottles, glasses, claret, rum and brandy O,
Now an officer I'm made, I'll have a servant of my
own,

And be among the ladies quite the dandy O.

My cravat sticks out like a pidgeon's breast.
My hat so smart, my sword so long so handy O,
Like a sheep's tail at each ear my hair's completely
drest,

And my military cue you see's the dandy O.

My patent blue rib'd stockings I wear with a grace,
And my watch chains on each side hing so
grandy O,

With my spy glass in my hand, patch and paint up-
on my face,

From my feathers to my buckles I'm the dandy O.

At concerts and at dances the ladies I will court,
With words and looks as sweet as sugar-candy O,
And then for fighting duels—oh ! I shall have charin-
ing sport,

Then dam'me ! who but I shall be the dandy O.

And when a great warrior I come home, I design
With Jacob here to take a nip of brandy O,
For who knows but in time he'll hang me up for his
sign,

Then Caleb boy, I think you'll be the dandy, O.*

*This song was sung on the Edinburgh stage, towards the close of the last Century, by Mr Moss, as Caleb in "He would be a Soldier." For a biographical notice of this Comedian, and the air of the song, see part 10 of "Kay's Edinburgh portraits," just published.

THE SIGH AND TEAR.

Sung by *Miss Shirreff*, in *Balfe's* Opera of "*The Siege of Rochelle*,"—Words by *Fitzball*.

'Mid the earlier scenes of youth,
Mem'ry still delights to stray,
Scenes replete with love and truth,
Faded all away !
When those bow'rs of myrtle weave,
In that maze of stream and tree,
Beats there still a heart to breathe
One sad *sigh* for me ?

Sparkling do those fountains flow,
As when there I tun'd the lute ;
Doth some other charm him now ?
Is he still as mute ?
Tho' my bosom burst with wrong,
I could bless that happy she,
Might a note of her sweet song
Wake one *tear* for me.

MY LOVE & COTTAGE NEAR ROCHELLE.

Sung by *Mr Phillips*, in the same Opera.

When I beheld the anchor weighed,
And with the shore thy image fade,
I deemed each wave a boundless sea,
That bore me still from love and thee :
I watched alone the sun decline,
And envied beams on thee to shine,
While anguish painted, 'neath her spell,
My love and cottage near Rochelle.

'Mid every clime would memory trace
In every scene that gentle face,
That mute pale lip—thy parting sigh,
That one sad tear which filled thine eye ;

Till fancy's dream, with sweet controul,
On magic wings would lift my soul.
And waft me home with thee to dwell,
My love and cottage near Rochelle.*

VANITAS, VANITATUM VANITAS.

From *Goethe*.

The clasps of my purse to the devil are gone :
 Huzza ! huzza !
So things will henceforth go swimmingly on ;
 Huzza, and encore huzza !
And he that will join me in trolling my carol,
May coax or may claw me, may kiss or may quarrel,
I've tapped my last barrel.

I've set my heart once upon silver and gold :
 Huzza ! huzza !

But suffered for that as you needn't be told,
 Alas, and alack-a-day !

The money kept ratling as long as it lasted,
And if, like a beggar, in groats I amassed it,
In dollars 'twas wasted.

So, dished in the scheme, I grew sweet on the fair,
 Huzza ! huzza !

And got for my labours a budget of care ;
 Alas, and alack-a-day !

The false in a trice shewed their genius for diddling ;
The fond were too partial to feasting and fiddling ;
The best were—but middling.

I now, from a fancy to travel and trudge :
 Huzza ! huzza !

*Mr Phillips, by the exquisite style in which he gave this song, lent a charm to it which, we dare say, neither Mr Balfe nor Mr Fitzball ever dreamt of.

Got quit of my fatherland's travel and sludge,
Alas, and alack-a-day !
But the roads were a bore, and the towns were unsightly,
And flint-skinning innkeepers bubbled me nightly,
And nothing went rightly.

I took to self-trumpeting then, and crying
"Huzza ! huzza !"
Till sneers and slanderers set me a-sighing
"Alas, and alack-a-day !"
The world is disposed to be doubly censorious,
Outrageous, uproarious, when one is vainglorious ;
My faults grew notorious.

My last *escapade* was to start for the wars,
Huzza ! huzza !
From which I reap'd little but hardship and scars,
Alas and alack-a-day !
Till once, as our troops a redoubt were attacking,
I found that to mend a *redoubtable* thwacking,
My right leg was lacking.

So stock, lock, and barrel thus gone to the dogs,
Huzza ! huzza !
I'll now follow Fortune wherever she jogs,
And devil may care for the way !
I'll starve when I must—when I can, live in clover,
And die the heart's blood of a roystering rover.
My ballad is over.*

IRISH BANQUET SONG.

By *Geo. Colman, the Younger.*

Hail to our chief ! now he's wet through with whisky,
Long life to the lady come from the salt seas ;

*Dublin University Magazine.

Strike up, blind harpers ! skip high to be frisky !
For what is so gay as a bag full of fleas ?
Crest of O'Shaughnashane !
That's a potatoe plain,
Long may your root every Irishman know.
Pats long have stuck to it,
Long bid good luck to it ;
Whack, for O'Shaughnashane !—Tooleywhagg, oh !

Ours is an esculent, lusty and lasting.
No turnip or other weak babe of the ground ;
Waxy, or mealy, it hinders from fasting
Half Erin's inhabitants all the year round.
Want's the soil where 'tis flung,
Hog's cow's or horse's dung,
Still does the crest of O'Shaughnashane grow :
Shout for it, Ulster men,
Tiil the bogs quake again ;
Whack for O'Shaughnashane !—Tooleywhagg, oh !

Drink, Paddies, drink to the ladies so shining !
While flowrets shall open and bog-trotters dig ;
So long may the sweet rose of beauty be twining
Around the potatoe of proud Blarneygig.
While the plant vegetates,
While whisky recreates,
Wash down the roots from the horns that o'erflows,
Shake your shelelahs, boys !
Schreeching drunk, scream your joys !
Whack for O'Shaughnashane,—Tooleywhagg oh !

A LOVER'S HATE.

Written by *Sir John Suckling*.

I will not love one minute more I swear,
No not one minute ; not a sigh or tear

Thou gett'st from me, or one kind look again,
Though thou shouldst court me to't, and wouldst
begin.

I will not think of thee but as men do
Of debts and sins, and then I'll curse thee too :
For thy sake woman shall be now to me
Less welcome, than at midnight ghosts shall be :
I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be
Treason to love that man that loves a she ;
Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,
That's in thy sex, because it does lie there ;
Their very virtue, grace, discourse, and wit,
And all for thee :—What ! wilt thou love me yet ?*

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

Words, by *T. Haynes Bayly*.—Symphonies and Accompaniments by *T. A. Rawlings*.

Shades of ev'ning, close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile ;
Morn, alas ! will not restore us,
Yonder dim and distant isle ;
Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell ;
Darker shadows round us hover,
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well !

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light ;

*There is something extremely touching, playful, and natural in the surprise at the conclusion of this little copy of verses. The compliment which the last line but one conveys into it is exquisite. The lovers are set before us ; the poet with his face of pretended renouncement, and the lady anticipating his last words with a movement of grateful fondness.

Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to-night?
Thro' the mist that floats above us
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly "Fare thee well!"

When the waves are round me breaking
As I pace the deck alone;
And my eye in vain is seeking,
Some green leaf to rest upon.
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell!
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

Written by *Burns*.

First when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was nature's child,—
Wiser men than me's beguil'd;
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we 'gree;
I carena by how few may see,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet;
I could write—but Meg maun see't,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

'TIS TIME THIS HEART SHOULD BE
UNMOVED.

Words by *Byron*.—Music by *W. P. S.*

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move,
Yet, tho' I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.
My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flow'rs and fruit of love are gone ;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine, are mine, alone.

The fire that on my bosom prays,
Is lone as some volcanic isle ;
No torch is kindled at its blaze,
A funeral pile :
The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not thus, and 'tis not here,
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor
now,
Where glory decks the hero's bier
Or binds his brow.
The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory. and Greece, around me see !
The Spartan, born upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake ! (not Greece, she is awake !)
Awake, my spirit ! think thro' whom
Thy life blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home !
Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood ! unto thee

Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, why live ?
The land of honourable death
Is here : up to the field, and give
Away thy breath !
Seek out, less often sought than found
A soldier's grave for thee the best ;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

FAR, FAR, AT SEA.

'Twas night, when the bell had toll'd twelve,
And poor Susan was laid on her pillow,
In her ear whisper'd some flitting elf—
Thy love is now lost on a billow,
Far, far, at sea.

All was dark, as she woke out of breath,
Not an object her fears could discover ;
All was still as the silence of death,
Save fancy, which painted her lover.
Far, far, at sea.

AVE MARIAS !

Words by *Sir W. Scott*.—Music by *Mlle. Bartholdy*.

Ave Maria ! maiden wild !
Listen to a maiden's prayer :
Thou can'st hear tho' from the wild,
Thou can'st save amid despair !
Soft may we sleep beneath thy care,
Tho' banish'd, outcast, and reviled,
O maiden ! hear a maidens prayer--
O mother ! hear a suppliant child.
Ave Maria !

THE ORPHAN BOY.

As dew-drops in the silent night
Fall on each tender flower,
Refreshing with there sweetness, these
Frail tenants of the bower ;
So fell a mother's smiles on me,
A father's fond regard :
A sister's love too—now, alas !
All, all have disappear'd.

As autumn's with'ring blasts succeeds
Fair summer's kindly showers ;
Throwing a blight o'er vales and meads,
And hills, and trees, and flowers.
So o'er my soul a blight hath pass'd,
Destroying all its joy ;
Leaving nor hope, nor joy, to cheer
The lonely orphan boy.

AGNES ALLAN.

THE SAILOR'S PARTING.

Oh, could the wind but waft a sigh
Or burning kiss to thee :
And, as it chang'd, return again
Thy softer kiss to me.

Or could a wandering breeze impart
Each thought I longed to share,
In murm'ring whisper reach my heart,
And keep mine image there.

From distant wilds and stormy seas,
Reviving hope of breath we'd glean ;
From tempests snatch our bosom peace,
And bless the cruel space between.*

*This little morçeau is taken from "The Discarded Son," a tale, by Chas. Barwel Coles, Esq. ; Lond. 1823.

MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

Words by *Macneill*.AIR.—*Bonny Dundee*.

“Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye mine ain thing?
Saw ye my true love down by yon lee?
Cross'd she the meadow, yestreen at the gloaming?
Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree?
Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white;
Dark is the blue of her saft rolling ee;
Red, red her ripe lip is, and sweeter than roses,—
Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?”

“I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lee;
But I met *my* bonny thing, late in the gloaming,
Doon by the burnie, whar flow'rs the haw tree.
Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-
white,
Dark was the blue of her saft rolling ee;
Red war her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
Sweet war the kisses that she gae to me.”

“It was na my wee thing, it was na mine ain thing,
It was na my true love ye met by the tree!
Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,
She never loo'd ony till ance she lov'd me.
Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee!
Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
Young braggart, she ne'er would gie kisses to
thee.”

“It was then *your* Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
It was then *your* true love I met by the tree
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet war the kisses that she gae to me.”

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek
grew,

Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling ee ;
 "Ye'se rue sair this morning, your boasting and
 scorning,
 Defend, ye fause traitor, for loudly ye lie."

"Awa wi' beguiling," cried the youth smiling ;
 Aff gaed the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee ;
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling ee.

"Is it my wee thing ? is it mine ain thing ?
 Is it my true love here that I see ?"
 "O Jamie, forgie me, your heart's constant to me,
 I'll never mair wander, my true love, frae thee."

JIM CROW'S TRIP TO FRANCE.

I've been ober on de continent,
 Just to take a glance,
 And see de manner and the fashion
 Of de people dat in France.
 Wheel about and twirl about,
 And do just so ;
 Ebry time I wheel about,
 I jump Jim Crow.

When I landed in Bolony,
 I walked about just like a fool,
 While de French folks hollow'd arter me,
 Dar goes a jacky bool.
 Wheel about, &c.

So I went to de stage office,
 And a passage dar I took,
 In a ting dey call a dillygence,
 Looks like a chicken coop.
 Wheel about, &c.

Dar was a Frenchman and a Yanky,
A going to hab a ride ;
An Irishman, and Englishman,
And Jim Crow beside.
Wheel about, &c.

Dey gin to talk of pollytics,
And which country was de best ;
And I gib'd my opinions dar,
Along wid all de rest.
Wheel about, &c.

De Frenchman said his country
Was de best in all Europe,
'Cause dey make de macarony,
And put garlic in de soup.
Wheel about, &c.

Dunder and blixens, said de Dutchman,
And he'd lebe it to de rest,
Dat Vonhauten Slackenhausen
Of vouch Hamburg was the best.
Wheel about, &c.

Den de Irishman began to laugh
And said, touch us if you can ;
We've got buttermilk and praties—
Besides our agitating Dan.
Wheel about, &c.

Den de Yanky put his say in,
And says I rather tink and calculate
Dat Boston is de place
For a chap to speculate.
Wheel about, &c.

But, say de jolly Englishman,
It is my firm belief,

No country like de country
Of roast pudding and plum beef.
Wheel about, &c.

Now says I look here, white folks,
De country for me,
Is de country whar de people
Hab made poor nigger free.
Wheel about, &c.*

NORAH THE PRIDE OF KILDARE.

As beauteous as Flora
Is charming young Norah,
The joy of my heart, and the pride of Kildare ;
I ne'er will deceive her,
For sadly 'twould grieve her,
To find that I sighed for another, less fair.
Her heart with truth teeming,
Her eye with smiles beaming,
What mortal could injure a blossom so rare ?
O ! Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare, &c.

Where'er I may be, love,
I'll ne'er forget thee, love,
Tho' beauties may smile, and try to ensnare ;
Yet nothing shall ever
Mine heart from thine sever,
Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the pride of Kildare.
Thy heart with truth teeming,
Thy eye with smiles beaming,
What mortal could injure a blossom so rare ?
O ! Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare, &c.

*We are happy to observe that the country has at last got rid of that intolerable nuisance, Jim Crow Rice. Not to speak profanely, it might not be amiss that a general hanksgiving were held on the occasion.

THE ARETHUSA.

Music by *Shield*.

Come all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,

Huzza to the Aretnusa.

She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave,
Her men are staunch,
To their fav'rite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
The English channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The famed Belle Poole straight a head did lie,
The Arethusa seem'd to fly.

Not a sheet, or a tack,
Or a brace did she slack,
Through the Frenchman laugh'd and thought it
stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men how
tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France ;
We with two hundred did advance,

On board of the Arethusa.

Our captain hail'd the Frenchmen, ho !
The Frenchman then cried out, hallo !

" Bear down d'ye see,
To our Admiral's lee,"

“No, no, says the Frenchman, that can’t be :”
“Then I must lug you along with me,”
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman’s land,
We forc’d them back upon the strand,
For we fought till not a stick could stand
Of the gallant Arethusa.

And now we’ve driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass
To his fav’rite lass !
A health to our captain and officers true,
On board of the Arethusa !

I LOVE THEE.

Words by *T. Hood, Esq.*—Music by *A. R. Henrich.*

From the *Harmonicon* for 1832.

I love thee ! I love thee !
Is all that I can say,
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day :
The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray !
I love thee ! I love thee !
Is all that I can say.

I love thee ! I love thee !
Is ever on my tongue ;
In all my proudest poesy,
That chorus still is sung :
It is the verdict of my eyes,
Amidst the gay and young ;
I love thee ! I love thee !
A thousand maids among.

I love thee! I love thee!
Thy bright and hazel glance,—
The mellow lute upon thy lips,
Whose tender tones entrance.
But most dear heart of hearts,
Thy proof that still these words enhance.
I love thee! I love thee!
Whatever be thy chance.

OH! THINK OF ME.

Oh! think of me and those blest hours,
Too rapid in their flight,—
When Hope and Love, like op'ning flow'rs,
Seems cheered by Heaven's own light.
Let memory paint the scenes gone by,
Which we no more may see;
And tell me, by one passing sigh,
Thou still wilt think of me.

Farewell! we part perhaps for years,—
This hour will soon have pass'd;
When oh! remembrance most endears
Of parting hours the last.
But should'st thou in Time's brightest wreath,
A faded flowret see,
O'er that poor faded flowret breathe
A sigh, and think of me.

And when in festive halls where joy
And all things bright abound;
And pleasure all thy thoughts employ,
And music breathes around.
Ah! then perchance some simple strain
Like this I sing to thee,
May reach thy heart, and wake again
Thy memory of me.

THE POSTMAN'S SERENADE.

A Parody on the "*Pirate's*."

By "*The Invisible Gentleman*."

Sung in the Pantomime of "*Hooky Walker*," or Harlequin Humbug.

Your true love is here with a nice von os shay,
And both must be gone ere the dawn of the day;
The moon's in a cloud, but to light us afar,
I've two lanterns stuck on at each side of the car.
Then wake Sally Roy—I am waiting for thee,
You must wed me this night or for aye let me be.

Forgive my rough mood, unaccustomed to woo,
I know not, dear Sally, the way how to do;
My voice has been tuned—pray pardon the pun,
In the *key* of flat doors opened *sharp* von by von;
And heavy and hard, I pray understand,
Are the soles of my feet with pacing the Strand.
Then wake, &c.

Yet think not of these, but this moment be mine,
And a supper I'll give thee shall seem *supperfine*:
A waiter shall serve thee, a merry-eyed knave,
Vot'll tip you the wink, and then tip us a stave;
Thou shalt call for thy drink, and thy magnum shall
last
Till the merry last drop from its bowels has passed.
Then wake, &c.

Oh! lodgings there are hard by, very cheap,
At which in the morning we'll take a sly peep;
And there, if thou wilt, shall our love-bower be,
Delighting in parties to dinner and tea:
And there shalt thou sing, when our grubbery's done,
Of my deeds as a postman, and we'll have such fun.
Then wake &c.

Oh ! haste Sally haste ! for the horses below,
Are kicking their heels, and curwetting so ;
Now fast to the lattice this rope ladder twine,
And over you go like a glass of port wine !
Embrace me dear coachee : burrah ! for I see
My Sally's determined a *walker* to be.
Embrace, me, &c.*

THE POPE AND THE SULTAUN.

From the German.

Of all lives I'd like to lead the Pope's,
He never sorrows, sighs, nor mopes,
He rolls in wealth, and daily drains
Flowing cups of the vine's rich veins.

But no ! how doleful is his case,
Shut out from maiden's fond embrace !
He sleeps alone in chill and gloom :—
To be the Pope were a wretched doom.

Now the Sultaun, mark, how gaily he
Wears the hours in sport and jollitie ;
He lives in halls rich with gold and pearls,
And toys with troops of blooming girls.

But stay ! well-a-day, the luckless wight
His Koran's mandate may not slight,
Nor taste the rosy sparkling wine ;
The Sultaun's lot should ne'er be mine.

Let prudes say " Fie !" or whiners preach,
Be mine to blend the joys of each ;
And light of heart, and fancy free,
Now Pope and now Sultaun to be.

*For the original, see page 26.

Then maid, one little, little kiss,—
Ha ! I feel myself Suldaun in this ;
Now fill me another bumper high,
And the Pope himself am I.

THE WOLF.

At the peaceful-midnight hour,
Every sense and every pow'r,
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep :
Then our careful watch we keep,
Then our careful watch we keep.
While the wolf, in nightly prowling,
Bays the moon with hideous howl ;
While the wolf, in nightly prowling,
Bays the moon with hideous howl ;
While the wolf, in nightly prowling,
Bays the moon with hideous howl.

Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance ;
Females shriek, but no assistance ;
Silence, silence, or you meet your fate ;
Silence, or you meet your fate.

Your keys, your jewels, cash, and plate ;
Your keys, your jewels,
Your jewels, cash, and plate,
Your jewels, cash and plate,
Your jewels, cash, and plate.

Locks, bolts, and bars, soon fly asunder ;
Locks, bolts, and bars, soon fly asunder ;
Then to rifle, rob, and plunder,
Locks, bolts, and bars, soon fly asunder ;
Then to rifle, rob, and plunder,
To rifle, rob, and plunder,
To rifle, rob, and plunder.

SCOTISH BALLAD.

Written by *Burns*.—Sung by *Miss Newton*, in the "*Twa Drovers*."

TUNE.—*The Lothian Lassie*.

Last May a braw wooer cam doon the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae wi' 'm, to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi' 'm, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black e'en,
And vow'd for my love he was deeing ;
I said he might dee when he liked, for Jean,
Gude forgie me leeing, for leeing,
Gude forgie me for leeing.

A weel stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff hand, were his proffers :
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think ? in a fortnight or less,
The deil take his taste to gae near her !
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could
bear her,
Guess ye how I could bear her.

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste of Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
I glow'rd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glow'rd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy ;

My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
 And how her new shoon fitted her auld shanchl't
 feet,
 Gudesave us how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
 Gudesave us how he fell a swearin'.

He begged, for gudesake I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
 So e'en to preserve the puir body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

ANACREONTIC.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

God Lyæus, ever young,
 Ever honour'd, ever sung;
 Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
 In a thousand lusty shapes,
 Dance upon the mazer's brim,*
 In the crimson liquor swim :
 From thy plenteous hand divine
 Let a river run with wine.

God of youth, let this day here
 Enter neither care, nor fear.†

* *Mazer*, is an old fashioned flat silver cup.

† There is nothing in Anacreon himself superior to these verses. They embody the very soul of a votary of the Wine-god. The wine seems to froth and sparkle before us, and we are almost fain for the time to forswear dull sobriety, and join in the care-scorning revelry of the Bacchanal.

I SIGH TO LEAVE MY NATIVE LAND.

ORIGINAL.

I sigh to leave my native land ;
I sigh to leave her shore ;
Fate whispers near in accents bland,
I ne'er shall see her more.
A little star shines high and bright,
It bodes me care and pain ;
I weep as each returning night
I view that star again.

And oh ! to think of former days—
Of former mirth and gladness ;
Of childhood's dreams, of boyhood's ways,—
Unmixed with care or sadness.
And still, as Memory round me clings,
Mysterious wak'ning pleasure !
I taste once more of joy's bright springs,
And grasp the phantom treasure !

O Scotia ! land of all I love,
Bright eyes, true hearts and hands ;
Dearly I'll prize thee still, above
All other happy lands.
A sad adieu I weep to thee !
Long mayst thou shine the rarest ;
Thy sons be ever brave and free,
Thy daughters ever fairest.

AGNES ALLAN.

THE GYPSY QUEEN.Words by *W. T. Moncrieff, Esq.*—Music by *S. Nelson.*

Oh, 'tis I am the gypsy queen !
And, where is there queen like me,
That can revel upon the green,
In boundless liberty ?

What tho' my cheek be brown,
And wild my raven hair,
A red cloth hood my crown,
And my sceptre the wand I bear ?

Oh ! 'tis I am the gypsy queen,
And where is there queen like me,
That can revel upon the green,
In boundless liberty ?

WHEN A LITTLE FARM WE KEEP.

As sung by *Miss Newton* and *Mr Lloyd*.

He. When a little farm we keep,
And have little girls and boys,
With little pigs and sheep,
To make a little noise,
Oh what happy merry days we'll see.

She. Then we'll keep a little maid,
And a little man beside,
And a little horse and pad,
To take a little ride,
With the children sitting on our knee,

He. The boys I'll conduct.

She. The girls I'll instruct.

He. In reading I'll engage,
Each son is not deficient ;

She. In music I presage,
Each girl is a proficient.

He. Now, boy, your B, A, BA,

She. Now, girl, your sol, fa.

[Here she is supposed to teach a girl to sing, and he a boy to read, by telling him little stories.]

WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs ;
When I said that I would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacco box, mark'd with my
name.

When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks with
you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew ?
To be useful and kind, with my Thomas I staid,
For his trowsers I wash'd, and his grog, too, I made.
Tho' you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall,
With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sall,
In silence I stood, your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.

Why should Sall, or should Susan than me be more
prized ?
For the heart that is true should ne'er be despised ;
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
Still your trowsers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll
make.

BEAUTIFUL WAR.

Words by *J. R. Planche*.—Music by *H. R. Bishop*.
Sung by *Miss Stephens*.

To her mother's heart she hath press'd him,
Her brave, her only boy !
She hath smil'd, and kiss'd, and bless'd him
With a mother's pride and joy.

Hark ! the lively bugle rings !
To the ranks the soldier springs ;
Gaze on the line glittering far,
Beautiful war ! beautiful war !

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

Written by *Moore*.

The young Moon is beaming, love,—
 The glowworm's lamp is gleaming, love !
 How sweet to rove
 Thro' Morna's grove,
 While the drowsy world is dreaming, love.
 Then awake ! the heavens look bright, my dear ;
 And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the sage his star watch keeping, love !
 And I, whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love !
 Then awake, till rise of the sun, my dear,
 The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear !
 Or in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

Away with melancholy,
 Nor doleful changes ring,
 On life and human folly,
 But merrily, merrily sing, Fal lal.
 Come on ye rosy hours,
 Gay smiling moments bring,
 We'll strew the way with flowers,
 Aed merrily, merrily, sing, Fal lal.
 For what's the use of sighing,
 While time is on the wing ?
 Can we prevent his flying ?
 Then merrily, merrily sing, Fal lal.

O ! TAKE ME TO YON SUNNY ISLE.

Words by *R. Gilfillan*.—Music by *J. Satchell*.

O ! take me to you sunny isle that stands in Fortha's
 sea,
 For thee, all lonely I may weep, since tears my lot
 must be !
 The cavern'd rocks alone shall hear my anguish and
 my woe,
 But can their echos Mary bring ? ah ! no, no, no !
 no, no.

I'll wander by the silent shore, or climb the rocky
 steep,
 And list to ocean murmuring the music of the deep ;
 But, when the soft moon lights the waves in evening's
 silver glow,
 Shall Mary meet 'neath its light ? ah ! no, no, no !
 no, no.

I'll speak of her to every flower, and lovely flowers
 are there,
 They'll maybe bow their heads and weep—for she
 like them was fair ;
 And every bird I'll teach a song, a plaintive song of
 woe,
 But Mary cannot hear their strains ? ah ! no, no, no !
 no, no.

Slow steals the sun adown the sky as loth to part
 with day,
 But airy morn, with carolling voice, shall wake him
 forth as gay ;
 Yet Mary's sun rose bright and fair, and now that
 sun is low,
 Shall its fair beam e'er grace the morn ? ah ! no, no,
 no ! no, no.

But I must shed the hidden tear, lest Mary mark
my care,
The stifling groan may break my heart, but it shall
wrangle there ;
I'll even feign the outward smile to hide my inward
woe,
I would not have her weep in Heaven ? ah ! no, no,
no ! no, no.*

REST, WARRIOR, REST.

Written by *Kelly*.

He comes from the wars, from the red field of fight,
He comes thro' the storm and the darkness of night.
For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,
The warrior bends low at the cottager's door.
Pale, pale, is his cheek, there's a gash on his brow ;
His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow ;
And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye,
Like a languishing lamp that just flashes to die.
Rest, warrior, rest—rest warrior, rest.

Sunk in silence and sleep on the cottager's bed,
Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head ;
Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell
Of his lady love's bow'r, and her latest farewell.
Illusion and love chase the battle's alarums,
He shall dream that his mistress lies locked in his
arms ;
He shall feel on her lips the sweet warmth of her
kiss,
Ah ! warrior, wake not ! such slumber is bliss.
Rest, warrior, rest—rest, warrior, rest.

*The poetic fervour of this effusion of the Bard of Leith will be apparent to every one. How beautifully he talks of Inchkeith as the "sunny isle that stands in Forth's sea."

SLEEP TOPER SLEEP.

A PARODY ON THE FOREGOING.

ORIGINAL.

He comes from the ale-house, his steps they are bent
 Towards his cot, his last tizzy alas! it is spent ;
 In the faint dusky beams of Diana's dull light,
 He reaches his door at the dead hour of night :
 Red, red are his optics, and double he sees ;
 His tresses unheeded flow free in the breeze ;
 There's blood on his *mug*, not a word has he spoke,
 'Tis easy to see he has been on the *hock*.

Sleep, toper, sleep—sleep, toper sleep.

Now snug in his bed you the toper may view,
 Unheedful of headache, or dire devils blue ;
 Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell
 How he 'neath the table so gloriously fell ;
 He shall dream, when his senses in torpor are bound,
 How the nappy brown ale went so merrily round ;
 He shall feel its mild glow, aye more than all this—
 Dream toper, dream on, for such slumber is bliss.

Sleep toper, sleep—sleep, toper, sleep.

I. T. M.

KISSING.

When we dwell on the lips of the lass we adore,
 Not a pleasure in nature is missing ;
 May his soul rest in Heaven, (he deserves it I'm
 sure,)
 Who was first the inventor of kissing.

Master Adam, I verily think, was the man
 Whose discovery will ne'er be surpass'd ;
 Then since this sweet game with creation began,
 To the end of the world may it last.

O'ER THE MOUNTAIN.

Words by *West Digges, Esq.*—Music by *G. A. Hodson.*

Sung by *Miss Newton.*

O'er the mountain, o'er the lea,
With my kilt and saxon plaid;
And my tartan bonnet wee,
Will I seek my highland lad.

O'er the mountain o'er the lea,
With my kilt and saxon plaid,
And my tartan bonnet wee,
Will I seek my highland lad.

Tho' the heather be my bed,
Brightly pearl'd with silv'ry dew,
There's a tear more bright I'll shed,
Oh ! my highland lad, for you.

O'er the mountain, o'er the lea,
With my kilt and saxon plaid,
And my tartan bonnet wee,
Will I seek my highland lad.

Far awa from love and hame,
O'er the heath with blossom clad,
While the night-bird sings I'll roam,
Oh ! for thee, my highland lad.

Far awa from love and home,
O'er the heath with blossom clad,
While the night-bird sings I'll roam,
Oh ! for thee, my highland lad.

Tho' the heather be my bed,
Brightly pearl'd with silv'ry dew.
There's a tear more bright I'll shed,
Oh ! my highland lad, for you.

O'er the mountain, o'er the lea,
With my kilt and saxon plaid,
And my tartan bonnet wee,
Will I seek my highland lad.

CUPID'S DISASTER AND REVENGE.

For Music.

Little Cupid was weary with flying,
And had stretched out his limbs for repose :
On a violet bank he was lying
With his head on the bloom of a rose.

The Graces I don't wish to wrong them,
But sure they were mischievous things,
For desirous to keep him among them,
They clipped off his sweet little wings.

Little Cupid awoke in the morning,
And found out the trick to his smart ;
And to cry like a baby scorning,
With the clippings he feathered his dart.

And straight to bright Venus his mother,
The warrior away hied he,
To devise some method or other
To get his revenge on the three.

Go back, said Dame Venus, and hark ye
Since now you can't roam any more ;
Wreak your vengeance on all who come near ye,
And strike their young hearts to the core.

So ye maidens take warning and never
Forget what you've learned to-day ;
You are safe from the little one's quiver,
If you dont put yourselves in his way.

I STOOD AMID THE GLITT'RING THRONG

Words by *F. N. Bayley*.—Music by *Bishop*.

I stood amid the glitt'ring throng,
I heard a voice, its tones were sweet,
I turn'd to see from whence they came,
And gazed on all I long'd to meet ;
She was a fair and gentle girl,
Her bright smile greeted me by chance—
I whisper'd low! I took her hand,
I led her forth to dance.

There was but little space to move,
So closely all were drawn,
Yet she was light of heart and step,
And graceful as a fawn ;
A virgin-flower gem'd her hair,
Her beauty to enhance ;
She was the star of all who stood
In that close cottage dance.

I've mov'd since then in princely halls,
I tread them even now,
I hold in mine, the hand of one,
With coronetted brow ;
And I may seem to court her smile,
And seem to heed her glance ;
But my heart, and thoughts, still wander home,
To that sweet cottage dance.

Oft when I sleep—a melody
Comes rushing on my brain !
And the light music of that night,
Is greeting me again ;
I take her still small hand in mine,
Amid my blissful trance,
And once more—vision worth a world !
I lead her forth to dance.

ANNOT LYLE.

Words by *I. O. Donoghue*.—Music by *G. A. Hodson*.

The snow-white plume her bonnet bore,
Wav'd not more pure and fair,
Her sparkling eye a floating gem,
Like gold her auburn hair.
The rosebud slumbering on its bed,
Ne'er waked a sweeter smile ;
But now she's gone and lost to me,
My lovely Annot Lyle.

Thy fairy form I oft have seen
On every passing breeze—
Have heard the melody of song,
But ah ! no strains like these.
The thrilling tones that from thy harp,
The feelings oft beguile,
But now thou'rt gone and lost to me,
My lovely Annot Lyle.

Although thy heart's another's now,
And beats no more for me,
Yet I will teach my soul to pray,
That it may pray for thee.
'This bursting heart alone can feel
The absence of thy smile,
Since thou art gone and lost to me,
My lovely Annot Lyle.

KATHLEEN O'MORE.

Sung by *Mr Barker*.

My love still I think that I see her once more,
But alas ! she has left me her loss to deplore,
My own little Kathleen, my poor lost Kathleen,
My Kathleen O.

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
Her colour still changing, her smile ever new,
So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O.

She milk'd the dun cow that ne'er offer'd to stir ;
Though wicked it was, it was gentle to her,
So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O.

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,
To hear the wind blow, and to look at the moon,
So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O.

Cold was the night-breeze that sighed round her
bower,
It chill'd my poor Kathleen, she droop'd from that
hour,
I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O.

The bird of all birds that I love the best,
Is the Robin which in the church-yard builds his
nest,
For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly on
Kathleen,
My Kathleen O.

PULL AWAY, JOLLY BOYS.

Words by the *Ettrick Shepherd*.

Here we go upon the tide,
Pull away, ye hoy boys,
With Heaven for our guide,
Pull away.
Here's a weather-beaten tar,
Britain's glory still his star,

He has borne her thunders far,
Pull away, jolly boys,
To yon gallant man-of-war,
Pull away.

We've with Nelson plough'd the main,
Pull away, jolly boys,
Now his signal flies again,
Pull away.
Brave hearts then let us go,
To drub the haughty foe,
Who once again shall know,
Pull away, jolly boys,
That our backs we never show,
Pull away.

We have fought, and we have sped,
Pull away, jolly boys,
Where the rolling waves was red,
Pull away.
We've stood many a mighty shock,
Like the thunder-stricken oak ;
We've been bent, but never broke,
Pull away, gallant boys ;
We ne'er brook'd a foreign yoke,
Pull away.

Here we go upon the deep,
Pull away, ye hoy, boys,
O'er the ocean let us sweep,
Pull away.
Round the earth our glory rings,
At the thought our bosom springs
That whene'er our penant swings,
Pull away, jolly boys,
Of the ocean we're kings,
Pull away.

HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE.

Melody by *Paesiello*, — Arranged by *Mazzinghi*.

Hope told a flattering tale,
 That joy would soon return,
 Ah ! nought my sighs avail,
 For love is doom'd to mourn.
 Oh ! where's the flatterer gone ;
 From me for ever flown ;
 The happy dream of love is o'er,
 And life, alas ! can charm no more.

BILLY LACKADAY.

Sung by *Mr Murray*, in the Comedietta of "*Sweethearts and Wives*."

Sure mortal man is born to sorrow,
 Grief to-day and grief to morrow ;
 Here I'm snubb'd, and there I'm rated,
 Ne'er was youth so sitivated.
 There's Mrs Bell swears none shall nick her ;
 And if I steeps my nose in liquor,
 For every drop I takes she charges,
 And our small ale's as sour as warges.
 Lackaday ! oh, lackaday !
 Pity Billy Lackaday !

Oh ! Susan scolds ; and when I've heard her,
 I dreams all night of love and murder ;
 I sighs and groans like any paviour,
 Forgetting all genteel behaviour.
 Miss Fanny she has quite undone me,
 Like any queen looks down upon me,
 And when I kneels to sue for marcy,
 It does no good, but wici warcy.
 Lackaday ! oh, lackaday !
 Pity Billy Lackaday.

WE MET.

Sung by *Miss Paton*.—Words by *T. Haynes Bayly*.

We met, 'twas in a crowd,
And I thought he would shun me ;
He came ;—I could not breathe,
For his eye was upon me :
He spoke—his words were cold,
And his smile was unalter'd,
I knew how much he felt,
For his deep toned voice falter'd.

I wore my bridal robe,
And I rivall'd its whiteness,
Bright gems were in my hair,
How I hated their brightness !
He call'd me by my name,
As the bride of another ;—
Oh, thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother.

And once again we met,
And a fair girl was near him ;
He smil'd, and whisper'd low,
As I once used to hear him.
She leant upon his arm,
Once 'twas mine, and mine only :
I wept, for I deserv'd
To feel wretched and lonely.

And she will be his bride !
At the altar he'll give her
The love that was too pure
For a heartless deceiver.
The world may think me gay,
For my feelings I smother ;—
Oh ! thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother.

MYNHEER VANDUNCK.

Words by *Geo. Colman*.—Music by *H. R. Bishop*.

A GLEE.

Mynheer Vandunck, though he never got drunk,
Sipp'd brandy and water gaily;
And he quench'd his thirst with two quarts of the
first,
To a pint of the latter daily.
Singing "Oh, that a Dutchman's draught could be
As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee."
Water well mingled with spirit good store,
No Hollander dreams of scorning;
But of water alone he drinks no more
Than a rose supplies its bloom on a summer
morning.

BANKS OF THE BLUE MOSELLE.

Sung by *Mrs Keely*

When the glow-worm gilds the elphin flower
That clings round the ruin'd shrine;
Where first we met, where first we lov'd.
And I confess'd me thine.
'Tis there I'll fly to meet thee still,
At sound of vesper bell,
In the starry light of a summer's night,
On the banks of the blue Moselle.
On the banks, &c.

If the cares of life should shade thy brow,
Yes, yes, in our native bowers;
My lute and heart might best accord,
To tell of happier hours.
'Tis there I'll sooth thy griefs to rest,
Each sigh of sorrow quell,
In the starry light of a summer's night,
On the banks of the blue Moselle.
On the banks, &c.

SONG.

ORIGINAL.

When the morning ray is breaking,
And the bird is on the tree ;
When the world to life is waking,
Oh, then I think of thee !

When time the day is chasing,
And the hours fly silently ;
Then the twilight sweet embracing,
I stray, and think of thee !

When the moon in silver splendour
Streams on the sleeping sea ;
Beneath her light so tender,
I think fond one, of thee !

And when the night descending
Brings the hour of rest to me,
With my dreams so sweetly blending,
Comes the image, love, of thee !

T. YOUNG.

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

Words by *E. Jeffreys*.—Music by *S. Nelson*.

The morn was fair, the skies were clear,
No breath came o'er the sea,
When Mary left her highland cot,
And wander'd forth with me ;
Tho' flowers deck'd the mountain's side,
And fragrance filled the vale,
By far the sweetest flower there,
Was the Rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wandered east or west,
Tho' fate began to lour ;

A solace still was she to me,
In sorrow's lonely hour.
When tempests lash'd our gallant bark.
And rent her shiv'ring sail,
One maiden form withstood the storm,
'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd
On Afric's burning sands,
She whisper'd hopes of happiness,
And tales of distant lands :
My life had been a wilderness,
Unblest by fortune's gale,
Had fate not link'd my lot to hers,
The Rose of Allandale.

THE KING, GOD BLESS HIM.

Composed and sung by *Braham*.

A goblet of Burgundy fill, fill for me,
Give those who prefer it Champaign ;
But whatever the wine, it a bumper must be,
If we ne'er drink a bumper again !
And now, when the cares of the day are thrown
by,
And all man's best feelings possess him,
And the soul lights her beacon of truth in the
eye,
Here's a health to the King ! God bless him !
The wealthy of Rome, at their banquets of old,
When to those whom they honoured they
quaff'd,
Threw pearls of great price in their goblets of
gold,
More costly to render their draught.

I boast not of gems but my heart's in my glass,
Of its love nought can e'er dispossess him ;
Upstanding,—uncovered—round, round let it
pass,
Here's a health to the King ! God bless him !

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
Upstanding—uncovered—round, round, let it
pass,
Here's a health to the King ! God bless him !

THE DEEP DEEP SEA.

Words by *Mrs Geo. Sharp*:—Music by *C. E. Horn*.

Sung by *Madam Malibran*,

Oh, come with me my love,
And our fairy home shall be,
Where the water spirits rove
In the deep, deep sea.
There are jewels rich and rare,
In the caverns of the deep,
And to braid thy raven hair,
There the pearly treasures sleep.

In a tiny man-of-war
Thou shalt stem the ocean's tide,
Or in a crystal car,
Sit a queen in all her pride.
Oh ! come with me my love.
And our fairy home shall be,
In the deep, deep sea,
In the deep, deep sea.

Ah ! believe that love may dwell
Where the coral branches twine,
And that every wreathed shell
Breathes a tone as soft as thine.

Hopes as fond as thou would'st prove,
Truth as bright as e'er was told,
Hearts as warm as those above,
Dwell under the waters cold.

THE MOON ARRAYED IN ALL HER PRIDE.

Words by *Mrs G. Sharp*.—Music by *C. E. Horn*.

The moon arrayed in all her pride,
Sat smiling o'er the purple fell ;
When Helen sought the silver tide,
That wander'd through the flow'ry dell,
"Haste, soldier haste," she wildly sung,
The bridal waits poor Helen Trevor.
Her wakening chords sad echo strung,
And mournful sighed—poor Helen Trevor.'

So sweet that voice's moanings low,
Each zephyr held his trembling wing ;
The bulbul hush'd his half-breath'd vow,
To list the lovely maniac sing ;
"Speed, soldier speed, the warhoop's past,
Thou shalt not leave thy Helen ever !
Speed from the trumpet's deadly blast !"
Wild echo dreaming murmur'd "never."*

The silent stars had sunk to rest,
And dark and drear that silver flood ;
The moon had doff'd her golden crest.
When Helen on its margin stood ;
"Wake, soldier wake, thy Helen save,"
With sullen moan the waters sever,
The birch weeps o'er fair Helen's grave,
And echo's note is hush'd—for ever.

* Was this an Irish echo ?

 THE COUNTRY FAIR.

Sung by *Mr Lloyd*, of the *Theatre-Royal*, *Edinburgh*.

Yes, I own 'tis my delight,
 To see the laughter and the fright
 In such a motley merry sight,
 As a Country fair.
 Full of riot, fun, and noise,
 Little ragged girls and boys;
 The very flower of rural joys,
 Is fun beyond compare.

Some are playing single stick,
 Boys in round-about so "slick,"
 Maidens swinging till they're sick,
 All at a Country fair.
 Wooden legs and lollipops,
 Ribbons, lace, and shilling hops,
 Peg, and whip and humming tops,
 At a Country fair.

Spoken.]—Valk up! valk up! ladies and gen'lemen, and see the great Shropshire giant. He is nine feet high, and is of sitch extraordinary dimensions that he can place his left foot in Lancash'ire, and his right one in Shropshire;—he grows three inches every annual year, and it is supposed by the Royal Theological Society that he never will reach his full growth;—I repeat vithout repitition that he is nine feet high. I say, Jack! how can that be? the whole caravan arn't nine feet high. Why he don't stand upright, you fool, he lies all along. Oh! he *lies*, does he? Vell, he arn't the only von in the caravan as does *lie*. Here is the wonderful Miss Biffer, without legs or arms, considered to be *the*

S

wonder of the world, as cuts off watch-papers, paints miniatures, writes, and plays the piano-forte,—and does it all with her mouth; she is supposed to be a perfect *lodus naturibus*,—she dresses her own hair, and cleans her own teeth, and does it all with her mouth. Pooh! pooh! how can she do that? I tell you she could'n't do it *without* her mouth, could she?

Yes, I own, &c.

Those in fairs who take delight,
In shows and seeing every sight,
Dancing, singing, and a fight,
At a Country fair.

Boys by mas with treacle fed,
With cakes and spicy gingerbread,
On everybody's toes they tread,
At a Country fair.

Monkeys mounting camels' backs,
For prizes there men jump in sacks,
And others drinking quarts of Max,
And think that that's your sort.

Corks are drawing, glasses jingle,
Trumpets, drums together mingle
Till your ears completely tingle,
Which quite destroys your sport.

Spoken.]—Hot gingerbread nuts, sugar and brandy! Oh! mamma I see the peep shows,—I should like so to see 'em, ma! It's only a penny from my little dears;—This is the most wonderful wonder of all the wonders the world ever wondered at;—look through the glass and you will see the *misrepresentation* of the wonderful combat between the English bull dogs, and the Scottish lion Wallace, for eight

hundred guineas a side.—Stand aside you little ragged rascals wot have got no money, and let them dear little creatures come up vot is agoing to pay. Now, my little dears, look straight for'ard, blow your noses, and don't breathe upon the glass;—look to the left and you will see of Mr Wombell the proprietor of the lion encouraging of him; look to the right and you will see of the proprietors of the dogs encouraging of them;—look through the centre hole and you will see the lion anibbling of one of the dogs, holding one under his foot, while he is whisking out the eye of another with the point of his tail. I say, Mister, vich is the lion, and vich is the dogs? Oh! whichever you please, my little dears, it's of no quenceconce whatsomedever;—the like was never seen. Here you have the view of this most extraordinary combat, while eight thousand spectators are looking on in the most facetious manner as is, the whole forming one grand and malignant representation for the small charge of one penny.

For, I own, &c.

Spoken.]—Walk up! walk up! here is the Emperor of all conjurors and Prince of Hoximopoximohocopocococo. He shall take a red hot poker and thrust it into a barrel of real gunpowder without the same going off;—he will then load a blunderbuss with the 'dential powder as would not explode, charged with twelve leaden bullets, which he could fire in the face of any of the spectators he pleases, without their being ever the worser,—he will borrow five shillings af any of the company, and *never* will return it—and all for his own private emolument, without any other motive whatsomedever. Ten a penny sassage! ten a penny with a slice of bread pepper and salt into the bargain! Eh! crikey Bill,

vat d'ye say to a penn'orth of sassages—they do smell so nice, don't they? Oh! werry; I never does eat any, but I should like. What are they made on I vonder; do you know Mr Doleful? No I don't. I have often meant to taste 'em myself, but never had the resolution—there's a sort of a prejudice,—that is, I have heard some people say they're made of—but I never mention it unless I'm certain, tho' it's a curious coincidence enough,—I lost my dog Pincher, close to this very stall, and I leave you to guess what the sassingers are made on.

Yes, I own, &c.

Spoken.]—Ladies and gentlemen! an' isn't yere-selves that have the three wonderful brothers, Muley. Hassan, and Saib? Tho' ye should make a yearly visit every month to all the cities in the world, there's not a mother's son of them could match the three brothers, Muley. Hassan and Saib. For example Muley will take a torch lighted at both ends, hould it betuixt his teeth, and before ye can cry "praties!" he'll jump down his brother Hassan's throat.—Hassan, in the same particular sort of way will ketch up another lighted torch, and jump down his brother Saib's throat,—Saib will take a lighted torch, and, tho' encumbered by the weight of his two brothers, throw a flip-flop somerset, and jump down his own throat, leaving the spectators entirely in the dark.

Yes, I own, &c.*

*In order to bring this song within reasonable singing length, and at the same time preserve its cream in full effect, we have taken some liberty in abridging it. Should any of our readers however, wish to know more of it than we have given, let them repair to the Edinburgh Theatre, and hear Mr Lloyd sing it.

FAREWELL ! OH FAREWELL.

ORIGINAL.

Farewell ! oh farewell, how lonely the feeling,
That throbs in my bosom when parting from
thee ;
And sorrow, alas ! its power is revealing,
Like the rays of the sun, on the lone desert
tree.
Ah, tho' I have known but life's early morning,
Think not that its course is unclouded and
bright,
Deem not that the sun is always adorning
Youths beautiful season with lustre and light.
Thus, when the links of affection are broken,
Links strengthened by kindness and hallowed
by love,
When the low words of parting are mournfully
spoken,
A cloud charged with grief seems to lower
above.

I bid thee farewell, with the silent emotion
That speaks the unlinking of hearts that were
one ;
So awfully still and calm seems the ocean,
E'er the storm and the tempest their wrath
have begun :
'Thus is it with me, we have met oft but never
Again on this earth shall I meet thee the same,
For Time's ruthless course, which the dearest
can sever,
May wither the feelings as well as the frame.
Farewell ! not to think on the future were better,
When the hopes we long cherished for ever
have fled,

'Mid the worlds darkest frown, and its vain
shining glitter,
Forgotten I may be, I never can forget.

SMALILOU.

There was an Irish lad,
Who lov'd a cloister'd nun,
And it made him very sad.
For what was to be done.
He thought it was a big shame,
A most confounded sin,
That she could not get out at all,
And he could not get in.
Yet he went every day, he could do nothing
more,
Yet he went every day to the convent door,
And he sung sweetly,
Smalilou, smalilou, smalilou,
And he sung sweetly smalilou, gramachree,
and Paddy whack.

To catch a glimpse of her,
He play'd a thousand tricks,
The bolts he tried to stir,
And he gave the walls some kicks.
He stamp'd and rav'd, and sigh'd and pray'd,
And many times he swore,
The devil burn the iron bolts,
The devil take the door.
Yet he went every day, he made it a rule,
Yet he went every day, and look'd like a fool,
Tho' he sung sweetly,
Smalilou, &c.

One morn she left her bed,
Because she could not sleep,
And to the window sped,
There to take a peep ;
And what did she do then,
I'm sure you'll think it right,
She bade the honest lad good day,
She bade the nuns good night
Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,
Then jump'd into his arms, and so they ran
away.
And they sung sweetly,
Smalilou, &c.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

Music by *W. M' Ewan.*

Sing joy ! sing joy ! as in canvas flight,
We skim the mountain seas ;
Blithe o'er the clouds as the birds of light,
When they chaunt their ev'ning glees.
The waves spring away from the breezes lash,
Like shades of the summer sky,
And wantonly frolic and gaily plash
In their sportive extacy.
Sing joy ! sing joy ! &c.

On the snow-white steeds of the deep we ride
That so lightly, lightly prance,
That sweep along with a conscious pride,
And in glittering ranks advance.
To the sound of music speed we on
To the ocean's mighty band,
To the breeze's tune keep unison,
As tho' to a masters hand.
Sing joy ! sing joy ! &c.



SCOTS, WHA HAE.

Written by *Burns*.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
 See the front o' battle lower ;
 See approach proud Edward's power,
 Edward ! chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha wad fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,

Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonia! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

WHEN PENSIVE I THOUGHT OF MY LOVE.

From the Melo-dramatic romance of "*Blue Beard*."

Words by *Geo. Colman*.—Music by *Mich. Kelly*.

When pensive I thought of my love,
The moon on the mountains was bright,
And Philomel down in the grove
Broke sweetly the silence of night.
O I wish'd that the tear drop would flow,
But felt too much anguish to weep,
Till warm with the weight of my woe,
I sunk on my pillow to sleep.

Methought that my love as I lay,
His ringlets all clothed with gore,
In the paleness of death seemed to say,
Alas! we must never meet more.
Yes, yes, my beloved we must part,
The steel of my rival was true;
The assassin has struck on that heart,
Which beat with most fervour for you.

WHEN TIPSY I THOUGHT OF MY LOVE.
A PARODY ON THE FOREGOING.

By Jim Crow, Jun.

When tipsy I thought of my love,
As homeward I reel'd by star light;
And the owl hooting down in the grove,
Enliven'd the stillness of night.
From my eyes not a tear-drop would flow,
I thought it romantic to weep,
For brandy had bung'd up my woe,
So I sunk in a gutter to sleep.

Methought that my love as I lay,
In her hand bore a flaggon of beer,
And shaking her fist seemed to say,
"You booby, pray why are you here?
I vow that I'm cruelly hurt,
At your leaving me thus in cold weather,
To sprawl in the wet and the dirt,
When we should have got tipsy together."

O CAULD TO ME.

Words by *T. Atkinson*.—Music by *J. P. Clarke*.

O cauld to me,—O cauld to me,
Is now that heart o' thine, Mary!
Gin it had e'er been tauld to me
That thou wad'st ne'er be mine, Mary;
Tho' prophet tongues, wi' angel's truth,
The bitter words had spoken,
I hadna then believed them sooth,—
But now I've mony a token.

O cauld to me,—O cauld to me,
That ee's now haughty glancin',

As if my arms ne'er faulded thee
 In love's ain hour entrancin',
 Close to this honest bosom's core,
 Where thou wert mistress only ;
 Shall they encircle thee no more ?
 " No more," cries echo, lonely !

O cauld to me,—O cauld to me,
 The mournfu' breezes sweep, Mary !
 Frae aff the shore, now wall'd to me
 By ocean braid and deep, Mary !
 Its waves and winds they waft me far
 O'er leagues o' stranger sea, Mary,
 Tho' saut and dark its waters are,
 There's bitterer i' my ee, Mary !

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

Written by *Burns*.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses, wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white,
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
 She charmed my soul, I wistna how ;
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow ;
 Should she refuse, she'll lay my dead
 Wi' her twa een sae bonnie blue.

RETURN, OH! MY LOVE.

Words by *Fitzball*.—Music by *Rodwell*.

Return, oh, my love, and we'll never never part,
While the moon its bright light shall shed ;
I'll hold thee fast to my throbbing heart,
And my bosom shall pillow thy head !

The breath of the woodbine is on thy lip,
Empearled in the dews of May ;
And none of its sweetness shall sip,
Or steal its bright honey away.

Return, &c.*

SWEET HOME.

Words and Music by *Parry*.

When wandering far on distant soil,
Where fortune bade me roam,
'Mid splendid scenes, or joy, or toil,
I ne'er forgot my home,
Sweet, sweet home,
Sweet, sweet home.
Where'er I stray, where'er I roam.
I ne'er forget my home, sweet home ;
I ne'er forget my home.

But ah ! what must the captive feel,
Whose thoughts alone are free ;
His pallid looks and sighs reveal
How much he pines for thee,
Sweet, sweet home ;
Where'er I stray, where'er I roam,
I ne'er forget my home, sweet home.

*This ditty is in the usual mystified style of Mr Fitzball, which, with many, passes current as poetry. The air is rather sweet.

 KITTY OF COLERAINE,

Sung by *Weekes*.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
 With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it
 tumbled,

And all the sweet butt'r milk water'd the plain.

“ Oh, what shall I do now ?

'Twas looking at you, now ;

Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again ;

'Twas the pride of my dairy,

Oh, Barney M'Leary

You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.”

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain,
 A kiss then I gave her, before I did leave her ;
 She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season,

I can't tell the reason,

Misfortune's will never come single, that's plain ;

For very soon after

Poor Kity's disaster,

The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

 SECOND PARODY ON THE ANGELS'
 WHISPER.

Thro' a hedge a boy was creeping
 Into a park where there were sheep in ;

For he had spied some haws,
 and thought he'd like a few.

His mother, who tape was selling,
 Cried “ won't yese now take telling ?

Come back, ye devil's buckie,

Oh, come back wid you !

With her load she was hampered,
 So off Teddy scampered,
 And laughed in his sleeve as he
 bounded from her view ;
 " Och ! ye're a villain, this mornin',
 My wishes to be scornin' ;
 Jist wait till ye come back again,
 and I will give it you !

" The fruits of your peeping,
 You'll soon be afther reaping,
 For yonder comes the masther alongst
 his avenue.
 You'll get it for staling,
 And breaking down his paling !
 It's a pity ye wont mind what yer
 Mother saz to you !"

And ten in the forenoon
 Saw Teddy returnin'
 And his mother's face was coloured with
 crimson and blue,
 While her eyes with rage were flashing
 She gave the boy a thrashing,
 Crying, " I tould you when I cotch'd you,
 that I would give it you."*

INVOCATION FROM KUHLAU'S OPERA, DIE RAUEIBERG.

Words by *Hele Trevelle*.

Lord of all that's pure and bright !
 Lord of Heaven, air, and light !
 Let the wicked not succeed.

* For original song see page 40.

Guard us from both harm and shame,
We thy servants succour claim,
In this dreadful hour of need.

Lord of earth, and of the sea !
Lord of man where'er he be !
Shield us from distress—despair ;
Thou, who humblest mighty kings,
Speed to us on cherub's wings
And in pity hear our prayer.

BY THE MARGIN OF FAIR ZURICH'S
WATERS.

Sung by *Miss E. Coveney*.

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters, ai, ai, au,
Dwelt a youth whose fond heart, night and day,
To the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters, ai, ai, au,
In a dream of love melted away.
If alone, no one bolder than he,
But with her, none more timid could be ;
“ Oh ! list to me, dearest, I pray ! ” ai, ai, au,
When she did so, he only could say
“ Alack ! well a day ! ”
Was all he could say.

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters,
At the close of a sweet summer's day,
To the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters.
This youth found at last tongue to say,
“ I'm in love, as thou surely must see,
Could I love any other but thee ?
Oh, say then wilt thou be my bride ? ”
Can ye tell me how the fair one replied ?
I leave you to guess,
Of course she said “ yes.”

DRINKING SONG.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Drink to-day and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do't to-morrow.
Best while you have it, use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it;
It helps the headache, cough and ptisick,
And is for all diseases physic.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health:
Who drinks well loves the Commonwealth.
And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls like the leaf still in October.

MISS FOOTE'S WALTZING SONG.

When harmony wakens each bosom to joy,
Gay artful lovers these moments employ;
In dulcet notes sighing, in cadences dying.
Each whispers, "Ah! can you these raptures de-
stroy?"

I only reply la, la, la, la.

The maze of the waltz to the lover has charms,
It animates hope, it prudence disarms;

Pursuing, then passing, encircling, caressing,
He sighs, "Ah! for ever repose in those arms;"

I only reply la, la, la, la.*

*To the air alone this ditty owes its popularity. The utter trashiness of the words will be apparent to every one.

THE GREAT SEA SNAKE.

Sung by *T. P. Cooke.*

Mayhap you have all of you heard of the yarn
Of the wonderful Sea Snake !
That first appeared off the Isle of Pitcairn,
And was seen by Admiral Blake.
Now list not what land-lubbers tell,
But lend an ear to me ;
And I'll relate what to me befell,
For I'm just come from sea.

They say he measures miles twice two,
But there they surely lied ;
For I was one of the very ship's crew
By whom his length was tried !
One morning from his head we bore
With every stitch of sail ;
And going full nine knots an hour,
We in three months came to his tail !

Right up on an end with all his strength,
To stand this snake did try ;
But before he had got up half his length,
His head did reach the sky.
A vessel then this snake did note,
Who thought it was famed Teneriffe,
Then straightway sent their jolly boat
For fresh water and beef.

When coiled up quite this snake did lie
A thousand miles about ;
When some passengers upon their way
To a colony sent out,
This snake mistook for the promised land,
A grievous thing, good lack !

Men, women, babes an hundred hands
Were left upon his back.

And here they lived an year or two,
With oxen, pigs and sheep,
The snake, you may believe it true,
Was all the time asleep :
And 'twas not till they'd built a church,
And houses in a row,
That the snake he left them in the lurch,
By diving down below.

The sea he fills with breakers new,
At the shedding of his teeth,
In which were wreck'd th' unfortunate crew
Of a vessel bound for Leith.
Now messmates do not think it fun,
But pray some pity take !
And think of the dangers seamen run,
From this d——d long Sea Snake.

THE CHILD AND THE OLD MAN.

The child and the old man sat alone
In the quiet, peaceful shade,
Of the old green boughs that had richly grown
In the deep, thick forest glade.
It was a soft and pleasing sound,
That rustling of the oak ;
And the gentle breeze played lightly round,
And thus the fair boy spoke :—

“ Dear father, what can honour be,
Of which I hear men rave.
Field, cell, and cloister, land and sea,
The tempest and the grave.

It lives in all, 'tis sought in each,
'Tis never heard or seen :
Now tell me, father, I beseech,
What can this honour mean ?”

“It is a name—a name, my child,
It lived in other days,
When men were rude, their passions wild,
Their sport thick battle frays ;
When in armour bright, the warrior bold
Knelt to his lady's eyes.
Beneath the abbey pavement old,
That warrior's dust now lies.

“The iron hearts of that old day
Have mouldered in the grave,
And chivalry has passed away,
With knights so true and brave.
The honour which to them was life,
Throbs in no bosom now ;
It only gilds the gambler's strife,
Or decks the worthless vow.”

SPRING.

There's a charm in Spring, when every thing
Is bursting from the ground :
When pleasant showers, bring forth the flow'rs,
And all is life around.
In Summer day, the fragrant hay,
Most sweetly scents the breeze,
And all is still, save murm'ring rill,
Or sound of humming bees.

Old Autumn come—with trusty gun,
In quest of birds we roam ;

Unerring aim, we mark the game,
And proudly bear it home.
A Winter's night, has its delight,
Well warmed to bed we go ;
A Winter's day, we're blythe and gay,
Snipe shooting in the snow.

A country life without the strife,
And noisy din of town,
Is all I need, I take no heed,
Of splendour or renown,
And when I die, oh ! let me lie,
Where trees above me wave ;
Let wild plants bloom, around my tomb,
My quiet country grave.*

FORLORN AND BROKEN HEARTED.

A DUET.

From "*Rob Roy*."

Forlorn and broken hearted,
I weep my last adieu ;
And sigh o'er joys departed,
That time can ne'er renew.

Farewell ! my love, I leave thee,
For some far distant shore ;
Let no foud hope deceive thee,
We part to meet no more.

Tho' grief may long oppress thee,
Your love I'll ne'er resign ;
My latest sigh shall bless thee,—
My last sad tear be thine.

*This and the preceding song are taken from "The Village Coquettes," by C. Dickens, Esq. "Boz."

THE SAILOR'S TEAR.

He leap'd into his boat as it lay upon the strand,
But oh ! his heart was far away with friends upon
the land ;
He thought of those he lov'd the best, a wife and
infant dear,
And feeling fill'd the sailor's breast, the sailor's eye
a tear.

They stood upon the far off cliff and wav'd a 'ker-
chief white,
And gaz'd upon his gallant bark till she was out of
sight ;
The sailor cast a look behind, no longer saw them
near,
Then rais'd the canvass to his eye and wip'd away
a tear.

E'er long o'er ocean's blue expanse his sturdy bark
had sped,
The gallant sailor, from her prow, descries a sail
a-head ;
And then he rais'd his mighty arm, for Britain's foes
were near,
Aye then he rais'd his arm, but not to wipe away a
tear.

JESSICA'S SONG IN THE MERCHANT OF
VENICE.

Haste, Lorenzo ! haste away !
To my longing arms repair :
With impatience I shall die ;
Come and soothe thy Jessy's care.
Let me, then, in wanton play,
Sigh and gaze my soul away.

TO A WITHERING SNOW-DROP.

From a collection of Poems, 1615.

Chaste snow-drop ! emblem of my love,
 Her purity shines in thy whiteness,
 Her eyes are pictured in thy brightness,
 And meek as those of turtle-dove.
 Thy freshness speaks of jocund youth,
 With lips so full, and cheeks so smooth,
 And flowing tresses curled by the wind—
 All these are hers, in sooth ;
 Thy sweetness of her breath,
 Thy drooping of her death,
 For aye doth me remind.

THE WIDE UNBOUNDED SEA.

ORIGINAL.

AIR.—*The Rose of Allandale.*

Oh ! for the wide unbounded sea !
 And the burst of the dashing foam !
 When our bark skims onward gallantly,—
 Our heritage, our home.
 And there Isabelle, secure shalt thou dwell ;
 Oh ! who so gay as we ?
 As in buoyant pride, o'er the waves we ride,
 O'er the wide unbounded sea ?

What tho' in yonder silent vale
 A flower-girt cottage stands,
 I would not give old Ocean's gale
 For all its smile commands.
 Tho' soft the breeze that stirs the trees,
 'Tis not so dear to me
 As the tempest-cloud, and the roaring loud
 Of the wide unbounded sea !

Oh, ours is a love beyond all love,
Save *that* we yield to Heaven,
When with no eye—but His above,
We pray to be forgiven.
Say, where are bowers more fair than ours,
Where, where are lands more free ?
Than the heaving brine and the glancing shine
Of the wide unbounded sea ?

Oh ! I love the wide unbounded sea,
And the burst of the dashing foam,
When our bark skims onward gallantly,
Our palace and our home.
My love and I will live and die
On the deep, and our grave shall be
Far far from shore ;—and our dirge the roar
Of the wide unbounded sea !

J. B. L.

WHAT SHALL HE HAVE THAT KILL'D THE DEER ?

A GLEE.

From "*As you Like it.*"

What shall he have that kill'd the deer ?
His leathern skin and horns to wear ?
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Take you no scorn to wear a horn,
It was a crest ere thou wast born ;
Thy fathers' fathers wore it,
And thy fathers bore it.

The horn, &c.



THE GLAZIER MURDERER.

Quite a New Song.

A glazier, pursuing his *painful* vocation,
 In cleaning a window in Ravenspur street,
 Lost his balance, and, with no very great inclination,
 Fell plump 'mong the crowd which rolled on at
 his feet.

"Mind your eye!" cried a man, walking by at his
 leisure,
 To an old apple woman who sat at her stall;
 Too late came the warning, for down came the gla-
 zier,
 And *her* neck, not his, was broke by the fall.

She died, and was buried!—at least so 'tis rumoured,
 Whilst the glazier escaped with the loss of his hat;
 But her son being neither polite nor good humoured,
 Did not relish the fun or the joke and all that.

And he swore that he'd punish the *fell* applecide,
By giving him law in return for his fun ;
So the glazier, poor lad ! at the Sessions was tried,
For not breaking his neck as he ought to have
done.

The trial came on, and the jury was chosen,
The lawyers grinned sweetly whilst handling their
fee ;
The judge's hard duties soon set him adosing,
And the rest of the scene was all fiddlededee.

A verdict of " guilty !" was duly recorded,
The judge from his nap was aroused speedilie ;
The jury his thanks for their care were awarded,
And he sternly pronounced this righteous decree.

That the culprit's vile carcase should patiently rest
on
The identical spot where the woman fell dead ;
While the son should go up to the window in question,
And throw himself down on the murderer's head.

OH ! HAD I NE'ER BELIEVED THEE.

Words by *W. Clift, Esq.*

Oh ! had I ne'er believed thee,
But doubted every smile ;
Thou hadst not deceived me
With hopes but to beguile.

Those flow'rs that once delighted,
Now yield their sweets in vain ;
The bud of love once blighted,
Ne'er can bloom again.
Oh ! had I ne'er, &c.

SONG TO THE EVENING STAR.

ORIGINAL.

Star of the lover's dream !
Star of the gloaming !
How sweetly blinks thy beam,
When fond ones are roaming !

Pure in the heaven's blue
Like crystal gem, lightly ;
When comes the even's hue,
Thou shinest forth brightly !

Know'st thou of toil and care,
Sorrow and anguish ?
Bosoms left cold and bare,
Lonely to languish ?

Has Misery's bitter blast
Chill'd every flower ;
O'er which thy young heart cast
Hope's sunny shower ?

Has blighted affection
E'er sear'd thy fond heart ?
While sad recollection
Could never depart ?

Star of the even mild !
I invoke thee in vain !
Useless my wish and wild,
Thou speak'st not again !

Other eyes will gaze on thee,
When I cease to be !
True hearts walk beneath thee,
When I cannot see !

Thy beams shine as clearly
On Ocean's cold breast ;
When the heart that lov'd dearly,
Is hush'd into rest ! T. YOUNG.

THE LEGACY.

Words by *Moore*.—Air *unknown*.

When in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear ;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it lingered here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light ;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to yon ancient hall ;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh ! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest ;
Never, oh ! never, its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
But when some warm devoted lover,
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Oh ! then, my spirit round shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.*

*This song is extremely popular. The air is pretty, but the words are of no great consequence.

A PARODY ON THE FOREGOING.

Air and words *unknown*.

When in quod I shall calm recline,
 O bear my coat to my uncle dear,
 Shew him how stylish the gilt buttons shine,
 And bring the rhino to me over here.
 Bid him not search for bank notes in the pocket,
 For they long ago have taken their flight ;
 And all that he'll find will be an old locket
 Of Sall's vich she gove me last Saturday night.
 Tol de riddle de, fol de ridle, &c.

Ven the days of my shine are o'er,
 Then vith my nab at some slopseller's call ;
 He'll hang't on a peg outside his door,
 For halfacrown he may have it all.
 Then if some cove, who has saved his bacon,
 Observes it by chance in passing along ;
 I'm sure vith its look he'll be instantly taken,
 And vatever he pays for't he can't go wrong.
 Right fal liddle de, tol de rol lidle &c.

Keep this pipe, which I've jist done smoking,
 To grace your mug ven I'm at rest ;
 Never, oh ! never, do a thing so shocking
 As lend it to lips a pipe never pressed ;
 But vhen some warm tobacco lover
 Is in want of a smoke, and not one can get,
 Oh ! then you are welcome to hand it over,
 Vhile pledging the youth in heavy vet,
 Tol de ridle, de, &c. &c.

THE TRUMPET SOUNDS.

Music by *Corrie*.

He was fan'd for deeds of arms,
 She a maid of envied charms ;

Now to him her love imparts—
 One pure flame pervades both hearts.
 Honour calls him to the field,
 Love to conquest now must yield;
 “Sweet maid!” he cries, “again I’ll come to thee,
 When the glad trumpet sounds a victory!”

Battle now with fury glows!—
 Hostile blood in torrents flows!
 His duty tells him to depart,—
 She press’d her hero to her heart,
 And now the trumpet sounds to arms,
 Amid the crash of rude alarms,
 “Sweet maid,” he cries, &c.

He with love and conquest burns,
 Each subdue his mind by turns,
 Death the soldier now enthrals!—
 And with his wound the hero falls.
 She disdaining war’s alarms,
 Rush’d and caught him in her arms.
 “Oh, death!” he cried, “thou’rt welcome now to me,
 For, hark! the glad trumpet sounds a victory.”

THE QUEEN OF THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Words by *Addison*.—Music by *A. Lee*.

Shall I dwell, shall I dwell amid barons,
 In tapestried hall, in tapestried hall,
 With my page and my vassals attending
 All ready to come at my call.
 No, no, no, a Forester bold for me,
 A Forester bold, a Forester bold,
 A Forester bold for me;
 Bold as he’s free, a forester’s wife I’ll be,
 The Queen of the Greenwood tree.

A forester's life, a forester's life,
A forester's wife I'll be,
The Queen of the Greenwood tree, &c.

No menial attendants,
No overproud lord, no overproud lord,
The forest our castle,
Our ball-room, our ball-room the sward.
Sound, sound the horn
For the Forester bold and free,
A forester's wife I'll be,
Bold as he's free, a forester's wife I'll be,
The Queen of the Greenwood tree.
A forester's life, a forester's life,
A forester's wife I'll be,
The Queen of the Greenwood tree, &c.

PUNCH SONG.

Words by *Schiller*.—Music by *Eberwein*.

Mingled together,
Elements four;
Form our existence
All the world o'er.

Press from the lemon,
Juice sharp and sour,
Ever the bitter
Of life rules the hour.

Then with the sugar,
Gentle and mild,
Temper the acid
Burning and wild.

Pour in the water's
Plentiful flow;

Quietly water
Surrounds all below.

Drops of the spirit
In it be thrown,
Life to the living
That gives alone.

Quick, ere it descends,
Let it be quaff'd,
Only while glowing,
There's life in the draught.

W. J.

ALICE GRAY

Music by *Mrs P. Millard*.

She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine :
But her heart it is another's,
She never can be mine.
Yet loved I as man ne'er loved,
A love without decay ;—
Oh ! my heart—my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

Her dark brown hair is braided o'er
A brow of spotless white ;
Her soft blue eye now languishes—
Now flashes with delight ;—
The hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turned away ;
Yet my heart—my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
And trembled in the blast ;

But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
 The weary conflict's past.
 And when the green sod wraps my grave,
 May pity haply say,
 "Oh! his heart—his heart was broken
 For the love of Alice Gray."

THE WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.

Written by *Geo. Colman.*

Faint and wearily the way-worn traveller,
 Plods uncheerily, afraid to stop;
 Wandering drearily, a sad unraveller
 Of the mazes t'ward the mountain's top:
 Doubting, fearing,
 While his course he's steering,
 Cottages appearing
 As he's nigh to drop;
 Oh! how briskly the way-worn traveller
 Threads the mazes t'ward the mountain's top.

Though so melancholy day has pass'd by,
 'Twould be folly now to think on't more;
 Blythe and jolly he the cag holds fast by,
 As he's sitting at the goat-herd's door,
 Eating, quaffing,
 At past labours laughing,
 Better far, by half, in
 Spirits than before.
 Oh! how merry then the rested traveller
 Seems while sitting at the goatherd's door.

"VADASI VIA DI QUA." LAUGHING TRIO.

Come, merry hearts be free,
 Let our mirth our motto be,
 And laugh at care with me.—Ha, ha, &c.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

By *T. Hood.*

Young Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade ;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
As was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew ;
And Sally she did *faint away*,
Whilst Ben he was *brought to*.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a Saint,
That tho' she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a *feint*.

"Come, girl !" said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me ;
For when your *swain* is in our boat,
A *Boatswain* he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She 'roused, and found she only was
Acoming to herself.

"And is he gone ? and is he gone ?"
She cried, and wept outright ;
"Then I will to the water side,
And *see him out of sight* !"

A watchman then came up to her,
"Now, my young gal," said he,
If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

“ Alas ! they’ve taken my *beau Ben*,
To sail with old *Benbow* !”
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she’d cried “ gee-woe !”

Says he “ they’ve only taken him,
To the *Tender* ship you see ;”
“ To the *Tender* !” screamed poor Sally Brown,
What a *hard-ship* that must be.”

Now Ben had sailed to many a place,
That’s *underneath the world* ;
And in two years the ship came home,
And all the sails were turl’d.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she’d got another *Ben*,
Whose christian name was John,

“ Oh, Sally Brown ! oh, Sally Brown,
How could you sarve me so ?
I’ve met with many a *breeze* before,
But never such a *blow*.”

When pondering o’er his ‘baccy box,
He heaved a *heavy* sigh,
And first began to *eye* his *pipe*,
And then to *pipe* his *eye*.

And then he tried to sing “ All’s well,”
But could not tho’ he tried ;
His *head* was *turn’d*, and so he chewed
His *pigtail* till he died.

His *death* which happened in his *berth*,
At forty odd befell ;

They went and *told* the sexton, and
The sexton *toll'd* the bell.

THE WHALE.

'Twas in the year of eighty-five,
On March the twentieth day,
That our gallant crew their anchor weighed,
And for the seas bore away, brave boys.
With a fal lal, &c.

Blowhard it was our captain's name,
Our ship the Lion bold :
To bear away to the Greenland seas,
For to face the frost and cold, brave boys.
With a fal lal, &c.

Our mate he stood on the mast so high
With a spying glass in hand,—
“A whale, a whale, a whale,” he cries,
“And he spouts at every span, brave boys.”
With a fal lal, &c.

Our captain came upon the deck,
And a funny little man was he :
Overhaul, overhaul your main tackle fall,
And launch your boats to the sea, brave boys.
With a fal lal, &c.

We struck this fish and away she went,
Cut a flourish with her tail ;
But oh, and alas ! one man we lost,
Nor did we catch that whale, brave boys.
With a fal lal, &c.

The news when they to our captain came,
A sorrowful little man he grew ;

For the loss of his apprentice boy,
He down his colours drew, brave boys.
With a fal lal, &c.

The loss of the apprentice boy
It grieved him full sore ;
But the losing of this great whale fish,
It grieved him very much more, brave boys.
With a fall, lal, &c.

But oh, and alas ! be not dismayed
For the losing of one man ;
For Providence will have his way,
Let a man do what he can, brave boys.
With a fal lal, &c. (J. M. B.)

ALL'S WELL.

A DUET.

Deserted by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon—
On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round ;
And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way,
Who goes there ?—stranger, quickly tell !
A friend ?—the word !—good night—all's well.

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck ;
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some friendly voice salutes his ear,
What cheer ?—Oh, brother, quickly tell !—
Above—below—good night—all's well.

MINE HOST'S INVITATION.

From *Beaumont and Fletcher's "Lover's Progress."*

'Tis late and cold ; stir up the fire :
Sit close, and draw the table nigher ;
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty med'cine 'gainst a cold !
Your beds of wanton down the best,
Where you shall tumble to your rest.
Call for the best the house may ring,
Sack, white, and claret let them bring,
And drink apace, while breath you have ;
You'll find but cold drink in the grave.
Plover, partridge, for your dinner,
And a capon for the sinner,
You shall find ready when you're up,
And your horse shall have his sup.
Welcome, welcome shall fly round,
And song and quip and crank abound.

THE EXCISEMAN.

To a village that skirted the sea
An exciseman one midsummer came ;
But prudence, between you and me,
Forbids me to mention his name.
Soon Michael he chanc'd to espy ;
A cask on his napper he bore,
With six gallons of brandy or nigh,
And where is the head can bear more ?

Says the Exciseman, " Let's see your permit,"
Says Mike, " It ant convenient to shew it :"
T'other cried, " Sir, I'm not to be bit,
For you've smuggled that stuff and you know
it ;

Your hogs to a fine market you've brought,
For seeing you've paid no excise,
As customs have settled, you ought,
I seize your tub as my prize."

"Now, don't be so hard," said poor Mike,
The Exciseman was deaf to complaint;
"Why then take it," said Mike, "if you like,
For I've borne it till ready to faint;"
Four miles in hot sunshine they trudged,
Till on them they'd scarce a dry rag;
The Exciseman his labour ne'er grudged,
But cheerfully carried the cag.

To the Custom-house in the next town,
'Twas yet some three furlongs or more;
When says Michael, "Pray set your load down,
For this here sir, is my cottage door."
T'other answered, "I thank you friend no,
My burden just yet I shan't quit,"
Then, says Michael, "before you do go,
I'll get you to read my permit."

"Your permit! why not shew it before?"
"Because it came into my nob,
By your watching for me on the shore,
That your worship was wanting a job;
Now, I'd need of a porter, d'ye see,
For that load made my bones fit to crack;
And so, sir, I thank you for me,
And wish you a pleasant walk back."

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW'

Written by *Burns*.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west,—

For their the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
Tho' wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' monie a hill between—
Baith day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flower,
Sae lovely, sweet, and fair ;
I hear her voice in ilka bird,
Wi' music charm the air.
There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

Written by *Ben Johnson*.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that in my soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It would not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me ;
Since then, it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

THE POPE AND THE SULTAN.

Ane ballante of grite joyaunce.

.... "et bien boire et bien rire
N'est rien sans les amours."—BERANGER.

He's a jolly old boy, is the Pope, with his guineas—
Galore, got by easing the conscience of ninnies ;
There he sits, quaffs his wine, all so racy and mellow !
Ha ! I wish I were he, the jovial old fellow.

But no ! now I think, his a sorrowful case is ;
He may not enjoy a tight lass's embraces,—
In his bed all alone he lies dolefully snoozing ;
With a salvo like this his birth's not worth the
choosing.

Now the Sultan, he's fetter'd by none of this folly,
Night, morning and noon, he is cosy and jolly,
He has halls all of silver, and bursting with treasure,
And scores of blythe damsels to wait on his pleasure.

And yet, after all, his is no lot to brag on,
That Koran his joys is a terrible dragon !
Can he drink of the grape's ruddy juice, when he
chooses ?
No ! then not for me be the Sultan's papooshes.

A fico for all such half-work ! I must either
Have the pleasures of both, or I'll barter for neither,
But oh ! 'twere the best of all things in creation,
To be Sultan and Pope in most sweet alternation.

So, maiden, come hither, and crown me with kisses,
Then the Sultan am I, and taste of his blisses ;
Now fill up my glass, and I'll match the old cheater,
That doses at Rome in the chair of St. Peter.

THE BANKS OF THE TYNE.

A New Song.—By J. Ainslie,

On the Banks of the Tyne, lies my dear native land,
Where oft I've been guided by pleasure's sweet
hand;

There the scene of my youth, and my follies all past,
Like a dream on my mind, like a shadow they last;
And whene'er I do think on the days o' lang syne,
My thoughts maun aye rove on the banks of the
Tyne.

The meandering Tyne, the gem of the scene,
Enlivening East Loudon's famed fields sae green,
Rolls sae freely alang 'mang braes and woods monie,
And spreads all around a bloom that's sae bonnie;
Yes! whene'er I do think on the days o' lang syne,
My thoughts maun aye rove on the Banks of the
Tyne.

Thy woods and thy braes shall be dear to me ever,
If remember I can, I'll forget thee, no never;
And all that was dear, and lang syne I did lou,
I'll muse on, I'll think on, in my heart I'll renew;
Yes! whene'er I do think on the days o' lang syne,
My thoughts maun aye rove on the Banks of the
Tyne.

Of all the sweet branches that grace Scotland's tree,
East Loudon's the sweetest, the dearest to me;
There the lads are sae bonnie, and the lasses sae
fair,
Wi' red cheeks and blue een and bonnie black hair;
Yes! whene'er I do think on the days o' lang syne,
My thoughts maun aye rove on the Banks of the
Tyne.

The land of the plough, the birth-place of worth,
Where true harmony follows the turning the earth ;
And a' that is simple, yet independent too,
Around thee ever smiles, to nature aye true ;
Yes ! whene'er I do think on the days o' lang syne,
My thoughts maun aye rove on the Banks of the
Tyne.

THE HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY.

Words by *Harry Stoe Van Dyk*.—Music by *J. Barnett*.

I hae wander'd many a night in June,
Along the banks of Clyde,
Beneath a bright and bonnie moon,
Wi' Mary at my side :
A summer was she to mine ee,
And to my heart a joy,
And weel she lo'ed to roam wi' me,
Her Highland minstrel boy.

Oh ! her presence could on every star
New brilliancy confer ;
And I thought the flow'rs were sweeter far,
When they were seen with her :
Her brow was calm as sleeping sea,
Her glance was full of joy,
And oh ! her heart was true to me,
Her Highland minstrel boy.

I hae play'd to ladies fair and gay,
In many a Southron hall ;
But there was one far far away,
A world above them all.
And now, tho' weary years have fled,
I think wi' mournful joy,
Upon the time, when Mary wed,
Her Highland minstrel boy.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAY.

I shall think of the lay, you have sung me to day,
When your bark is away o'er the ocean ;
I'll endeavour to suite that sweet air to my lute,
But my voice will be mute with emotion.

I shall weep to see
All I've seen with thee,
As we sat together beneath the tree ;
And my heart will break
For the rover's sake ;
Ah ! ever regretting,
And never forgetting
The beautiful lay you have sung me to-day.

You will never think more of your home on the
shore,

When you hear the wild roar of the billow ;
Oh ! 'tis I who shall mourn, and await your return,
While I wander forlorn 'neath the willow.
I shall weep, &c.

THE CHOUGH AND CROW.

Glee and Chorus, from "*Guy Mannering*."

Words by *Joanna Baillie*.—Music by *H. R. Bishop*.

The chough and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree,
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.
The wild-fire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray ;—
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry merry men,
It is our opening day.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And closed is every flower ;

And winking tapers faintly peep
 High from my lady's bower,
 Bewildering hinds with shortening ken,
 Shrink on their murky way ;—
 Up-rouse, ye then, my merry merry men,
 It is our opening day.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
 Nor roof nor latched door—
 Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
 To bless a good man's store.
 Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
 And night has grown our day ;
 Up-rouse ye, then, my merry merry men,
 And use it as you may.

PARODY ON "OH ! LOVE REMEMBER ME."

By "*The Invisible Gentleman.*"

Remember me ! for I've a notion
 You're nothin' but a rig'lar do ;
 Remember me ! and cheating oh ! shun,
 I'm up to snuff as vell as you.
 Shouldst thou behold fond loviers stuffin'
 At Wauxhall or at Bagnigge Vells ;
 Be sure they've not got there for nuffin,
 But paid their shots like 'ansome swells.

Please mind the coachment ! thus 'tis ever
 Vith folks as knows no better part ;
 They never thinks o' paying, never,
 Bat leaves me with an aching heart.
 Please mind the coachment now before ye,
 Him wot's a standing here, d'ye see ;
 Ah ! let a generous qualm come o'er ye,
 And while it lasts, remember me !

See ! vere my von os waits my coming,
The brute's in perfect misery ;
So Mister Valker, no more humming—
Be quick, sir ! and remember me.

TEACH ME TO FORGET.

Friends depart, and mem'ry takes them
To her caverns pure and deep,
And a forced smile only wakes them
From the shadows where they sleep.
Who shall school the heart's affection ?
Who shall banish it's regret ?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh ! teach me to forget.

Bear me not to festive bowers ;
'Twas with them I sat there last ;
Weave me not Spring's early flowers !
They'll remind me of the past.
Music comes like mournful wailing,
In the hall where oft we've met,
Mirth's gay call is unavailing ;—
Teach, oh ! teach me to forget.

One, who hopelessly remembers,
Cannot bear a dawning light,
He would rather watch the embers,
Of a love that once was bright.
Who shall school the heart's affection ?
Who shall banish its regret ?
If you blame my deep dejection,—
Teach, oh ! teach me to forget.

A FAMOUS MAN WAS ROBIN HOOD.

Sung by *Mr Murray*, in "*Rob Roy*."
A famous man was Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy ;

But Scotland has a chief as good,
She has, she has her bold Rob Roy !

A dauntless heart Macgregor shows,
And wond'rous length and strength of arm ;
He long has quell'd his Highland foes,
And kept, and kept his friends from harm.

His daring mood protects him still,
For this the robber's simple plan,
That they should take who have the will,
And they should keep, should keep who can.

And while Rob Roy is free to rove,
In summer's heat and winter's snow,
The eagle he is lord above,
And Rob, and Rob is lord below.
A famous man, &c.

I WOULD NOT THAT THE WORLD SHOULD KNOW.

Words by *Mrs Jamieson*.—Music by *J. Lodge, Esq.*

I would not that the world should know
How deep within my panting heart,
A thousand warmer feelings glow,
Than word or look could e'er impart.

I would not that the world should guess
At ought beyond this outward shew ;
What happy dreams in secret bliss—
What burning tears in secret flow.

And let them deem me cold or vain ;
Oh ! there is one who thinks not so !
In one devoted heart I reign,
And what is all the rest below ?

THE OLD MAID.

When I was a girl of eighteen years old,
I was scornful as scornful could be ;
I was taught to expect wit, wisdom and gold,
And nothing else would do for me.

Those were the days when my eyes beamed
bright,
And my cheek was like the rose on the tree ;
And the ringlets they curled down my forehead
so white,
And lovers came courting to me.

The first was a youth any girl might adore,
And as ardent as lover could be ;
But my mother having heard that the young
man was poor,
Why ! he could not do for me,

Then came a Duke with his coronet of gold,
And his garter below his knee ;
But his face like his family was wonderfully
old,
So he could not do for me.

The next was a Baronet, whose blood-red
hand
Was emblazon'd in heraldry ;
But having been known at a counter to stand,
Why ! he would not do for me.

Then hobbled in my favour to beg,
An Admiral, a K.C.B ;
But though famous in arms, he wanted a
leg,
And that would not do for me.

Then came a Parson burley and big,
Expecting a very rich see ;
But I could not bear the thought of a horrid
buz wig,
So he would not do for me.

Then came a Lawyer his claims to support,
By precedents from Chancery ;
But I told him, I was judge in my own little court,
And he would not do for me.

Then next was a Dandy who had driven four-
in-hand,
Reduced to tilbury ;
In getting o'er the ground he had run through
his land,
So he would not do for me.

Then came a Nabob just landed six weeks,
Late Governor of Trincomalee ;
His guineas were yellow and so were his cheeks,
And he would not do for me.

He was nearly the last, I was then forty four,
I'm only just fifty three ;
But I really think that some I rejected before,
Would do vastly well for me.

My ringlets I borrow, my roses I buy,
And I go about to cards and tea ;
But if ever I venture on an ogle or sigh,
Why ! nobody returns them to me.

Then all ye young ladies by me warning take,
Who scornful or cold chance to be,
Lest ye from your silly dreams should awake
Old maidens of fifty three.

CHORUS FROM THE OPERA OF "PEVERIL
OF THE PEAK."

Music by C. E. Horn.

Home ! home ! good people home !
You must no longer stay ;
The beacon's light is burning bright,
To guide you on your way.
Good night ! good night !—a long farewell ;
Believe, whate'er my fate may be,
Within my heart, thy form shall dwell,
And I will live or die for thee.
Home ! home ! &c.

SONG.

From *Moore's National Airs*.

Then fare thee well, my own dear love !
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus, dear love !
The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known since first we met
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numbering them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this, dear love !
The deep deep pain of this.

But no, alas ! we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away, dear love !
And chased it all away.

Yet even could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart

Were hours of grief together past,
Than years of mirth apart, dear love !
Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell ! our hope was born in fears—
And nurs'd 'mid vain regret ;
Like winter suns it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets, dear love !
Like them in tears it sets.

WHERE ROSES SWEET WERE BLOWING.

AIR.—*La Biondina.*

Where roses sweet were blowing,
There stood an humble cot,
Around it streams were flowing ;
Contentment bless'd the spot.
But human bliss is fleeting,
And joy is but a flower,
The heart with sorrow meeting,
Will wither 'neath its power.

This peaceful habitation
Contained a beauteous maid,
No flow'ret in creation
Such sweetness ere display'd.
In youth of beauty beaming,
Celestial was its ray,
Love came with artful seeming
And stole that bloom away !

And now the cot's forsaken,
The garden all a waste,
Their ruin'd charms awaken
Sad feelings in the breast.

No roses now are blowing,
Where smiled the happy cot ;
But thorns and weeds are growing,
And gloom o'ershades the spot.

LOVE IN THINE EYES.

A DUET.

By *Jackson*.

Love in thine eyes for ever plays,
He in thy snowy bosom strays ;
He makes thy rosy lips his care,
And walks the mazes of thy hair ;
Love dwells in every outward part,
But ah ! he never touch'd thy heart.

How different is my fate from thine !
No outward marks of love are mine.
My brow is clouded by despair,
And grief, love's bitter foe, is there ;
But deep within my glowing soul,
He rules and reigns without control.

THE TIGER COUCHES

CHORUS.

Music by *Bishop*.

The tiger couches in the wood,
And waits to shed the trav'ler's blood ;
And so couch we.
We spring upon him to supply
What mankind to our wants deny ;
And so springs he.

RULE BRITANNIA.

Music arranged by *Pio Cian Chettini*.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,,
And guardian angels sung the strain,
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as we,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall ;
But thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bind thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame—
But work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses still with freedom sound,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Bless'd isle ! with beauty matchless crown'd,
And matchless hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

FINIS.



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